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REALITY IN WORSHIP

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REALITY IN WORSHIP

A STUDY OF PUBLIC WORSHIP AND PRIVATE RELIGION

BY

WILLARD L. SPERRY

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AND BARTLET PROFESSOR OF SACRED RHETORIC ON
THE ANDOVER FOUNDATION

DISCARD

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TO

MY FELLOW MEMBERS

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PREFACE

The most hopeful sign on the horizon of the religious scene is the very general revival of interest in the whole theory and practice of worship. When we say that the world needs more religion, we are saying that the church must address itself again to a better ordering and conduct of its public services.

Books on worship are traditionally of two types. There is the critical study of the great body of liturgical material which is one of the treasures in the keeping of the church. Scholarly volumes abound in this field. They tend, however, to become antiquarian in interest. What is more disappointing, once they have traced a liturgical form to its literary source they seem to be satisfied. They leave untouched the prior and more important question, What ideas and emotions and intentions in some remote time first occasioned such forms, and what subsequent Christian experiences confirmed the church in its use of these forms? Exception should be made, perhaps, in the case of certain French Catholic liturgiologists, who are doing at present a great deal of useful and suggestive work upon the psychology of the Mass.

In so far as such studies are pursued with an eye to present needs, rather than to antiquarian inquiry, they usually yield curious mosaics of liturgy and ceremony,

offered by committees on the revision and the enrichment of worship to the perplexed and waiting churches of Protestantism. They lack immediacy and authority. They have never come alive. All of us are familiar with the improved orders of worship recommended to our communion by some committee, accepted, filed,—and thereafter ignored. How can it be otherwise? A service of worship must be a vital growth. It cannot be mechanically assembled by editors of some ecclesiastical "Golden Treasury."

The other type of book is more familiar. It proceeds, *seriatim,* through Bible lessons, responsive readings, hymns, anthems, prayers, sermons, offering suggestive hints as to the appropriate discharge of each item of the service. Much small change, and not a little fiat paper of this type is in circulation. But books of this class are published for ministers who are "greedy for quick returns of profit." They are not intended for those who are trying to think through an office of worship in its entirety. Such books make large use of the recent researches in psychology, both of the crowd and of the unconscious. They tend to short-circuit the religious idea, making it a matter of the manipulation of a congregation by a minister, leaving out of account religion's ultimate objective reality, God. They are always ingenious and sometimes "helpful," but they do not trouble to investigate the gold reserve which is the warrant of all the transactions of worship. That is their weakness and their danger.

I have had no wish to cumber the shelves with one more book of either of these types. Excellent books

of the former class already abound. Less excellent books of the latter class are more abundant. I have preferred to state and then to attempt to answer a question at once more immediate than that of liturgical research and more thorough-going than that of ecclesiastical ingenuity, What are we doing, or what are we supposed to be doing in a service of public worship? What are the causes and the effects of this formal office?

I have been led to the conclusion that in a service of public worship both science and art come to the aid of personal religion, criticizing that individual experience, discovering its universal truth, and then giving to that truth significant form. The church does for the individual Christian precisely what science and art are always doing for him. It gives added clarity, fuller meaning, and adequate expression to his own personal religion. This theory may or may not be right. It is, at least, a plausible hypothesis.

The book, therefore, falls naturally into two parts. The first third of it is a rather leisurely and meditative retracing of familiar ground, What happens to the individual when he "gets religion?" I cannot hope that there is much here that is fresh. Any interest which these pages may have will lie in the fact that they are simply familiar talk along a familiar road. Here and there I have ventured into thorny problems by the way. It is well to remember that though this path is now well beaten, it is far from being a platitudinous highway.

In the last two thirds of the book I have attempted to indicate rather broadly and not in detail at all

points, what these individual experiences mean when translated into a public office of worship, and how the translation is to be made. Here the going has been much more slow and the direction much more uncertain. I have found now and then traces of a trail blazed by a philosopher to indicate some determining and guiding idea. Where I have found this trail maker ahead of me, I have not hesitated to hail him and acknowledge him. I should have been lost long since had he not pioneered there already.

For fear the mark he blazed might have escaped the notice it deserves I have called attention to it, and now and then I have chipped the edges of his mark to make it bolder. Once or twice I have risked a trail mark of my own. And that is all. Those who insist upon having a broad hard highway laid down right into the heart of mystery before they set out on the adventure of religion and the offices of worship had best put this book by now. It is painfully lacking in facile and useful "tips." All that I can hope is that I may have indicated certain of the problems which attend the theory and conduct of worship, and then that I may have persuaded a man here and there that the problem is not insoluble within the limits of the particular order which he has immediately at hand.

If I undertook to acknowledge my debt to those who have kindly shared with me some of these reflections as they have taken shape, I should not know where to begin or end. I may identify parts of this material, however, with five lectures given at a Summer School of Union Theological Seminary, with four

Quiet Hour addresses at a Bangor Seminary Convocation, and with the Gates Lectures for 1924 at Grinnell College.

I wish also to thank my fellow members of the John Robinson Club of Boston for the constant stimulus of the long evenings of care-free friendship which we have had together. "A friend," said Emerson, "is a person with whom I may be sincere." Particularly in this circle I have been happy in my friendships. Should any member of that Club glance into these pages he will find many echoes of our papers and discussions. I have taken issue with my friends here in these pages, at certain points, as we are accustomed to take issue with each other. They will understand that. I am almost tempted to say that this is "our" book, not my book. In any case it is so much their book that I have gratefully dedicated it to them.

In particular my thanks are due to Mrs. Florence I. Honeij for her generous and efficient help in bringing to the order of "fair copy" my chaotic pages, the almost illegible first draft of these chapters.

WILLARD L. SPERRY.

Cambridge, Massachusetts
March 5, 1925

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REALITY IN WORSHIP

REALITY IN WORSHIP

CHAPTER I

SYMBOLISM OLD AND NEW

Those who live hard by the sea find perennial romance in the coming and going of the ships. In an age impatient of mystery the way of a ship in the midst of the sea still remains a thing of wonder, too mobile for our logic to arrest, too elusive for our realism to capture. From the days when, with meticulous affection, Homer told the roll of the Argive fleet, down to this latest time when Masefield finds a miniature epic in the fortunes of the *Wanderer,* and Conrad drives the *Nan Shan* into the typhoon, men have seen in the ship at sea one of the major symbols of human life. The native impulse which prompts us, though inland far we be, to give our imagination sea-room and sea-way, has its origin in the restless instincts of our common humanity, and its intention in man's long, long thoughts.

These pages are pledged to two subjects, or to two aspects of one subject, personal religion and public worship. They presuppose both the Christian believer and the Christian society. The organization of disciples into a church and the subsequent ministry of

a church to its members are a classical statement of one of the most significant facts in human life, the interdependence of the individual and the institution. The nature of each must be defined by reference to the other. The claims of both are never made equally good in any single moment. Much of the drama of history lies in the conflict between the two, and most of the heat of history, if not its light, is generated by the friction of their rival claims.

This inter-relation of the individual and the institution is a generic problem, always the same whatever its specific statement. The dual subject of personal religion and public worship cannot be isolated from the total problem of which it is but a single instance. The particular theme suggests, therefore, an initial consideration of this never quite resolved interdependence of the free man and the fixed society. This, rather than any restricted inquiry into Christian institutions, is what we mean when we ask, What happens to the individual when he gets religion, and why do individuals organize themselves and their experiences into a church?

The first symbol on which men fastened to suggest the nature and office of the church was that of the ship. The *Apostolic Constitutions,* which prescribe the usage of the church in the fourth century, address the bishop thus, "When thou callest an assembly of the church as one that is commander of a great ship, appoint the assemblies to be made with all possible skill, charging the deacons as mariners to prepare places for the brethren as passengers, with all due care and decency. And first, let the building be long, with its head to the

east, with vestries on both sides at the east end, and so it will be like a ship. In the middle let the bishop's throne be placed, and on each side let the presbytery sit down; and let the deacons stand near at hand, in small close girt garments, for they are like mariners and managers of the ship; with regard to these, let the laity sit on either side in all quietness and good order."

In the writings of Hippolytus the metaphor appears with much fanciful detail, "The sea is the world, in which the Church is set, like a ship tossed in the deep, but not destroyed; for she has with her the skilled pilot, Christ. And she bears in her midst also the trophy which is erected over death; for she carries with her the cross of the Lord like a mast. For her prow is the east, and her stern is the west, and her hold is the south, and her tillers are the two Testaments; and the ropes which stretch around her are the love of Christ, which binds the Church; and the boat which she bears with her is the laver of regeneration which renews the believing, whence too are these glories. As the wind the Spirit from heaven is present, by whom those who believe are sealed: she has also anchors of iron accompanying her, the holy commandments of Christ himself, which are strong as iron. She has also mariners on the right and on the left, assessors like the holy angels, by whom the Church is always governed and defended. The ladder in her leading up to the sailyard is an emblem of the passion of Christ, which brings the faithful to the ascent of heaven. And the top-sails, aloft upon the yard are the company of prophets, martyrs, and

apostles, who have entered into their rest in the kingdom of Christ."

The literary occasion and the religious warrant for this ancient symbol are to be sought and found in the story of the ark. The early centuries of our era were, for the followers of Christ, a stormy age in which pitiless persecutions, like gales at sea, passed over the face of the years. Even in times of comparative peace men felt the ground swell of a great cultural unrest, the memory of the world's troubles past and the menace of troubles yet to come. Those first Christians had little thought and less hope of redeeming the total civilization to which they belonged. At the most they hoped to be saved out of the world. This figure of the ship persisted for a thousand years while darkness was upon the face of the waters. The illuminations in old missals and the glass of mediæval cathedrals delighted to portray the holy caravel of God's providing, bearing to heaven's haven the few that be saved out of the deluge of the divine wrath.

This conception of the church has never quite passed away. We find one Thomas Brooks, seventeenth century Puritan preacher to the merchant adventurers of the port of London, celebrating, in a series of sermons, *An Arke for All God's Noahs in a Gloomy, Stormy Day.* And we cannot forget Newman's appeal to this symbol, when he says that entering the Church of Rome "was like coming into port after a rough sea." For all such there is no salvation outside the church. And whoever enters a church to-day, to stand in its "nave," will be mindful of the solace which in-

numerable generations have found in this historic symbol.

In the main, however, this particular conception of the church has fallen into disuse. Our outlook upon nature and history is less apprehensive and more confident than that of the fathers. Although the rowers still bring us into great waters the menace of the years is not arbitrary and irrational. At our best we dare to see in the heavens the bow of the Eternal Goodness arching the human scene, and we hear a voice across the storm.

Meanwhile the symbol persists, but with new reference to present fact. There are Browning's familiar lines:

> A Simile!
> We mortals cross the ocean of this world
> Each in his average cabin of a life:
> The best's not big, the worst yields elbow-room.

The landsman proposes to bring on board a pianoforte, all Balzac's novels, the little Greek books they get up well at Leipsic, a marble bath, and a Correggio.

> Alas, friend, here's the agent . . . is't the name?
> The captain or whoever's master here—
> You see him screw his face up; what's his cry
> Ere you set foot on shipboard? "Six feet square!"

Every man who has joined an institution knows what this process of accommodation means.

There are Masefield's three stanzas about *Cargoes:* "Quinquireme of Nineveh; . . . Stately Spanish galleon; . . . Dirty British coaster, butting through the Channel in the mad March days." The lines suggest the process which in religion Harnack calls "the acute

secularization of Christianity." But just as Masefield intends his "dirty British coaster" as a climax rather than an anti-climax, soberly preferring its cargo of Tyne coal to cargoes of ivory, apes and peacocks, diamonds, cinnamon, and gold moidores, so there are those who soberly defend the thesis that the modern church which occupies itself with bettering slums, opposing child labor, and fighting militarism is a better church than its more romantic, but less realistic predecessors.

There is, however, one other intimation of religion in the modern ship at sea which lends itself happily to our present thought and need. In the middle of the last century Arthur Hugh Clough crossed from England to America. During the passage he wrote certain songs of voyage. In one of them he says:

> Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
> Far, far ahead is all her seamen know.
> And where the land she travels from? Away,
> Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

This may be good poetry, but it is shocking navigation. Perhaps the untraveled passenger on deck is entitled to the luxury of such sentimental agnosticism. The mood, however, is no part of the tempers of a chart room. A ship, when signalling at sea, shows three flags. At the main peak is the house flag of the line to which she belongs. At the stern rail is the flag of her port of hail. At the fore peak is the flag of her country of call. He who sights and reads these flags knows, therefore, of what company she is, from what land she comes, and to what land she goes. Seen in passing, the ship at sea is a valid modern symbol

of the continuity of experience and the undeviating purpose which make what we call a tradition.

In this vernacular of the flags there is a clue to all the more sober thinking of our own time. What is nature? What is man? The individual isolated thing-in-itself, adrift in time and space, is always interesting and invites the photographic essays of realistic thought and art, but it is never self-explanatory. A chance cross section of the world at any given moment reveals only a wild phantasmagoria. "While I talk and the flies buzz," says William James, "a sea-gull catches a fish at the mouth of the Amazon, a tree falls in the Adirondack wilderness, a man sneezes in Germany, a horse dies in Tartary, and twins are born in France. What does that mean?" In so far as the mind of man has been able to bring order out of that chaos or to put meaning into it, the case of the thing-in-itself is appealed to the flags it flies fore and aft. In the vernacular of the biological laboratory the meaning of an instinct or the worth of a mutation is to be found in its survival value. In the language of the logic shop the secret of being is hidden with its first and final causes. In the forbidding phraseology of the theologian man must seek his origin in a cosmology and his destiny in a teleology. In the homely speech of every day, life is one half a matter of where we come from, and the other half a matter of where we are going.

Now the church is a society which flies such flags. Royce defined the church as a "Community of Memory and Hope." Whatever else happens to a man when he joins a church he consciously identifies him-

self with a tradition which remembers a past far longer than his own past and contemplates a future which outruns his own hope of life on earth. Many of the claims which churches have made and still make for themselves are over-ambitious and unwarranted by fact. But every church justly claims to incarnate a tradition and to make its members heirs and stewards of that tradition. "And so by ship to sea."

CHAPTER II

THE CHURCH IN HISTORY

Among the various signs of the times none is more interesting than the popular passion for Outlines of Everything. Like so many other literatures these books tell us more about their authors and their public than about their subject. They are, however, none the less significant for that. For they presuppose on the part of the reading public at least a bowing acquaintance with their themes.

An outline of history assumes, therefore, a general interest in human experience and in human societies as a whole. The average reader does not profess a critical knowledge of a period, but through the fog of his lay learning he now perceives a vast single body of historical fact, as a mountain seen in a mist. The historical sciences have been at work for a century impregnating the common mind with historical knowledge. It is not fair to say that the moment of saturation has been reached. Nevertheless the introduction of so strong a re-agent as that of the brains of Mr. H. G. Wells is sufficient to bring down in the general mind what the text books in chemistry call "a light flocculent precipitate."

Probably ours is the first generation in which the average man has been in a position to visualize the

history of the race in something like its totality. What is significant is not erudition within restricted fields, but something far more vivid, an immediate consciousness of the unbroken continuity and the essential solidarity of human experience which we may describe as a vital feeling for history. History is beginning to come alive in the common mind. The world around we hear the same report. Men are manifesting a new interest in the monuments of their national and racial past, a fresh jealousy for their particular tradition. You may see them all over Europe visiting their shrines. There is less sentimentalism and more realism in this feeling for history than there has been for many years. This is undoubtedly one of the immediate consequences of the war. It was said that the war was fought around abstract ideas. This may be so, but it has left in their place a tender solicitude for the homely actualities of the familiar scene. The war, however, did not create this temper out of nothing, it merely hastened its maturity. For already men were saying:

> So to the land our hearts we give
> Till the sure magic strike,
> And Memory, Use, and Love make live
> Us and our fields alike—
> That deeper than our speech and thought,
> Beyond our reason's sway,
> Clay of the pit whence we were wrought
> Yearns to its fellow-clay.

Now the strange thing about modern churches, particularly in America, is their laggard participation in this whole cultural drift of the contemporary mind. Whatever else a church may be, it is a society which

has a history. Liberal Protestantism, for the past hundred years, has been looking for its theological salvation to the findings of the historical sciences. But historians have been preoccupied with the initial problems of the historical Jesus and of the baffling transition in the first two centuries from the primitive gospel to nascent Catholicism. This was, perhaps, inevitable. The historical method naturally addressed itself first to the sources of our religion.

But strangely this historical method, apart from its brief application by the small company of now unchurched Roman Catholic Modernists, has yielded no general feeling for the vital continuity of Christian tradition. On the contrary, the preoccupation with the sources has tended, rather, to emphasize the gulf lying between the minds of the first and the twentieth centuries and to create new problems rather than to solve old and familiar problems. The historian wields a two edged sword, and it has had in religion a disconcerting recoil. Meanwhile there remains that gap in the Christian consciousness of the average church member which was pathetically disclosed by a parishioner who once said to me, "Some Sunday morning when you have nothing better to do would you mind telling us what happened between the end of the Book of Acts and the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers." Churches are proverbially slow to catch the change of air in the environing world. They are deep draft societies and once in irons they are hard to bring about. Plainly the churches of this country have not yet caught the breeze which freshens from the hinterlands of history.

We have now humanized the figure of Jesus and we have done something to humanize the doctrine of God. But we have not yet humanized our conception of the church. The high-churchman reverences the church as the one institution in society which is more than human. The low-churchman utilizes the church as part of the social mechanism, in itself less than human. The one party presents us with a divine fabric sheltering the medicine of immortality. The other company bids us lay hold of a plough handle to break soil for the foundations of the Utopia.

How little either theory has to do with our first and simplest experience of the Christian church, or with our untutored and undirected devotion to our church. The most obvious truth about churches is their profound humanity, something rather less than the high-church claim, something far more than the low-church practice. Our recovery of the historical Jesus will be but an imperfect achievement unless it leads us on into a consciousness of the living tradition in which as members of a church we stand.

For whatever else religion may be, it is the formal organization of the constant major episodes of common human experience into a social whole. Formerly it was the convention to seek the origin of religion solely in man's fear of the supernatural agencies which he suspected as hostile presences in forbidding times and places. Latterly, however, scholars have been led to take a kindlier view of the beginnings of religion. We are now being told that whatever part the fear of the menacing supernatural forces in the world may have played, religion has also represented an attempt

to formulate and to inculcate some first rough draft of the laws of life's constant content. Much of the religious ceremonial of primitive peoples is concerned with the initiation of the individual into the stable fortunes of the common lot. We find primitive religion preoccupied everywhere and always with the reliable mysteries of birth, youth, love, marriage, labor, war, and death.

Perhaps modern man will never quite succeed in grasping the intention and implication of the facts which lie in the hinterland of the history of religion. "You cannot," says Francis Thompson, bring back "the age when Paganism was a faith. . . . She who created Zeus and Here, Phoebus and Artemis, Pallas Athene and the fair-haired Aphrodite, is dead, and lives only in her corruption." But in so far as there is, in individual experience, a broad recapitulation of the history of the race, we shall discover the initial truth of such a fact as that of a church, by consulting our own memories of childhood.

Whatever the church meant to us as children it was never an inhuman or an imperfectly human fact. It was wholly natural. There was quiet, and in the sight of the communion table or the altar a suggestion of mystery. But the child is no stranger to mystery. Above all, church-going was a family act, as matter-of-fact as any office of the family. There is a deal of nonsense talked now-a-days about children and the church. In particular we try to bring them too soon and too early to self-consciousness in religion.

In so far as we can evoke from the unconscious our own childhood impressions of church, what emerges is

the memory of something neither unreal nor artificial, but homely and wholly human; a father, and a mother, and friends, and a humble acceptance of facts which were plain and not problematical. To many of us it may seem that we shall never fashion the ideal church until we put away the sophistication of maturity and the ingenuity of ecclesiasticism, and set forth afresh upon our adventure as the little children that once we were. The church of our childhood was neither magical nor mechanical, it was simply human.

We may again get the perspective when we observe what is forever happening as between the church and the total environing world. The world seeks the church, uncritically, habitually, at those times when life most matters. Parents who have drifted away from the church still bring their children back for baptism. Young people who profess to have outgrown religion still enter the church to be made man and wife. The last low whispers of the world's dead are not uniformly burdened with God's name but the church is always requisitioned to speak that name over those dead. In obedience to some deep unreasoned prompting men seek churches when life is most real. The warp of their intention may be a hunger for the benediction of God, but quite as certainly the woof of their intention is the desire to know themselves at such times as fully and truly human.

One might defend the amazing paradox that those who have no God stand in greater need of a church than those who have a God. For certainly, all matters of religious belief to one side, there is no institution and there are no formal ceremonies which offer to

a man so sure a pledge of his incorporation into the permanent experiences of the race as do those of an adequate church service. And many men in times of theological uncertainty still cling to this assurance, both for what it is in itself and for what it may yet recover or discover as to the mystery beyond.

So a scholar of heretical distinction and of unimpeachable modernity tells me that he wishes no ethical culturists tinkering with the familiar Psalter in the interests of Utopian morality. He will still respond with lusty antiphon, "Blessed shall he be that taketh thy children and throweth them against the stones." He admits that in using these words he never stops to think what they mean. He would indignantly repudiate the charges of sadistic perversion and a curious lust for infanticide. That is not what the Psalms mean to him. They mean one thing above all else, the uninterrupted custom of the centuries, the oldest words still in daily use in our world. He is not seeking ethical culture in the Psalter. He is discovering the race at prayer and sharing with the race in this perpetual office. Plainly his position is open to criticism. The moralists must declare him a broken reed of hopeless obscurantism, a pestilential fellow who menaces the League of Nations. But the average church-goer knows what he means and approves of his meaning.

The Anglican Church is much agitated over questions of Prayer Book revision. Patently it needs revision. But revision cuts both ways. "The English Prayer Book," said H. W. Massingham just before his death, "keeps the instinct and longing for religion alive

in the bosoms of many Englishmen who make no dogmatic profession. It is first of all an immortal poem. Secondly, it goes as far as the magic of words can go to express the average man's desire not to lose touch with faith and hope, if any such ground of attachment can be found. To achieve this end it says enough, and not too much. I speak for myself when I say that it does not affront the sceptical mood as mere religiosity invariably does, rather it touches and subdues me. For me this harmonious effect on thought and feeling never fails, and I think this is true of a large class of Englishmen who, desiring to change this or that, are by instinct conservative of what seems to them the best. To such people the idea of alternative forms of service, with a sectional purpose, rather obviously implied, is utterly distasteful."

Every man has seasons in his religious life when clear faith in the first and major articles of his creed is difficult. But the time never comes when a man is not able to say with good faith, "I believe in the communion of saints." Few men are ever totally deprived of heartening human comradeship, and even if such comradeship is wanting, they invariably appeal their case to an ideal human society called into immediate being by memory or imagination. "From the church militant," Savonarola conceded to those who excommunicated him, "but not from the church triumphant." There are times when one has no other rock but that on which to stand, and no church can afford to neglect the potent appeal of this ultimate humanism.

There lingers in the mind the memory of an All Saints' Day vesper service years ago in Ely Cathedral.

Nowhere in England is there a more gracious monument of Norman architecture than at Ely. Durham is bolder and more massive. Iffley Church is more intimate. But the Norman arches of Ely, tier upon tier, are a pledge of the continuity of the spiritual history of the Anglo-Saxon world, to which the Conquest brought its genius for architecture. One feels rather than estimates at Ely the tradition of many centuries.

At the close of that evening service the singers came down from the choir stalls, and passed through the screen out into the gloom of the nave, singing as they went that brave inevitable hymn of the hour, "For all the saints, who from their labors rest." As this recessional moved by the worshiper and then died away in the distance the place seemed tenanted by the generations gone and the generations yet to come. The worshiper felt his part in the spiritual pilgrimage of the race. Humanity itself seemed to be passing in review and in procession. One was caught into the tide of song and swept out across the bar of solitude into the mysterious sea of racial being. That is what the life of man is, the thing they sang there that night. Such a deep and moving humanism, so utterly characteristic of a church at its best, is certainly a point of departure for all farther and braver faith, and is the ground of the church's first and simplest appeal to men.

Whatever else, then, an institution may mean to a man it represents his desire to know himself as part of a vital tradition covering a history longer than that lying between the horizons of his three score years and ten. The social gospel with which we have been so

much preoccupied has discovered to man the breadth of his life, as expressed in the present world-order. But man's life has more than breadth; it has length. The social gospel will never be made whole until it goes and sits at the feet of history. The major institutions of human society all have these two dimensions. Probably that inscrutable determiner which we know as temperament will decide for each man whether he thinks out his life in its breadth or in its length. At the present moment, however, we are all compensating for the interrupted social definition of life by this fresh sensitiveness to history. Cosmopolitan thoughts being difficult since 1914, historical thoughts replace them. Probably this is not all loss, or the cynical end of idealism. If cosmopolitan thinking failed at Versailles it failed because it was thought about human affairs in one dimension, not in two dimensions. Meanwhile, to belong and to know yourself as belonging in history to a family, a nation, a state, a race, is to gain an immediate meaning for life and strength for living.

Theoretically history is made perfect in religion. He is the happiest historian who dares to say with Carlyle, "Whence?—O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; Faith knows not; only that it is through Mystery to Mystery; from God to God." Practically, however, even in the absence of the certitudes of religion, human history itself yields worth and strength. A bleak mechanistic interpretation of all things human may contemplate only the void at the beginning of the racial tradition and futility as its one clear conclusion. Meanwhile, between these dark extremes man is al-

ways in the company of his kind. One of the major prophets of modern philosophical pessimism has bidden us build the soul's habitation on "the firm foundations of unyielding despair." But even this desperate enterprise is not a solitary task, and what is built is a citadel and not a cell.

No apostle of darkness has ever refused for himself or denied to his disciples the mitigation of the paltry human lot offered by human comradeship, either actual or ideal. Even the loneliest and most frustrate human life has its setting and therefore meaning and worth in the longer fortune of some society of men.

> In a little peace, in a little peace,
> Like fierce beasts that a common thirst makes brothers,
> We draw together to one hid dark lake.

That very drawing together is a positive affirmation of meaning and value. This is simply to say that even if man be a pilgrim in an unbroken Arctic night of things, he keeps alight the rush light of a living tradition. If man is in nothing else he is in history, and within the restricted borders of known history the institution is the deliberate affirmation of the worth of his life, and a pledge of the perpetuity of his life in the fortunes of the race.

To all sober men, disciplined in the realities of life, their years yield a few truths which they have learned at a cost and a few values which they have achieved with a price. The religious man believes that these truths and values partake of the eternal life of God, and are forever conserved in God. But the prospect of immortal participation in the eternal verities does not and should not reprieve a man from the present

struggle after a good name which is to live on in this world. No right minded man is indifferent to his own immortality in history, since heaven's good cannot be wholly unlike the good here and now.

The assurance of such immortality becomes more certain as a man learns that the truths and values of his own life are not peculiar to himself, but are in widest commonalty spread. He dares to believe that in the community of joy and sorrow, of work and love, he finds an earnest of his own undying part in the life of the race. He covets for himself an inalienable stake in all that may truly be called "human." Christian and modern, he does not shrink from the affirmation of the old pagan thinker, "I am a man and I count nothing human foreign to myself." All farther and bolder affirmations as to his life he finds upon that high road. It was precisely this profound humanism, always characteristic of every religion at its best, which led the fathers to say of Christ, that coming to earth "he put on humanity." That is the garment in which every great spirit in history has been clothed. And in the ability to wear that garment nobly, half emperor's purple, half peasant's smock, lies the secret of all greatness among men.

In particular, life resolves itself into the quest for originality. Neither convention nor novelty has the whole truth. The wise householder of life brings forth out of the treasures of human experience things new and old. The genius is the man who solves the riddle of things old and new by the miracle of originality.

The problem is presented to every man coming into the world as the question which Eliphaz the Temanite

proposed to Job, "Art thou the first man that was born?" This interrogation, like so many other classical questions, was first put in derision and was intended by its irony to cudgel the hearer into silence. But, as so often happens with these caustic questions, the initial irony has gone and a profoundly serious residuum of perplexity remains. The answer to that question is both, "Yes, and No." No, in the sense that it is presumption for any man to ignore the experience of the race and to attempt life *de novo*. Yes, in the sense that it is perilous and fatal for a man to treat his own life as an imitation and replica of some other life, a thoroughly second-hand and therefore a second-rate affair. A man is under bonds to treat his life as a profoundly original fact. In the precise intonation of this "Yea-Nay" lies the first and plainest meaning of our professed belief in any institution such as a holy catholic church.

An institution is the formal statement of man's double answer to the riddle which the world puts to him, "Art thou the first man that was born?" More often than otherwise the institution comes into being as the effort to secure for society the verdict upon life given by some indubitable genius, as the originality of that verdict has been confirmed in the experience of his disciples. The institution perpetuates for individuals who come after, in the form of constitution, law, ceremony, the best that genius has been able to do with life in the world. The institution thus safeguards other men from the quixotic quest for thin and ephemeral novelty. It is an initial definition of the area within which reality is to be expected.

At the same time, if the institution is true to its own genius and jealous for its own perpetuity it will encourage the individual to exercise his own initiative. At one moment it bids him to look to the pit whence he was digged and to slake his thirst at the common spiritual rock. At the next moment it challenges him to drink waters out of his own cistern and running waters out of his own well. There is about all vital institutions this curiously baffling quality, a jealousy and a generosity which are never quite reconciled, as though the institution knew that its very life and its worth depended upon its ability to make men answer Job's problem with this "Yea-Nay."

Surely this is what Masefield meant when in August, 1914, thinking of the generations of men in peace and war, now dead and gone, he said that he knew himself to be "companioned still, not left behind." That persuasion and conviction is one of the deepest and profoundest satisfactions which life can give, one of the first clues to the meaning of life and one of the surest springs of strength for living. This is the motif of much of our modern literature. "This girl," writes Conrad of one of his heroines, "was, one may say, washing about with slack limbs in the ugly surf of life, with no opportunity to strike out for herself, when suddenly she had been made to feel that there was somebody beside her in the bitter water. A most considerable moral event for her whether she was aware of it or not." That is why belonging to any great institution is for all of us a considerable moral event, no matter whether we are aware of it or not.

It is as though, in living his life, man had white hot

and malleable under his hand the single link of his own life which he is forging into the succession and society of lives that is the race. Whatever else he does with his life he must not let it grow cold and hard in solitude. He does not clearly understand when and how and why the first link of this interlocked succession of human worth was fashioned or what far-off event it contemplates. But he covenants with himself that he will so temper and anneal his days that when the world strains the vital continuity of the human spirit the succession shall not part at the spot that is himself. Whatever else he may do with his life he proposes to keep faith with the race. Whoever aspires to less than this does not live, he merely exists for a little time and goes to his own place, a hell of loneliness. Whoever aspires to more than this must aspire in this way and by this means.

The institution, then, what is it? It is no lifeless shell, the dead house of a departed spirit. It is a forge where together men are forever busy fashioning the enduring communism and continuity of human experience. An institution is history's protest against the futility and waste of vain individualism. The institution is the keeper of the recurring mysteries of birth and death, of the permanent fruition of man's labor and art and love. At precisely those moments when life is most intimate and personal only the great institution is adequate to our need. It meets us at those times both to record us and to express us. Here is the formal and passionless recognition of all that matters most to us in life. The intimate and significant transactions of human life must be committed in

the end to the "perpetual care" of a bureau of vital statistics, the fly leaf of a family Bible, the pages of a parish register. Here in the institution are the sanctions given by the mature and sober second thoughts of the grave race of men.

We complain of the impersonality of the institution. We say that it is cold and distant and indifferent. The truth of an institution is not that it is impersonal, rather it is beyond individualism. It is the correction and the redemption of individualism, and those who understand it aright find beyond its first suggestions of impersonality a self that strangely satisfies the human need. There are some moments in experience which no dialect of individualism can compass. Only an impersonal vehicle is adequate to suggest the implications of what has happened. If there is, at times, a lack of immediacy in the institution, that lack only betrays the preoccupation of the institution with human life in something like its totality.

All struggles and reformations within fallible institutions, which have forgotten their true nature and have become false to themselves as to men, look primarily for the recovery and the reassertion of the simple human fact. The whole drama of history may be enacted in a single Sabbath walk through a cornfield. All the deeper issues of human life are there, all the forces which make it are present. If it was not to vindicate the human origin and intention of the institution, why did Jesus set forth upon that revolutionary adventure?

But of the churches in *The American Scene,* Mr. Henry James once said:

> Looking for the most part no more established or seated than a stopped omnibus, they are reduced to the inveterate bourgeois level, and fatally despoiled of the fine old ecclesiastical arrogance. The field of American life is as bare of the Church as a billiard table of a centre-piece; a truth that the myriad little structures "attended" on Sundays and on the "off" evenings of their "sociables" proclaims as with the audible sound of the roaring of a million mice. When an ancient treasure of precious vessels, overscored with glowing gems and wrought artistically into wondrous shapes, has, by a prodigious process, been converted through a vast community into small change, the simple circulating medium of dollars and "nickels," we can only say that the consequent permeation will be of values of a new order. Of *what* order we must wait to see.

"Fine old ecclesiastical arrogance" is a phrase which does not at once suggest the gospels, and which has, on the whole, rather little connection with authentic Christianity. But if this is merely Henry James's truculent and patrician way of saying that American churches are deficient in the historical sense, he is right.

In church men ought to be conscious of the march of the race, of the perennial moral struggle which keeps the soul alive, of the sweep of the simpler and deeper emotions, and of the inalienable stuff of human lives common everywhere, always, to all men. It is precisely this human quality and this intimation of a

history which one so often misses in American churches. They betray the mechanical conception of institutions which, the country over, is in the saddle. If our modern doctrines of God and Christ have been moving in the right direction, it follows that the church cannot serve a divine idea while remaining imperfectly human.

A church service ought to be first of all a classic. Of the classics Newman said, "What they express is common to the whole race of men." If our theory of institutions is right they come into being as expressions of life, and only subsequently do they attempt definitions of life. A definition may be implicit in the expression, and the expression may be fulfilled in definition. A bad or wrong definition certainly does incalculable harm to religion, costing many individuals intolerable and unnecessary suffering and alienating from religion men who are disciplined in accurate and honest thinking. But doctrinal debate tends to become a kind of glorified chess game, in which each dogma has its known value and its distinctive move. It is an interesting game, probably the final sublimation of the instinct of play. But playing this game has little to do with life. The necessary premise for any profitable theological discussion is a genuine experience of the community of human experience in wonder, worship, work, love, joy, and sorrow.

The church which commends itself to us, whatever its theology, is the church which gives adequate expression to those of our experiences which as individuals we have suspected and discovered to be universal. Let a church do that for a man and it has captured his

loyalty. Before men need definition or ask instruction they seek expression. In that need we find the initial occasion and the first plain duty of an institution. What one stray worshiper felt in Ely Cathedral on that All Saints' Day evening, each worshiper ought to feel in every church. A Norman cathedral is a great help to the imagination. But it is not necessary. Given a service rightly conceived and conducted in a New England meeting house or a frontier chapel and men will know what you mean.

It will be said that the native individualism and the violent discontinuity of American life make such an office impossible if not unwelcome.

> Pull the city up; tear the city down;
> pull it up again; let us find a city.
>
> Every day the people sleep and the city dies;
> every day the people shake loose, awake and
> build the city again.
>
> The city is a tool chest opened every day,
> a time clock punched every morning,
> a shop door, bunkers and overalls
> counting every day.
>
> The city is made, forgotten, and made again,
> trucks hauling it away haul it back
> steered by drivers whistling ragtime
> against the sunsets.
>
> "I will die as many times
> as you make me over again,"
> says the city to the people.

The American church is set in this scene. If ever a social setting justified Dean Inge's statement that it is not the office of the church to be a weathercock,

spinning with the vacillating Spirit of the Age, but rather to be the stable background for the shifting drama of civilization, that setting is modern America.

If now we could humanize our doctrine of the church, as we have humanized our doctrines of Christ and God, we should recommend the church to our countrymen. A church should be able to say, "I am human and I count nothing human foreign to myself." It would not be less divine for that affirmation. We need in the American churches something of the spirit of Piers Plowman with his "Vision of the Fair Field Full of Folk," wherein as the "lady lovely," the church walks,

> Rich and poor all manner of men
> Working and wandering as in the world we must.

"Jesters and janglers, Judas children, tramps and beggars, pilgrims and palmers, hermits, friars, barons and burgesses, bondmen of villages, butcher, baker, brewer, tailors and tinkers, wool weavers, linen weavers, masons and miners, ditchers and delvers."

> 'Holy Church am I,' quoth she, 'thou oughtest me to know.
> I first took thee in my arms I made thee free.'

CHAPTER III

THE HABIT OF CHURCH GOING

In Harnack's *History of Dogma* there is an account of the steps by which, in the third and fourth centuries of our era, the free usages of primitive Christianity passed over into the formal system of Catholic faith and practice. Various clear and intelligible causes for the change are enumerated, and then the list is concluded with a final item, "The sanctifying power of blind custom." Did Harnack write those last words with his tongue in his cheek? They are patently a confession of ignorance, made in a moment of whimsical humor. Their precise measure of deliberate irony cannot be estimated.

Every man, however learned, has a mental "glory-hole" to which he consigns the problematical residuum of his world. The history of the past, the life of the present, and the prophecy of the future are littered with facts which perversely refuse to be fitted into our orderly systems and programmes. The study of man's formal accounts of his world is a familiar and necessary part of a liberal education. The major accredited systems of science and philosophy are always imposing and often apparently comprehensive. But this initial aspect of finality is deceptive and, if we would know the whole truth about a thinker or a school of thought,

we must discover the Vale of Hinnom outside the four walls of decent order, where the scholar furtively disposes of the intractable and insoluble margins of his concern. This place of the waste facts is always there, and in the long record of human thought its worm dieth not and its fire is not quenched.

Good conscience in the matter of these intractable facts is essential. When the Maccabees re-occupied Jerusalem after the temple had been desecrated by Antiochus Epiphanes, they collected the scattered stones of the altar and laid them aside in a convenient place until a prophet should come to give utterance concerning them. Charles Darwin tells us that he was more scrupulous in observing the facts which did not fit his theories, than in collecting those which did fit, and that any success which he may have had as a speculative thinker he owed to that habit of mind. Such jealousy and candor are the exception. Most men are more hasty and less scrupulous in their intellectual processes, and the secret of their deceptively tidy systems of faith and conduct is to be found, not in the system itself, but in the convenient presence and ample dimensions of the glory-hole which conceals the stubborn odds and ends of things. A system to be fairly appraised, must be judged quite as strictly by the facts which it has been compelled to discard, as by the facts which it has been able to utilize.

The generic notation of this area of uncertainty is always "X." Specifically we know it as fate, chance, providence, heredity, environment, the instincts, the unconscious, radio-activity, and the like. The intellectual commerce of the world depends upon a system

of credit between thinkers. We draw our theories of nature and history payable to these unknowns and for the most part their signatures are honored. But we do well to realize that such notations are arbitrary, and that whenever the cashier in the bank of realism chooses to challenge the endorsement, satisfactory identification is difficult.

Harnack has used one of these terms in his reconstruction of the early history of the church—"custom," habit. We may be grateful to him that he had the candor to include this factor in his list of the causes which led to the Catholic usage. The solemnity of that ponderous phrase, "the sanctifying power of blind custom," satisfies us that the scholar is a man of like humor and ignorance with ourselves. And yet this particular admission of ignorance is the pass-key which lets us into three quarters of all life, even though it fails to explain what it discovers. Why did the church of the third century do thus and so? All we can say is, that, for reasons which are now inaccessible and perhaps unintelligible to us, the church had settled into the habit of doing things in such a way. Habit explains all and nothing.

In centuries to come historians will look back with curious interest upon our church practice. They will try to discover why we did what we did as we did. In the end their scholarly reconstruction of our usage will concede the power of custom. They will observe what Harnack has observed, what any honest man observes, that many if not most of man's ways can be immediately referred to habit. They will also observe that there is no realm of human interest and activity in

which habit is stronger and more definitive than in this concern of religion.

Höffding, in one of his books, tells of a Danish Protestant church in which the worshipers, passing down the aisle, always turned and bowed towards a blank white space on the side wall. No valid reason for this practice could be given, save that it was the custom of the local church-goers to bow in that direction. No other and better reason was forthcoming until a thorough restoration of the interior of the fabric discovered beneath the whitewash on the walls a pre-Reformation mural painting of the Virgin Mary. The Catholic custom of obeisance to the Virgin had survived three hundred years of obliterating Protestant whitewash. So strong are the habits by which religion fortifies itself in history.

Churches, then, are peopled for the most part by persons who have the habit of church-going and who do not question that habit too often or examine it too closely. Any discussion of what happens at church or what is intended to happen must make its peace with this premise. For Half-Rome church-going is a convention accepted as such. One does it because it is done, or because one grew up to it, or because one's fathers did it. For the Other Half-Rome church-going is a discarded habit, and what was once the daring unconventionality of staying away from church has become in turn a new custom. Sunday mornings on the state highway are now as conventional as Sunday mornings in church. If spontaneity and originality are wanting in the latter, they are equally wanting on the former. Habit is our common master.

The habitual church-goer, then, arrives at church on Sunday morning in time to open his Psalter and to join in the affirmation, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord," or, "I had gone with the multitude, to the house of God." If he is in a critical mood he may be conscious of a slight insincerity in his use of these familiar words. There is about them an element of overstatement calling for some mental reservation on his part. But he finds credible and congenial realism in the gospel for the day, "And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up: and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the sabbath day." There was no straining after any self-conscious sincerity in that practice.

Report has it that when Professor Shaler came to Harvard as a teacher many years ago, he decided that he would go to chapel every morning. He ordered his working day accordingly and lived by that decision. In later years he used to say that the question of staying away from chapel no longer arose, and that to raise that question and to solve it afresh each new morning would involve more effort and more readjustment of his day than it was worth. Harnack might find in Professor Shaler's usage merely "the sanctifying power of blind custom." Professor Shaler himself found something else. He found economy of effort and margins of strength.

That is what strikes us when we compare the man who lives by habit with the man who has no habits because he is an avowed antinomian. Whatever else be true of the man of habit, he is the more efficient of

the two. He gets more done in a working day. While there is about the life of the rebel an unnecessary laboriousness. His unwillingness to slip into second nature on the hills, his determination to strain the machine in the high gear of a tense self-consciousness is costly. What is even more to the point, the antinomian in struggling to recover first principles becomes preoccupied with the past, his own past and that of the race. He sounds a retreat and not an advance, whereas the man of habitual practice, accepting first principles, gets on to the next thing. Habit presupposes the past that it may point us forward into life. The reason for this prophetic note in habit is reasonably clear. Habit disposes of the necessary processes of every day without exhausting a man. It leaves him an unspent margin of attention and energy to devote to the Mystery.

A virgin continent needs free capital which may be invested to open it up and to develop its natural resources. A new industry calls for free capital to put it on its feet. A society which exhausts its resources in conducting its immediate business is a stagnant society. Precisely the same holds true of man's scientific, artistic, and religious endeavors. They demand a free margin of mental and moral capital to sustain them. And there is an intimate and necessary connection between habit and margins of energy. Darwin's profound originality and revolutionary discoveries were rooted in the soil of one of the most methodical lives of the last century. The very brilliance of his mind was achieved out of the dullness of his days. Chesterton had this fact in mind when he said of one

of his heroes, that he knew what all romantics know, that adventures always happen on dull days.

When the disciples were sent out on their first preaching mission they went with nothing for their journey, neither staff, nor scrip, nor bread, nor money. The undisciplined nature always makes its initial adventure into the world in precisely this experimental nakedness. But the ultimate mission of the disciplined character is after another fashion. In his final charge to the disciples Jesus said, "Now, he that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise his scrip; and he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment, and buy one." The superficial inconsistency of the gospel injunctions vanishes when one understands the double character of one's own advance into life. First, a man must meet and master the stubborn actualities of life with nothing but his primal needs to move him and his native instincts to guide him. Life at such a stage means preoccupation with the problem of getting the few necessities together. Probably no one has truly lived who does not know what the mastery of these secrets means. It is not alone the matter of learning to walk and to feed oneself and to dress. It is learning what food costs, what clothing and shelter cost and always must cost the race, what peace, even the poorest peace, costs as mere cessation from war.

Then, having learned these lessons, the character which has habituated itself to the essential motions of life turns to contemplate the unsolved riddles of the universe, the unachieved and unconquered Utopias of human happiness. The habitual act may lose at times its first full meaning and value for us. We may for-

get the bloody sweat of the race or our own painful discipline which was its price. But, nevertheless, in some very real measure custom sets us free. If a man is primarily concerned with the world's future, its undiscovered secrets and possibilities, he must be able to take some of its actualities for granted. He must accept, as the gospels indicate, the habit of the scrip and the staff and the cloak. What we call habit's second nature, then, is not so much the loss of an original nature as the chance of a fuller and larger nature.

This, perhaps, was what a wise old minister down on Cape Cod meant, when he dropped the chance remark, "I don't think any man can be a good Christian unless he has a little leisure." If art had its brave beginnings in the majestic idleness of that far off primitive man who painted with red ochre that reindeer upon the walls of his cave at Altamira in Spain, so religion had its origins with men who, at the end of the day's habitual hunting, herding, and harvesting, still had an unspent power of attention to turn in fear and hope upon the setting sun, the stars, the flickering flames of the fire.

This is supremely true, as the old minister suggested, of the Christian religion. Nothing is so characteristic of the gospels as their preoccupation with man's marginal righteousness. The Sermon on the Mount presupposes the habitual righteousness required and expected by the Law. That is its point of departure. Its real interest is in a righteousness which exceeds the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees. Jesus' whole attitude towards the Law is, in one sense of the word, conventional. He does not repudiate it.

He does not propose to dismiss it. He seems to regard it as a way of life which ought to leave men with a marginal capacity for spiritual experience and endeavor, and his major interest is in the evocation and expression of this over-plus in the soul which a settled habit of religion had yielded.

We never cease our efforts to reconstruct from the historical sources with the aid of a sympathetic imagination, the probable person and character of Jesus. It is much the fashion to suggest a very informal and unconventional man, a mild version of the modern self-conscious rebel against the existing order. His death as a traitor to the state and a heretic in the church gives plausibility to this reconstruction. But the longer we work at the canvas the more baffling the subject becomes. One who knows something of this discipline in Christian thinking says, "There is only one thing certain about Jesus; if he were to walk into this room at this moment he would be an entirely different man from the man you and I think him to have been."

The gospels give us some ground for supposing that we have in Jesus not the simple personality of the born rebel, but that far more baffling and complex type of man, the man who deliberately seeks freedom on the far side of convention and custom. Whatever be the truth about Jesus himself, his teaching does not require the repudiation of the habitual religious practice. Christianity's concern with the spiritual over-plus in man presupposes a certain preliminary habituation to religion, both in thought and conduct. For all its insistence upon child-likeness it is a mature

religion, and does not represent the novitiate of the race in the things of the spirit.

Certainly the intervening centuries have run true to that first form. The prophets, reformers, and pioneers have been drawn uniformly from the company of habitual religionists. Church history will find it difficult to discover to us a single outstanding leader who appreciably advanced Christianity by the introduction of mere novelty. It is with religion as it is with all the arts, originality which is the pearl of great price always matures out of conventionality not out of novelty. If a man hungers for bread or loves a woman, says a critic, poetry can express him. But if he falls in love with the bumpers of a railway carriage poetry cannot express him. All art presupposes a more or less conventional body of idea, and an equally conventional pattern. Art cannot utilize unconventional ideas in patternless form. Would-be artists may attempt this, but the result is not art as we understand it.

So it is with religion. Habit in religion is simply the working definition, experimentally established, of the general substance and pattern of the spiritual life. In the severe sense of the word there is no such person as a religious innovator, for novelty and religion have no necessary affinity. A novel service of worship usually succeeds only in defeating its own ends because of its mild, but patent irreligion.

Not that every habitual act issues in originality, but only that at habit's best originality is habit's yield. It is with habit's best and not its least that we are here concerned. Habit is, indeed, a high road which

finally forks, and one of its forks undoubtedly leads down to a mechanical and unthinking life which may end on a mere treadmill. Many persons travel this low road to this dull end. But their numbers should not blind us to the existence of a high road which leads by originality to larger truth and liberty. To refuse to travel this highway of habit because at the fork of the road the descent is easy along the low road, or to refuse habit altogether in preference for some gratuitous hard-going in discredited ways of life, is to miss the meaning of the plain yield of stern racial experience.

The deliberate choice of the high road, however, and persistence on the high road demand the occasional recovery of a full self-consciousness in the practice of the habitual act. To be permanently serviceable a habit must be mindful from time to time both of the country from which it came out and of the country to which it goes. God may become the habit of the devout mind, but so long as the mind realizes that God is the object of its devotion, such a habit is one of the ways to perfect freedom. Habit becomes a creeping paralysis of the spirit only when it forgets its occasion and its purpose.

This apologia for the habitual church-goer is appropriate in this connection for one plain reason. There are many persons outside all churches who to-day dismiss churches as rather futile institutions. We cannot forget William James's statement that personal religion is the primordial thing and that churches, once established, live at second hand upon tradition. At their worst this charge is true of churches. But it is fairer

to say that the average church usage is not so much a second-hand affair as a thing of second nature. Of the secondary character of the life of the church when compared with the primary experience of the individual there is no doubt. But this whole "secondary" nature of the church cannot be dismissed with a wave of the hand. The bulk of every day's tasks and duties has this secondary quality. Very little of the day's work is primary in that its full value and meaning are constantly and intimately realized. We may call all life which falls short of such realization second-hand. Is it not truer to call it second nature? Institutions are society's second nature. The church is religion's second nature. But no institution, least of all the church, will concede that what is second nature is by virtue of this secondary quality thereby permanently divorced from reality. Very few of us are in a position to know the truth of anything until we have so possessed it that it has become second nature to us. The truth and worth of religion are no exception to this rule.

The man who cares more for religion than he cares for churches as such, and he is every right minded man, would welcome gladly any prospect of spiritual deliverance from a quarter other than that of institutionalism. Institutionalism when it is only a preoccupation with social machinery is an unmitigated curse. The church form of this plague is ecclesiasticism. Our litany will certainly pray that the good Lord will save us from ecclesiasticism. But so long as there is religion in the world there will be churches of some sort. Human nature would have to be re-

made and human history thus far would go for nothing if religion could flourish without churches. The religion of to-morrow may devise churches quite other than those with which we are familiar. The churches of to-morrow may be organizing to-day in the caves of Adullam. Yet unless the whole structure and procedure of society is radically altered the only thing that will be the death of churches is the death of all personal religion.

What is absolutely necessary and vital is that habitual church-goers should not forget the spiritual ends which are served by these institutional forms of religion's second nature. Of those ends the first and last is the organization and conduct of public worship. All over the world to-day men are trying to re-think the meaning and intention of public worship. This is the most hopeful single sign on the religious horizon. Without relinquishing the habits of conventional church usage men are searching these habits to make them yield their fruitage of originality. One is inclined to think that for the next few years theological controversies and programmes for the social gospel may yield precedence to a preoccupation with the problem of worship. Men are coming fairly up to this central problem of the Christian institution, and are scrutinizing their own words and deeds in this connection as they have not done for many years. They are asking, Why are we here in church about these offices of worship? What do our rituals and our symbols and our sacraments intend? Such questions are sure signs of habit's coming of age.

It is not easy for the church to know itself at first glance. Self-knowledge is costly here as elsewhere. Lest the whole problem seem an idle one, let certain also of our own philosophers state it pointedly:

> For one whose knowledge of public worship is limited to what goes on of a Sunday in his own Protestant meeting-house, it is hard to understand what can be meant by the *problem* of worship, or how there can be anything puzzling about it. It is all so simple and natural that the church-goer only wonders why any one stays at home; while the man at home is usually too busy with his Sunday paper to ask why any one goes. . . . But put your average church-goer on a ship and pack him off to the East; land him at Calcutta near the Kalighat, or lead him inland to some temple on a hillside overlooking a secluded village; and religious worship will no longer seem to him quite so self-explanatory. The drums are beating violently and wild music of strange sorts is issuing from equally strange buildings before him. He is admitted (after he has taken off his shoes) and beholds a sight as extraordinary as is the noise that accompanies it. On the walls of the room are hideous images, carved in stone and daubed with red paint, one representing a monkey, one a creature with a fat human belly and an elephant's head, each with an offering of yellow marigolds before it; while in the most prominent place is a stone pillar, rounded off at the top, wet from the pouring of

much Ganges water, bedaubed with spots of paint, and surrounded with green leaves, uncooked rice, a few coins, and more yellow marigolds. There are two priests in the corner, beating tom-toms, and by the pillar stands a third, daubing it with more paint, pouring water over it, placing leaves upon it, and all the while mumbling words—many of them mere repetitions of names—to which no one seems to listen. The performance has been utterly unintelligible to our visitor, but the most astonishing thing about it all is the attitude and aspect of the worshipers. For worshipers they indubitably are.

If instead of coming from Asia our friend had come from Mars, and had never seen any form of cult, how (he may now ask himself) would he have been affected by the Sunday doings which he has always taken for granted? Is it not a bit surprising that once in every seven days a great city should stop its work and that half the population should turn out in their best clothes to hear one of their number read from a big book passages which most of them have long known almost by heart, that they should partake of bread and wine, and (most astonishing of all) that they should all shut their eyes and listen while the man in the pulpit talks to some one who obviously is not there? Why do people do these things? What is it all for? How did the custom ever originate and why does it continue? *

* James Bissett Pratt, *The Religious Consciousness,* pp. 255-257.

CHAPTER IV

THE DIVINE DISCONTENT

"O God, thou hast made us for thyself, and our hearts are restless until they find rest in thee." These words of St. Augustine's will serve as an initial answer to the questions previously raised. Men build churches, go to church, and share in formal acts of worship because a divine discontent stirs them and will not let them be. Of this fact there is no possible doubt. "One fourth of life," says an English novelist, "is intelligible, the other three fourths is unintelligible; and our earliest duty is to cultivate the habit of not looking round the corner." Yes, but the trouble of it is that the first fourth of life becomes permanently intelligible and endurable only by reference to the other three fourths. This reference and appeal to the Mystery is the price which we pay for being higher than the beasts of the field. The Universe, as whirlwind, commands each one of us to gird himself like a man and to stand and give answer upon the riddle of the inscrutable three fourths of life. Man's religions are his answers to that imperative and are the peace which he proposes for the divine unrest. Religion's concern is the discovery of the ways which lead to that peace, since "God is at home and we are in the far country."

For men are homesick in their homes,
And strangers under the sun,
And they lay their heads in a foreign land,
Whenever the day is done.

We should beware, however, of making too hard work of our first accounts of religion. We all intuitively recognize the truly religious man when we meet him. He does not need to present theological or ecclesiastical credentials that we may identify him. Whether he will or no, probably unconsciously rather than consciously, he betrays the heart of the matter in him. His serenity, his unfailing strength, his catholic charity, his hopefulness tell their own story. Religion is what he has and is. No pretensions to learning, no professions of piety can make good the lack of these characteristics. Children recognize this quality of character instantly and are never deceived by plausible imitations. Indeed, no one of us ever becomes so grown up and sophisticated that he wholly loses this childlike power to recognize real religion in a fellow human being.

Identifying religion in oneself is a far more difficult matter, since "all deception beginneth in self-deception." We are much more prone to be mistaken about religion in ourselves than about religion in others. What most of us call our religion is not our religion at all. It is a dilute mixture of weak theology and saccharine ethics. It is probably well for us that in so far as we have health in us, we are as unconscious of our spiritual health as of our physical health. Our hope of heaven certainly lies far more in the religion in us of which we have never suspected ourselves,

than in the religions which we formally profess.

Nevertheless, man is the creature who is self-conscious, and in the end, if the full meaning and worth of religion are to be made permanently good to a man, he must know himself for what he is. By a process of trial and error, in which he learns to divide the first-hand reality from the second hand replica, a man does achieve the ability to distinguish between the offerings of the world. In particular, in religion he has his own personal Bible within the Bible, his private creed within or apart from the creed of his church. And what is more important he becomes conscious of a certain type of experience which keeps recurring in his own life, that stands to him for what he means by religion.

It is with the spiritual scene as with the face of nature. We wander about the world and we come out again and again onto the primeval granite cropping out upon the earth's surface. Over much of the world's face this granite is covered by super-imposed strata and by the soil. But here and there, without warning, the native rock stuff reappears, and we know it for what it is. In something the same way there are certain happenings, relationships, situations which keep recurring in life. Though they betray little logical connection with one another or with the surrounding areas of experience, they are always of a kind. They have a qualitative identity which makes us infer that they belong together, and by this identity we come to recognize them. We predicate these experiences as religious. And the sum of them furnishes our first account of our religion.

We may posit at once, if we are so minded, a single spiritual principle in the universe which is the sole occasion of these several experiences. But it is not necessary that we do this before we begin to live the religious life. We of to-day take monotheism for granted. The God whom we get from the printed book is one. But the divine in life is not so clearly integrated as the creed suggests. It may well be with the modern man, as it has been with the race as a whole, that monotheism is not an axiom or a point of departure, but a conclusion which follows upon our observation that life has many divine aspects and moments, and that these are always qualitatively of a kind.

Religion, at the outset, does not require the speculative thinker's ability to make universal pronouncements of truth. What it does require is the artist's power to see the truth and worth in certain familiar, recurring situations. Religion is always an art before it is a science. These moments that matter most have the truth of life in their keeping, and they give something like a total satisfaction. No wit for generalizing can make good the blindness which does not recognize these seasons and situations for what they are and as belonging together.

"She lent herself," says the novelist of her heroine, "to immemorial human attitudes which we recognize by instinct as universal and true." A modern sculptor has caught and fixed in the bronze statue which stands before the Boston Art Museum one of those immemorial attitudes. It is the statue of a naked Indian astride his standing pony. His head is thrown back,

his eyes are lifted, and his hands are raised to the Great Spirit. There is a noble poise and a human fitness and finality in the whole attitude which we recognize as universal and true. Here is man come, for the moment, to rest in that peace which subsists at the heart of endless agitation.

The statue is, if you will, simply a memento to a "vanishing race," a mute magnificent protest against those who have dispossessed him, and all their works. But it is also something more than that, it is the artist's deliberate recovery of one of the major moods and postures of the natural man. It is what was originally meant and all that ever can be meant by the church spires and towers that lift into the sky-line round about. Strip ritual and sacrament of their adornments and you find precisely this simple, restful, immemorial human attitude. All that is intended or can be intended by church worship is there in that still figure. Augustine's verdict upon human nature would not be out of place upon the pedestal.

Looking at that statue religion seems utterly natural and wholly true. No one can miss it. No one can seriously question it. Looking again at the statue we may conclude that this attitude is not only unchanging and immemorial but is also native to man and needs no conscious discipline or formal evocation. A plausible case may be made, in the presence of that bronze, for a doctrine of theological and ecclesiastical *laissez aller*. What have churches done but to make unnecessarily complex and difficult the expression and the realization of a desire that in itself is simple and universal? Here is religion in its first simplicity.

What more can be said or done than is suggested here?

But the trouble is that life in this world is not simple. "Civilization" has thrown us into strained and unnatural attitudes. The Laocoön is a better symbol of our actual present postures than is this red man of America's yesterdays. To recover the poise and peace of that figure means effort. We may point to little children, as Jesus did, and say, "Go on being like that." Twenty years ago Barrie bewitched us with his fantasy about "The Boy Who Never Grew Up." We crowd the theatre to see that play, however, just because we have grown up. It is only in fancy that the boy never grows up. The native simplicity of the little child left to itself matures into childishness, a very different quality from childlikeness. Perhaps that is what was meant by the lost innocence of Eden. There comes for each one of us the time when he must resolutely put away childish things and accept the chaos and distractions of his maturity.

Childlikeness is a word which always stirs us with its wistfulness, but the simplicity for which it stands lies beyond, not behind. He who pretends that the world before him and life in that world are simple does so only by hiding his head in the sand. No pose is more ineffectual than this affectation of a simplicity which does not exist in fact. And no impulse is more futile than the impulse which prompts us to go back to a lost simplicity. A whole philosophy of life is bound up in those two lines with which George Meredith concludes the tragic story of his lovers:

> They fed not on the advancing hours:
> Their hearts held cravings for the buried day.

A child cannot be childlike, any more than a man can be manlike. A child is a child, with all the native simplicity that childhood means. Childlikeness is a virtue for the mature, and it always lies on the far side of the complexities in which we are entangled.

So of the native simplicity of that religious attitude which the sculptor has caught in his bronze. There is no use saying, Stay away from church next Sunday morning, strip yourself naked, come out and take your stand under that Indian and copy his posture in the effort to recover his spirit. The futile self-consciousness of such an act would make it a farce and a play-acting. The thing to do is to go about the world seeking the contemporary reincarnations of that spirit and the present examples of that attitude. They are there if you can see them. I have seen a man walking across a heath lift his head and face his world in just that way. That is the strange thing about this statue. It is not a study in ethnology, although the artist has not departed in a single detail from the untutored childhood of the race. That naked native man seems not unfamiliar with the chaos of a modern city, or untried and unproven in our "civilization." Remaining true to a type that once possessed the land, he seems also prophetic of a type that may again possess it. He is true to himself, but that matters to us only as a curious inquiry into the past. What really matters is that he confirms us in our faith in a self within, still in the making and as yet only half known and trusted. Without sophistication and with entire sincerity that figure guards the doorway of the Art Museum, to suggest the last simplicity of life rather

than to recover its first simplicity. Between this first and last simplicity in the cycle lies the normal adventure and discipline of the things of the spirit.

That discipline consists first in the discovery of our need of religion and then in the quest of religion. Sooner or later every man discovers that he must have something or some one to worship, something to which he can give himself wholly. This necessity arises from the prior discovery, which every day confirms, that of himself and by himself a man lives only half a life. Let him be as true to himself as he can, and let him live out to the uttermost all that is in him, such fidelity to the self and such expression of the self do not give him satisfaction. He is conscious of an incompleteness in his nature and character. He is perpetually seeking a something-he-knows-not-what which shall meet and match his half a life and make him whole. Always, fleeting before him, is an ideal Other, by which he might be met and mated. If only he could find and capture this Other he would be delivered from himself and set at rest. But the Other is so elusive. "Soul of mine, hadst thou clung to the vesture."

Jesus used just such an account of man's lot and life when he spoke of our being "lost" and "found." We need no theological subtlety to help us to the meaning of these simple words. Some one has said that a man is "lost" when he has drifted away from the place where he belongs and the person to whom he belongs and is in danger of not getting back. He is "found" when he gets home to the place that knows him and the persons who care for him.

The religious consciousness, then, always involves consciousness of the self, but never of the self alone, always of the self in relationship to something else. The better we know ourselves, the less self-sufficient we become and the deeper our need and desire for this otherness of things. Religion is the quest for a Real Other, and the transaction and communion between one's own self and that Other. We may doubt whether any experience deserves to be called religious, or any account of man's concerns merits the name religion, which does not spring from man's initial conviction of his own incompleteness and end in the confidence that he has found an Other who makes him whole. The hall mark of religion is this authentic stamp of completeness which the otherness in all things sets upon the separate and solitary self.

This Real Other has many forerunners. He does not come unheralded into a life unprepared. Pleasure is the first garb which the Real Other seems to assume. Any instinct which knows first its need and then its gratification is made whole in a fleeting sensation. It is not surprising that primitive religions made large place for the festival and the orgy. In their crude way they were right. Even the wise makers of the Bible canon did not censor the measured pleasures which are counselled by the Preacher, "Behold that which I have seen: it is good and comely for one to eat and to drink, and to enjoy the good of all his labor that he taketh under the sun all the days of his life, which God giveth him: for it is his portion." Few of us are so wholly sanctified that we do not know what it is to feel "at peace with the world" at the end of a good

dinner after a long day. One does not soon or easily forget Mark Rutherford's verdict upon life, the more significant because of the price it cost, "Many persons with refined minds are apt to depreciate happiness, especially if it is of 'a low type.' Broadly speaking, it is the one thing worth having, and low or high, if it does no mischief, is better than the most spiritual misery." "Happiness of a low type" presumably means legitimate pleasure. Pleasure certainly is more prophetic of the end of the religious quest than pain, because it is the simplest and most familiar experience we have of a need met and made whole by the otherness of things.

Physiologically pleasure is the immediate vindication of the survival value lodged in instinct. And religiously pleasure foreshadows from a great distance the fulfillment and satisfaction of the entire self. Its limitations, however, are plain. Pleasure, the modern psychologist tells us, is the emotional state which attends the gratification of a single instinct. The moment of gratification cannot be captured and retained. It is brief and fleeting. It is a hint for living and nothing more. Moreover man cannot permanently devote himself to the gratification of a single instinct, for the other instincts reassert themselves. But a cycle of different pleasures is not peace. A life lived furiously in successive gratifications of the rival instincts is a life of chaos and misery, not of contentment. Pleasure may suggest that the otherness of life is actual, not illusory, but it gives only a suggestion.

The Other, which more fully and permanently shall satisfy us, must be able to satisfy the self which has

brought all its instincts to heel in the service of some larger idea or purpose. If all that a man knows of religion is the pleasure of keeping the feast of the new moon, and if all he expects from the spiritual world is a sign calling him back to those pleasures, he knows nothing of religion, beyond this primitive gratification of instinct. "Are not the arrows beyond thee?"

Few men, however, try to content themselves with the religion which is practised in the stye of the sensualist. Most men consciously pass on to bolder and more comprehensive definitions of the Real Other whom they seek. We come to the time when the prospect of being made whole is in the keeping of our friend or our lover, of our cause and country. We succeed in losing our little selves and finding our larger self in play or work, in a science or an art. We are taken out of ourselves and reincarnated, again and again, in scenes, relationships, tasks which give to life a larger and truer quality of religiousness.

Becoming one with this Other that is the object of our interest or loyalty we advance farther in our experience of religion's way, until finally there comes a moment, when suddenly we say, "Surely, God is in this place and I knew it not." No other word will do, and no other account of what has happened is enough. And then it is that we see what religion is all about.

The simplest witness of the religious consciousness to itself which can possibly be conceived is that found in the Johannine words, "I and my father are one." Religion cannot go beyond that, but religion will not be put off with less than that. Scrupulous critics will

say that these words belong to the fourth gospel and not to the synoptic tradition, and therefore are of dubious authenticity, so far as Jesus is concerned. Timid and orthodox persons will say that Jesus, being of one substance with the Father, was entitled to use these words, but that in our mouths they are blasphemy. Religion is impatient both of the finesse of the critic and the scruples of the correct. Religion always makes straight for that affirmation and refuses to stop short of it.

If we are sceptical of the particular theology which grew out of the Johannine affirmation we have only to hark back to that mortally wounded boy picked up by stretcher bearers on the battlefield in France, who at the last opened his eyes for a moment and said, "God! God here! God everywhere!" And died. Religion intends that affirmation.

Do we reach this moment by gathering up all the prophetic religiousness of our prior experience of the otherness of things and then by a "sharp dart of longing love" arrive at God as the one being who includes and inspires all life's otherness? Or do we reach this moment by deliberately repudiating every experience of the world which has a pleasurable and plausible religiousness about it, and by insisting that God is the Infinite Other who still remains when all our experiences of the finite other are exhausted? When we say "God," do we affirm or deny the world which meets and matches the individual? This is a matter upon which theology has never ceased to speculate. But it is more than a purely speculative question. It is a practical question, and its answer determines the whole

conception and conduct of the religious life. The question is stated here simply to recognize its presence and to bow in passing. We shall meet it again.

A further and more immediately pertinent question also appears. Religion, we have said, is the experience of oneness with a Being who is the ultimate Other. But what of all those mature and disciplined souls who have finally turned back upon themselves to seek reality and to find satisfaction in the kingdom that is within? Both the manuals of devotion and the philosophy of religion are accustomed to insist upon the Kingdom of God in the soul of a man. John Tauler preaches of "the still desert of the Godhead" in our own hearts. Mrs. Knox in the Shaw play reiterates with wearisome insistence her faith that "happiness is within ourselves."

More specifically the whole idealistic philosophy, which until these latter days has prevailed among us and has been used to expound the Christian scheme of things, asserts that all consciousness begins and ends as perfect self-consciousness. Newman's famous statement that religion knows "two and two only absolutely and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator," reappears in Bosanquet's philosophy as the implicit or explicit awareness of "the finite-infinite nature of the finite spirit." Idealism concedes the pictorial and parabolic value of the antithesis between the self and the Other but when pressed for sober truth it defines the antithesis as a form of self-consciousness.

The literature of devotion and the manuals of piety furnish the idealistic thinker with much first-hand and

significant material upon which to base this description of the religious consciousness. In particular the ascetic attempt to evade the self seems to have been singularly unsuccessful. Who has not felt the poignant truth of Augustine's rhetorical questions, "Whither could my heart flee from my heart? Whither could I flee from myself? Whither should I not follow myself?" A whole anthology could be compiled on the basis of this single idea, beginning with the 139th Psalm and ending with Francis Thompson's *Hound of Heaven.*

And what man is there who does not know what à Kempis meant when he counselled the love of solitude, "One said, As oft as I have gone abroad among men; I returned home less a man. Seek a fit time to retire into thyself." Or what Masefield means when he says,

> Here in the self is all that man can know
> Of Beauty, all the wonder, all the power,
> All the unearthly color, all the glow,
> Here in the self which withers like a flower.
> Here in the flesh, within the flesh, behind,
> Swift in the blood and throbbing on the bone,
> Beauty herself, the universal mind,
> Eternal April wandering alone,
> The god, the holy ghost, the atoning lord,
> Here in the flesh, the never yet explored.

The idealistic philosophies which assert that the world and the individual are simply two aspects of a single reality, which can be compassed by self-consciousness, are probably better fitted to interpret man's experience of religion than are the pluralistic systems. And there is, probably, no escape for any man from

the mature inward turning movement of his own mind. But it is important to notice that in this idealistic method of rethinking experience the outer world has been imported into the self and has become an integral part of its mature stuff. The self thus conceived is not the initial and solitary self which first fared forth into the world. It has become a social self capable of dialogue and commerce and transaction within its own limits.

The problem for the speculative thinker remains one of perpetual fascination. He who appeals the case for religion to the judgment seat of idealistic philosophy will have no option but to accept the verdict of that court. Meanwhile, the question remains, how far the practices of this interior piety should be stressed in the on-going religious life. One admits the possible if not the probable truth of this account of the world and the individual, and yet it is precisely its plausibility which makes one question at times its total truthfulness.

So often the idealistic philosopher suggests the magician doing tricks. One hand is waved impressively in front with sweeping gestures, but the other hand is busy behind the back wrestling with a stubborn knot that does not yield as easily as it should. If we try this trick of thought ourselves, the tangled knot of the outer world does not come undone as soon as it ought under our manipulation. Whenever we see the lecturer standing on his rostrum and laying his hand upon "this table," "this chair" preparatory to reducing them to phrases in the eternal dialogue of self-consciousness, a perverse desire arises to have him

fall over them in the dark. If the dialogue were to be enlivened with a little profanity the profanity would at least assure us that the dialogue was going on.

The counsel to withdraw finally and permanently into the self, and to cast one's lot with the divine kingdom of self-consciousness is religion's strong meat and not its milk. Whatever else it implies, it should imply an exhaustive experience of the outer world. Mere introspection is not to be confused with this mature idealistic reinterpretation of life. At some time or other in their careers nine persons out of ten need to be delivered from preoccupation with themselves.

Our first vivid childhood consciousness of the outer world is usually followed, in youth, by a time of frank introspection. Young people are candidly and irrevocably interested in themselves, their own emotions and their reactions to life. There is something wrong with youth which is not shamelessly interested in itself. But there is also something wrong with the youth who does not finally rebel against the futility of his initial self-consciousness and turn with a healthy philistinism to the outer world. Introspection is so often youth's immature self-consciousness gone rancid. The self is thin and inexpert at life. Introspection wears through the thinness of the self and finds—nothing.

So I have heard a New Englander say that it had taken him half a lifetime to get away from the blighting injunction laid upon him as a boy that his main business in the world was "to make something of himself." This dubious counsel has produced more

prigs than saints. It has its measure of truth, but its truthfulness can be found only as a man discovers a cause, a task, a friend in whom he can forget and lose himself. The man who is seriously trying to make something of the mystery of religion may not be misled in this vital matter. To find yourself you must lose yourself. And to lose yourself utterly there must be an otherness to things which for a time claims you.

Unless we find that otherness, perhaps we should say unless that otherness finds us, we are condemned to the solitary confinement of unprofitable introspection. The keys which open the door of our moody prison-cell are always in the keeping of some angel visitant who comes to us as the ambassador of the Real Other. Possibly, at some later time, we may return to the place of solitude to discover that we can make it a market place for the large commerce of a truly social self. But only actual experience of the outer world and long reflection upon that experience can enable us to make a heaven of idealistic thinking out of the hell of our initial introspection. The God within is awakened into life at the call of the God without.

We may leave these reflections with words of Bishop Westcott's, "Christianity therefore as the absolute religion of man assumes as its foundation the existence of an Infinite Personal God and a finite human will. This antithesis is assumed not proved. No arguments can establish it. It is a primary intuition not a deduction. It is capable of illustration from what we observe around us; but if either term is

denied no reasoning can establish its truth. Each man for himself is supposed to be conscious of the existence of God and of his own existence. We can go no further. If he has not, or says he has not, this consciousness, he must be regarded as one whose powers are imperfect."

CHAPTER V

THE KINGDOM OF ENDS

Chesterton writing on Dickens is one of those literary marriages of an author to a subject which plainly was made in heaven. He concludes his generous and jocund criticism with a characteristically jovial passage, "We shall not be much further troubled with the little artists who found Dickens too sane for their sorrow and too clean for their delights. But we have a long way to travel before we get back to what Dickens meant; and the passage is along a rambling English road, a twisting road such as Mr. Pickwick travelled. But this, at least, is part of what he meant, that comradeship and serious joy are not interludes in our travel, but rather that our travels are interludes in comradeship and joy, which through God shall endure forever. The inn does not point to the road; the road points to the inn. And all roads lead at last to that ultimate inn, where we shall meet Dickens and all his characters: and when we drink again it shall be from the great flagons in the tavern at the end of the world."

The question whether the inn points to the road or the road to the inn involves the vicious logical circle from which there is no escape, since inns are always planted by roads and roads are always lined

by inns. The two belong together, and the one must be defined by reference to the other. Practically, however, our hearts go out either to inns or roads by preference, and the one becomes the major aspect of reality to which the other is contributory. The difference is, in short, the ancient and insoluble riddle of the contemplative and the active life in the things of religion.

One of the most famous documents in Christian history is sponsor for the statement that the chief end of man is "To glorify God and to enjoy him forever." The former half of the statement we still accept, though for many men it is little more than a truism. The latter half of the statement, however, falls in a joyless time very strangely on modern ears. What is meant by enjoying God, and how would a man set about it?

The word undoubtedly has as its background the Gospel references to joy. That joy may be described as the satisfaction of the needs of the whole self. This is plainly not pleasure, nor the sum of all pleasures. It is not happiness, a higher word than pleasure, since happiness is too subjective a word. The word joy implies the presence of an objective reality which claims the self in its entirety and gives the self total satisfaction. Indeed, it is the discovery or the imperious appearance of such a reality which more often than otherwise gives to the self that deep and peaceful contentment which the sensations of pleasure and the subjective accounts of happiness never give. Perhaps no example of joy, so defined, can be found in familiar literature, better than

Rupert Brooke's five sonnets, "1914." "Now, God be thanked, Who has matched us with His hour." Nothing is plainer in these verses than the note of absolute and entire satisfaction of the whole human self. The things that belonged to his peace the poet found in the war, in God in the war, and in God beyond all wars. This, plainly, and not any pleasurable sentimentalism in religion, is the type of experience which the Shorter Catechism has in mind when it says that a chief end of man is to enjoy God.

Now the distinguishing characteristic of the experiences which, in the previous chapter were described as uniformly and qualitatively divine, is precisely their content of joy. Either for the time being, or permanently in memory and reflection, they satisfy the whole self. There is about them the plain intimation of arrival. They stand at the place where actually or prophetically the road stops. The religious significance of the metaphor of the inn lies not merely in the fact that it is a place where the traveler may get food and rest after one day's journey and before the next day's journey, but rather in the fact that all particular roadside inns are an "earnest" of the "tavern at the end of the world."

We must concede the sting of necessity in the life stuff, which an American biologist says has treated all our ancestors and still treats us "much as Poor Joe in *Bleak House* complained that Detective Bucket had treated him: 'He always kept a-chivying of me and a-telling me to move on.'" We concede also the moral stimulus of the whole conception of Progress, despite the reverses which this dogma has suffered

latterly. But the sober fact remains that the ultimate terrestrial prospect so far from satisfying the human spirit is profoundly disquieting and unsatisfactory. A day is in store for this earth when the ice caps will return from the pole, when eternal snow will blot out the great cities of men in the temperate zones, and when finally the last man and the last woman will be found shivering at the equator under the paling rays of a cooling sun, waiting the meeting glaciers creeping upon them from north and south. This earth will then become a "wandering tomb" bearing hidden beneath its everlasting ice the record of a cycle of life which no man shall visit to re-read. The earthly *terminus ad quem* of the whole drift of evolution and progress is simply nothingness. There is this much truth in the whole eschatological picture. The world, for each man of us ends soon, and for the race its end is plainly in sight.

There is something in human nature which seems to constitute man the citizen of a kingdom of ends. He must have a goal which can be suggested or defined, and which may be experienced prophetically. The bare idea of ceaseless motion does not satisfy the human spirit, whether as the cycle of futility to which a doctrine of Karma commits its disciples or as the prospect of an evolution with n—1 as its index. George Tyrrell says that the infinite prolongation of present experience is the Oriental idea not of Heaven but of Hell. The legends of the Flying Dutchman and the Wandering Jew indicate the consent of the Western mind to the same idea. To be condemned to rove the seven seas and never to make port, to wander the

face of the earth and never to come home, that is Hell. By comparison the doctrine of annihilation is a brief for the mercy of God and a gift of his free grace.

No religion has ever offered to man the ceaselessly revolving wheel of life, or the ascending line which never arrives, as the symbols of religion. On the contrary, religions seek and promise deliverance from precisely this prospect by prophesying an end to the cycle or the progression. Religion says:

> To an open house in the evening,
> Home shall men come,
> To an older place than Eden,
> To a taller town than Rome.
> To the end of the way of the wandering star,
> To the things that cannot be and that are.

The plain, initial quality of the religious experience, then, is the symbolic or prophetic suggestion of the end of the road. That life does bring us such experiences is a statement which allows of no contradiction. And a man's first religion is the sum of all his moments of immediate satisfaction of the whole self, which seem to promise even though they may not have achieved the permanent satisfaction of that self, and which mean "God."

The religious ministry of nature is always of this kind. We are familiar, in letters as in life, with these qualitatively religious accounts of man's total consent to some scene or aspect of nature. The problem of God in nature is vastly complicated for the modern man because of the moral mystery which he finds in the method of evolution, making him fear that trust-

ing himself to nature is "like cuddling up to a Siberian tiger." But sometimes we get beyond good and evil in the cosmic struggle, or at least have the courage to put it aside and to yield ourselves to the great mother. There is a constant strong strain of religiousness in most of the poetry and fiction of the past hundred years, as they reflect the romantic spirit addressing itself to the natural world. A single recent example may suffice. Willa Cather writes thus in *My Antonía*, of a child's feeling for the prairie of the Middle West:

> I sat down in the middle of the garden, where snakes could scarcely approach unseen, and leaned my back against a pumpkin. There were some ground cherry bushes growing along the furrows, full of fruit. I turned back the papery triangular sheaths that protected the berries and ate a few. All about me giant grasshoppers, twice as big as any I had ever seen, were doing acrobatic feats among the dried vines. The gophers scurried up and down the ploughed ground. There in the sheltered draw-bottom the wind did not blow very hard, but I could hear it singing its humming tune up on the level, and I could see the tall grasses wave. The earth was warm under me, and warm as I crumbled it through my fingers. Queer little red bugs came out and moved in slow squadrons around me. Their backs were polished vermilion, with black spots. I kept as still as I could. Nothing happened. I did not expect anything to happen. I was something that lay under the sun and felt it, like the pumpkins, and I did not want to be any-

> thing more. I was entirely happy. Perhaps we feel like that when we die and become part of something entire, whether it is sun and air, or goodness and knowledge. At any rate, that is happiness; to be dissolved into something complete and great. When it comes to one, it comes as naturally as sleep.

Consider, again, the parable of the artist. In the veins of the typical American there still runs, somewhat thinned, the blood of the Puritan. The Puritan was chronically suspicious of the beautiful in and for itself, because he could not discern in it any ethical implication. And yet we remember that our Christianity represents a fusion of the Hebrew and the Greek strains, and that beside the Hebrew vision of God as universal righteousness stands the Greek vision of God as universal beauty. Plato's *Symposium* belongs with the prophecy of Amos in the history of monotheism. It has taken some of us sons of the Puritans half a life time to acquire the moral courage of the non-moral apprehension and enjoyment of beauty. It is so hard to get rid of the inartistic habit of approaching every work of art with an eye for its "message" or "lesson."

Here, then, is the Venus of Milos. What use is she? What lesson does she teach? In plaster cast and photograph and advertisement she is a familiar figure in our world. In these forms she has become a dull platitude. In so far as we think of her at all we are inclined to deplore her attitude of relaxation, with its insidious suggestion of "that majestic indolence so dear to native man." We accept the con-

clusion that she best fulfills her destiny when she serves as a peddler of pencils and cosmetics, a public idler on our hoardings and in our magazines. She seems to be useful to the salesman, and doubtless it was to be his handmaiden that she was fashioned long ago.

To such a pragmatic proselyte in the outer courts of the temple of art his first vision of the original is little short of a moral shock. In the severity of her bare room in the Louvre she reigns in the solitude and sovereignty of her own right. The white marble gives the black lie to all reproductions. No print or plaster has any meaning more. The unclouded serenity of her face, the majesty of her poised form hold the visitor in bondage. She means nothing apart from herself. She points nowhere else and leads on to nothing farther, but only draws her votaries from the four corners of the world to stand and wonder. She cannot be used. She can only be enjoyed. That is her glory and the secret of her immortality.

Forever after there is one curving line, that which passes up over her left shoulder to the head, which whenever seen re-awakens all the emotions of the timeless moment in the Louvre. It is the line which marks against the sky the last majestic lift of the Matterhorn, seen from Zermatt, as its shoulder above the northern glacier passes to the peak. There is in the poise of that mountain the same imperial stand, the mountain like the goddess just stooping to a recognition of the world it dominates. Of what possible use are these words and ideas? None, that we can identify. Only that it irks and angers us thereafter

to find little men with cheap wares trying to prostitute this white chastity to the ends of the huckster. So much even the child of Puritanism may understand, afar off, about the love of the beautiful.

When once these considerations begin to become clear to a man the library, the art gallery, the concert hall take on a new significance. They do not point to the road. The road points to them. They stand for those hours in life when doing is fulfilled in being. They are prophetic anticipations of the goal of the Quest.

A similar case may be made for knowledge which is its own end. In Newman's *Idea of a University* there is a matchless chapter devoted to a discussion of the idea of Liberal Education. Taking as his premise Aristotle's dictum that those of our possessions are useful which bear fruit and those liberal which tend to enjoyment, Newman plunges into a keen discussion of the basic distinction between the liberal arts and technical, professional, and vocational training. He soberly defends the proposition that no matter how high the end to be served by professional instruction, or how trivial the ends served by a liberal interest, the distinction still holds. Thus fox-hunting is a liberal pastime, while a medical or a theological course is not a liberal education. The distinction is a subtle and valid one.

"That alone is liberal," says Newman, "which stands on its own pretensions, which is independent of sequel, expects no complement, refuses to be *informed* (as it is called) by any end, or absorbed into any art, in order duly to present itself to our contempla-

tion. The most ordinary pursuits have this specific character, if they are self-sufficient and complete; the highest lose it, when they minister to something beyond them. . . . I am prepared to maintain that there is a knowledge worth possessing for what it is, and not merely for what it does. Knowledge is power. Doubtless, but that is a further consideration with which I am not concerned. I only say that, prior to its being a power, it is a good; that is, not only an instrument, but an end."

It is this perception of a knowledge that is fit to be and is its own end, which gives to much of the pure science of the day its clearly religious quality, whatever desideratum of theology may remain for the church mind in the dispassionate objective tempers of such a science. Wherever there is truly liberal education and devotion to knowledge which is its own end, there religion is very near, even though the identification has not been formally made.

One further example, coming closer home to the religious truth in question, must suffice. In the end, the world of men is our best world for seeking and finding the truth of God, better than the world of nature and art and science.

Our fellow men divide themselves, for us, into two groups, our acquaintances and our friends. This distinction is to be found in the long closing discourse of the Fourth Gospel, where the "friend" is sharply distinguished from the "servant."

The servant is the acquaintance. He is a person to be used and employed for our profit, for a purpose, or a cause. In the rough and ready give and take of

human life there is a great body of such relationship of convenience. We enter widely into such compacts of mutual advantage. We shamelessly make use of one another's names, position, influence, money, time, and strength. Living in this world as it is, involves by common consent a large amount of such social trading upon one another. In short, the acquaintance is there to be used, expects to be used, and will use us in turn. So long as the terms of this relationship are tacitly understood and accepted there is nothing reprehensible in the transactions of this market place, where men buy and sell the stuff of human life, or trade with its counters.

The friend, however, stands on another level altogether and in a different relationship. The mark of the friend is that in him which draws us to him as one whom we enjoy, but do not use. He becomes to us an end in himself, and not a means to some other end. We cheapen friendship when we "make use" of our friends. We destroy the subtle and pure self-sufficiency of the relationship existing between us when we introduce into our communion the idea of a bargain of mutual advantage. There are some persons in this world whom we never presume to approach in the calculating mood of utilitarian profit and loss. In fact, the ability to approach another with these ulterior considerations in view is a sure sign that however we may have dissembled to ourselves and to that other one, the heart of friendship is not there and never has been there.

There are many subtle kinds of prostitution in this world other than the grim traffic which bears that

name. The essence of all prostitution is the willingness to use others as means to an end and not as ends in themselves. Kant identified the determination to treat other human beings as ends in themselves as the mark of the truly moral man.

Whether or not this be the sign of the moral man, it is certainly the manner of the friendly man. And when the Authorized Version says, "He that hath friends must show himself friendly," it means that we shall live in a friendless world of men, unless our approach to our fellow rises above the mercantile level of the social compact and knows the frank enjoyment of the other man. Emerson and Carlyle, sitting in silence through the whole evening of their first meeting, with an occasional "Pass the baccy," across the table, understood these things. Surely the ultimate solution of the tangled "social problem" of our day lies, not in some finer adjustment of the claims of acquaintances one upon another, but in the birth of a catholic friendship among men. Friendship and love are essentially "liberal" relationships because they are their own end.

Here, then, are three or four examples of homely and familiar experiences, all of a kind, like the outcroppings of granite rock, which grant satisfaction to the whole self. We can only say that these are the best experiences of life, and that there are no other fulfillments of the self, which in completeness, match this general type of experience. Life can do no better for us than to give us such moments, from time to time, and in the strength of that meat we get on with the ensuing forty days in the wilderness. If we are

to seek for God at first hand, not contenting ourselves with the God that we get from a printed book, we shall do so within the circle drawn by these general considerations. The nature of religion is suggested to us by those happenings which for the moment cannot be used, but only may be enjoyed.

I venture to think that one of the deeper problems which the whole conception of religion attacks, particularly in America, is precisely the joyless quality of most of our interests, which amounts to an inability to comprehend anything that cannot be used. This is the debit side of the ledger which on its opposite page bears the entries of the gospels of efficiency. It may all be put into the mouth of a young American, who was found perched upon a hillside looking out over the Pacific Ocean, where not a sail nor a smudge of smoke on the skyline was visible, and who was overheard to say, "Yes it's beautiful, but I hate to see all that water out there doing nothing."

The fortunes of our so-called "liberal theology" are bound up with the basic distinction between that which may be used in life and that which must be enjoyed only. And no solution of the puzzled problem of the mission of liberalism in religion is possible, which stops short of the re-introduction of the idea of the enjoyment of God as a chief end of man.

Religion we have now defined as man's experience of union with a Real Other, in whom he is found, saved, set at rest, and renewed in strength. The distinction between the moral struggle and the religious experience is reasonably clear. Religion is the prophetic achievement of the goal of ethics, arrived

at by the act of faith. Faith, like a jump spark, leaps the gap between the poles of the actual and the ideal. In the passage between the two it affirms the reality of both. Whether religious faith is the ultimate delusion to which man is liable is, for the moment, beside the mark. Faith is the differentia of all religions, and if we are to talk about religion at all this union of the human self with the Real Other is what religion means.

There is, furthermore, a certain non-calculating, non-prudential quality about all religions at their best, which can never be vindicated by pragmatic success and never quite reconciled with the gospel of self-interest. Religion says, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." This unmercenary devotion of the believer to his God makes it hard to translate religion into the terms of enlightened selfishness, and places it among the imponderables with which the purely secular spirit has found it hard to reckon. You cannot rely on what religion may do in history. It does improbable, irrational deeds. Its cathedrals are built, to use the words of an English scholar, "in those ages when men do beautiful, useless things for the sake of an idea." From the standpoint of temporal prudence religion is only imperfectly educable. It is neither tractable nor docile. It does not come to heel. The secular spirit of the age has never devised any armor for self-interest hard enough to turn the edge of that indomitable religious persuasion. Religion, then, is man's experience of union with a Real Other, and this experience is an end in itself, not a means to any other end whatsoever.

Liberalism is not so easy to define. Mr. Hobhouse, who ought to know, puts it thus, "Liberalism is the belief that society can safely be founded on the self directing power of personality, that it is only on this foundation that a true community can be built, and that so established, its foundations are so deep and wide that there is no limit that we can place to the extent of the building." Morley had also added, "Respect for the dignity and worth of the individual is its root."

When we consider the liberalism of the past hundred years it discloses a strange contradiction at its heart. It has been imperfectly religious in that it has always been reluctant to attempt a definition of the Real Other in whom the seeking self is found. But it has been profoundly religious in that it has stressed the content of joy in experience. Its gospel has not always been utilitarian and it still finds a place within its account of life in the world for seas and stars which "are doing nothing." In this paradox of a liberalism, at once imperfectly religious and scrupulously religious, lies the present dilemma of the whole liberal movement in the modern world.

The difference between the tradition of nineteenth century liberalism and the genius of religion is reasonably plain and may not be ignored. Religion lives at the foot of the high hills and bids men lift their eyes to those hills. Liberalism has lived on an open prairie or steppe, and the horizon line so far from arresting attention and furnishing a limit for the imagination, lures the mind on indefinitely. Religion presents the self with an object for adoration so high

and lifted up that it holds the attention and satisfies the needs of that self. Liberalism has not attempted to define any sky line, has fashioned no arbitrary point of arrest for vision, and in so far as it has held promise of satisfaction, has suggested that satisfaction by a prospect of indefinite, perhaps infinite unfolding of the self. Its glory is the glory of going on. Religion's glory is the glory of worship.

These metaphors mean that religion always has a strong strain of mysticism while the liberal movement has been predominantly non-mystical. The word "mysticism" is here used in its technical sense, as connoting the doctrine and practice of the soul's union with God. The distinction comes down, in the end, to the radically different conceptions of the self, or at least the radically different attitudes toward the self, taken by historic religion and modern liberalism. The self, its needs and possibilities, is for both the common point of departure.

Religion confronts the self with an *alter ego,* which has as its distinguishing characteristic a quality of initial and absolute otherness. Religion, with its doctrine of man's love of God, is concerned with the paradox and puzzle of likeness and unlikeness as between the self and the Real Other. The moods of religion betray this duality everywhere.

Liberalism, on the other hand, has been content to discover, to suggest, and to vindicate the inherent worth of the self without reference to any Other. Indeed, its creed compels it to leave the definition of the end of the process of self-culture to the self. To define in advance, much more to prescribe the goal

of the process of self-development, would be for liberalism the genius of illiberality and the essence of heresy. "Properly speaking," says a distinguished liberal, "the attempt to impose a religion on another is not wicked, it is impossible."

This reticence of liberalism amounts, for the purposes of proselytizing, to an actual inhibition. The liberal is not, and in the very nature of the case, cannot be as effective a missionary as the tory or the radical, both of whom do not hesitate to dogmatize about the object of self-culture. Here is the real reason for the slow spread of the liberal temper in religion and the answer to the otherwise insoluble problem, why a point of view which seems so right and true makes converts so slowly. The doctrine of *laissez faire* may win adherents to itself, but it does not direct attention to ideas apart from itself, and this doctrine of itself does not suffice for a religion, unless the whole conception of religion is to be altered and defined anew.

The nature of this marked difference between the historic religions and modern liberalism begins, therefore, to be clear. The historic faiths, whatever their theological infelicities and scientific inaccuracies, have all had the indubitable religious quality. Liberalism, on the other hand, has been quite as much an ethical as a religious movement. And liberalism is still wrestling ineffectually with the problem for which no ethical system has ever found a satisfactory answer, how to generate in a man the energy to become the sort of man he knows he ought to be.

Bryce notes in the century and a half of modern democracy, "the universal contrast between that which the theory of democracy requires and that which the practice of democracy reveals. The deficiencies which free governments show reduce themselves to the failure of the citizens to reach the needed standard of civic excellence." This statement attacks in its specific political form the generic difficulty with all ethical systems which have discarded or have failed to achieve the element of religiousness provided by a Real Other.

One who knows whereof he speaks in these matters, Professor George Foot Moore, says that, contrary to our usual assumptions, religion is not made ethical in history, but morality religious. The conclusion of the whole matter is reasonably plain. Liberalism cannot permanently shirk a description of an Ideal Other, and must invite men to the worship of that Other as real. Its moral seriousness and scrupulousness need now to be supplemented by a touch of mysticism. For no movement which is frankly non-mystical can stay permanently within the circle drawn by the religious idea.

But when we turn to the reverse side of the shield, the liberal movement is the keeper of one of the most profoundly religious convictions that the world knows, namely, that the enjoyment of God in any and all of his manifestations is a chief end of living. And the substitution of the zest of propaganda for the joy of living is a dubious exchange in the open market of values. We need, to-day, a greater faith in our truly liberal and liberating experiences. But before we get

at the essential religiousness of the liberal attitude toward life we shall have to redefine our terms.

The word "liberal" in common speech is usually employed to suggest the length of the tether which allows the mind its range. A conservative is a person whose tether is short. Perhaps he has circled round a fixed idea so constantly that he has shortened his own tether and so has snubbed himself up against an iron dogma. The liberal is a man who has been given a good long tether, and who takes care to reverse the movements of his mind so frequently that he does not shorten the scope of his own observations of life. Liberalism so conceived means simply latitudinarianism.

It should be said, perhaps, that the radical is not a man whose mind is untethered. He is simply a person whose mind is tethered in different pasture from that of the conservative. The range of his mind is very often quite as restricted as that of his orthodox opponent, although the pasturage is fresh and strange.

The freedom to browse widely and at long range is not, however, the important truth and the whole truth of the liberal life. It is an incident, but not the essence of liberalism, and we understand better the liberal temper when we interpret it as an expression of the non-calculating, non-mercenary spirit of religion. Both conservatism and radicalism tend to have a strong strain of enlightened self-interest in their devotion to their objects, and they need the genius of liberalism to save them from moral duplicity. When liberalism finds its God it will follow that Saracen woman whom King Louis met in Syria going through

the streets with a pan of coals and a jug of water, to burn up the joys of heaven and to put out the fires of hell that men might love God for his own sake.

Now, one does not have to know very much about the history of religion to realize that when religion is used rather than enjoyed its very nature is in some measure compromised and its genius impaired. There is no study of the conflict between liberal and illiberal religion to equal the Book of Job. Both the patriarch and his comforters begin the argument on the common illiberal premise. Religion is worth while because it means health, wealth, long life, and a good name. Life forces the patriarch off that ground. The closing passage of the book in which the Lord speaks from the whirlwind is a charter of liberalism. "To cause it to rain on the earth where no man is; on the wilderness wherein there is no man." How remote those words are from the prudential and calculating tempers of most of our contemporary religion. The vast unutilized, perhaps humanly speaking useless realms of reality which surround us, are a thing to breed wonder and awe.

There are the sweet influences of Pleiades, the bands of Orion, the sons of Arcturus. I remember an old minister in a mill city in New England who used to preach annually a long sermon on the year's discoveries in astronomy. His people of cotton brokers and bankers and weavers bore this ordeal with patient resignation. I once said to him, "What is the use of this sermon on the stars and on astronomical space? How does it help these people who are making cotton cloth?" He said, "My dear boy, it isn't any use, but

it greatly enlarges my idea of God." There is the doctrine of the Book of Job. There is the genius of liberal religion, and the initial truth of all religion; the pure enjoyment of the greatly enlarged idea of God.

This quality is strangely wanting in the contemporary American Church. Latitudinarianism may become illiberal very easily, when its eye is not single to the unmercenary love of God, when it develops the squint and astigmatism of the utilitarian device. The most hopeless orthodoxy and the most reckless heresy may alike be liberal, in this respect, if the knowledge of God is held to be its own end. It is not the actual place of the opinion in the scale of conformity or nonconformity which entitles it to the designation, liberal, but rather the joyous temper which inspires and the deep enjoyment which sustains the practice of religion.

CHAPTER VI

CHRISTIAN REALISM

Those who profess and call themselves Christians may be expected to give an account of the characteristic Christian experience of religion. The phrase "the characteristic Christian experience of religion" is used advisedly, in preference to a more conventional alternative, "the characteristic experience of the Christian religion." Christianity is not one religion among many, it is all that we mean by religion. Christianity did not originate religion and it does not now monopolize religion. It cannot be dissociated from the religion out of which it sprang or from the religions which were employed to interpret it and which were conserved in it, any more than it should be dissevered from the "non-Christian religions" by which it is now environed.

Nevertheless it has its own distinctive way of giving voice to religion. The artist is said to be a man who has an unusual sensitiveness to a particular aspect of things, to a recurring scene or situation. He sees so deeply into the particular that for him it assumes and thereafter bears the weight of the universal. Christianity has had this artist's way of looking at the religious life. Although it has in its theology a vast literature

of scientific interpretation, its initial act is one of insight rather than explication.

For the sake of unequivocal simplicity I suggest as an undogmatic and intelligible account of the thoughts, emotions, and purposes of a Christian, Joyce Kilmer's *Prayer of a Soldier in France.* A poem is a work of the imagination, but it is not thereby the less true to life.

My shoulders ache beneath my pack,
(Lie easier, Cross, upon His back.)

I march with feet that burn and smart,
(Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart.)

Men shout at me who may not speak,
(They scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek.)

I may not lift a hand to clear
My eyes of salty drops that sear,

(Then shall my fickle soul forget
Thine Agony of Bloody Sweat?)

My rifle hand is stiff and numb,
(From Thy pierced palm red rivers come.)

Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me
Than all the hosts of land and sea,

So let me render back again.
This millionth of Thy gift. Amen.

As a witness to Christianity this poem bristles with difficult implications. Either the poem says too much or it says too little. If it overstates the importance of the place which Jesus occupies in Christian thought and devotion that overstatement should be corrected. If it understates the Christian doctrine it should be

supplemented by a further and more adequate account. Obviously what is at issue here is the custom of Christians to place Jesus in the kingdom of ends. The problems to which this usage gives rise cannot be ignored.

Before attempting to follow to their conclusion the theological implications of a witness to Christianity such as this soldier prayer, we do well to establish the total perspective, because that perspective is so easily forgotten and lost. The history of Christianity has a double content. In its more obvious aspect it is a compound of the fortunes of the church in the world and of various speculative answers to the riddle of the universe. On this public and official side no clear and consistent account of Christianity can be given. As an institution the church has lived a vacillating life, never sure of its relation to the world in which it found itself. At times it has made a truce if not a peace with the world. Again it has been the critic and the foe of the world-order around it. Nor has it been surer of its own nature and structure. Civil controversies have been its constant lot.

As a speculative system Christian doctrine is mainly memorable for its lack of any clear interior consistency. It has spawned heresies innumerable, some of which have vindicated themselves and have become new forms of orthodoxy, others of which have become anathema. The *communis sensus fidelium* is a theological dream and the history of dogma becomes at times a speculative nightmare from which common sense struggles in vain to rouse itself. He would be hard put to it to give any clear and intelligible account

of what it means to be a Christian, who took as his sources either the history of Christian institutions or the history of Christian theology. Any account of Christianity derived solely from these ecclesiastical and doctrinal sources will be arbitrary and inadequate, ruling out of account vast numbers of men who claim to be Christians, and whose claim, vindicated by its fruits in character, cannot be denied. There will be many persons sitting with Abraham and Isaac in the Kingdom whom ecclesiastics and theologians would have preferred to exclude. Controversialists would do well to take a lesson from that devout old lady who was found memorizing the long genealogies of the two Testaments on the theory that since undoubtedly she would meet these persons in heaven it would be as well to know their names in advance.

There is, however, a subterranean stream of Christian piety running down the centuries which is like Wisdom, "alone in kind, subtil, freely moving, clear in utterance, steadfast, sure, free from care." For the most part this stream flows like a lost river well below the arid surface of ecclesiastical and doctrinal disputes. Now and then, as with Saint Francis, à Kempis, John Woolman, it bubbles up onto the surface as a spring of living water. Again, as with the lay Brotherhood movements of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, it becomes a still pool and makes an oasis in the desert.

There are those who dream of rewriting the history of Christianity from this material. It is doubtful

whether that history ever can be written, because over many of the centuries the sources are wanting. But it is also doubtful whether anything approximating to a history could be written or would need to be written were the sources available, because a uniformity in this piety, wherever it is discovered, would make a narrative account almost impossible. The cultural conditions would be found to have changed from century to century. The piety would remain relatively unchanged. Of itself this simple Christian consciousness would have little history, save as that history had been occasioned by the shifting cultural environment. Saint Francis and John Woolman were of a kind, although there may have been some interesting superficial differences between the Assisi of the one and the New Jersey of the other.

The striking thing about this unofficial piety is its uniform sensitiveness to Jesus. Committed to no particular Christology, more often than otherwise indifferent to speculative thought, the unofficial Christian of this lay tradition has felt that he stood in some sort of personal relation to Jesus. At its simplest this piety is the unquestioning loyalty of the serf to his seigneur. At the other extreme it appears as a mystical persuasion of an interchangeableness of fortune, amounting at times to an identity of experience between the Master and the disciple. Sometimes it is the mind of Christ, sometimes the heart of Christ, sometimes the will of Christ which is made the basis of this community of lot and life. But always, everywhere, however defined, there is the consciousness of something vital which has come over and come down,

making Christ and the Christian members of each other.

This profound conviction of a common life and lot shared by Christ and the disciple is not a mythology, since mythologies are pure fictions without inciting occasion in fact. The gospels are the solid ground and valid warrant for this persuasion. Mark Rutherford listened to Mary Mardon singing from the *Messiah*, "He was despised." He said, "The song is potent because it reveals the secret of the influence of the story of Jesus. Nobody would be bold enough to cry, *That too is my case,* and yet the poorest and humblest soul has a right to the consolation that Jesus was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

That was the appeal of Joyce Kilmer's poem. It is an intelligible appeal. In one form or another it is the most primitive appeal which a human being makes —the appeal to comradeship in experience. How much more than this Joyce Kilmer implied, his poem does not suggest. He did not imply less than this, and he was conscious of its significance as a moral event. His appeal would be identified in any age and place as characteristic of Christianity. St. Paul, were he to be re-incarnated, would find most of the premises and categories of modern liberal Protestantism unintelligible. So far as its conception of the universe is concerned our twentieth century Christianity is far removed from much that we know as "Paulinism." But St. Paul would have had no difficulty in understanding Joyce Kilmer as poet, and he would have found in the poet a fellow Christian. For he too had

known the fellowship of the sufferings of Christ, he had been crucified with Christ.

When we are asked to recommend some modern manual of Christian faith can we do better than to point to the Edith Cavell edition of the *Imitation* with the marks she set against the margin during the last days in the prison of St. Gilles? Whatever Christianity should be in this tangled twentieth century she achieved in that "ten week's quiet before the end," for which she thanked God. What tremendous realism is to be found in the double line set against the words, "Shut thy door upon thee, and call upon Jesus, thy Beloved." What fidelity to the Christian life prompted her to choose as her own the counsel,

> Stay with Him in thy closet; for thou shalt not find so great peace anywhere else.
>
> Keep close to Jesus both in life and death, and commit thyself unto His trust, who, when all fail, can alone help thee.
>
> If Jesus be with thee, no enemy shall be able to hurt thee.

Jesus, then, has found a place, in Christian experience, in that kingdom of ends at which the last chapter hinted. To hear him and obey him, to share his experience, to be conscious of a community or identity of experience with him has been an end in religious living for innumerable Christians of all times and sects. Whether or not this simple persuasion of a life to be shared with Jesus is calculated to bear or should be expected to bear the dizzy metaphysical superstructure which has been built upon it is a fair ques-

tion. But of the general prevalence of the idea there is no possible doubt. All the literature of Christian devotion witnesses to it. The English nurse set the imprimatur of her own faith upon that of the German mystic. Five hundred years divided them in time but they were one in spirit. And although both of them are separated by still further centuries from Paul and the author of the Fourth Gospel, their point of view is in this respect that of these New Testament writers. The problem with which we are confronted has its origins in the first century and perhaps may best be pondered there.

No one understands the real issue of a hundred years of historical research into the origins of Christianity who does not realize that the Synoptic Gospels give us one account of religion while the Johannine and Pauline books give us another account of religion. In the earlier Gospels Jesus is discovered preaching repentance and the imminence of the Kingdom of Heaven. In these other writings the Apostolic age is discovered preaching, in various forms, the sufficiency of Christ for the needs of man. There may be those who are unconscious of any problem in this double teaching, but to most persons it will be apparent that the Jesus of the Synoptic Gospels is, and conceives himself to be, a means to the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven, whereas the Christ of the Johannine allegories and the Pauline theology has become himself an end in the life of aspiration and endeavor. Communion or union with him is the place where, so far as this world goes, the road of religious experience stops.

In his letter to Trajan, the younger Pliny makes the statement that it was the custom of the Christians "to assemble before daylight and sing by turns a hymn to Christ as God." This innocuous superstition would not have deserved the consul's urbane and official attention, save that its spread was depopulating the temples. As the temples emptied, the demand for sacrificial animals decreased and the normal transactions of the grain market were adversely affected. The Roman Empire had a catholic taste in religions, and a strong predilection for "pure gospels" which did not interfere with the citizen's major loyalties to the state and the market. It was only when religion began to interfere with business and politics that Rome took notice. Pliny is happy to report to Trajan that a little judicious persecution has proved very beneficial to trade in Bithynia and that "fodder for victims finds a market, whereas buyers till now were very few."

Meanwhile we know beyond all question of a doubt that there were men and women in the first quarter of the second century who would die for Christ. One gives his life only for great ends. Singing hymns to Christ as God was the best way these Bithynian Christians had of defining and expressing religion. They certainly did not realize that their practice would later be resolved into the Chalcedonian Definition with its doctrine of the two persons in one substance and the two natures in one person. They were objects of persecution, facing the prospect of the martyr's death, and Pliny's brief reference to their mode of worship suggests an intense moral real-

ism, wanting in the reflective leisure of the great councils of the fourth and fifth centuries.

At the present time, however, we may not ignore the problem created for the Christianity of all time by Christological speculation, involving as it does a frank departure from the religion of Jesus to religions about Jesus. No change in the Christian point of view and the Christian emphasis subsequent to this transition from the Synoptic Gospels to the Fourth Gospel, the Acts, and the Epistles begins to equal this in its importance until we come to the middle of the last century. We have been accustomed to think of the Protestant Reformation as the one *volte-face* in these nineteen hundred years. That Reformation, it is true, implied much more than it achieved and is still in process, but so far as its actual results in the sixteenth century were concerned the changes which it effected in Christian faith were negligible beside the changes introduced into the Christian conception of religion, first by the Apostolic and sub-Apostolic ages, and secondly by the doctrine of evolution. The years 50-150, and the year 1859 are the real turning points in the history of Christian thought. We have yet to make good the full intention of the latter revolution, as we have yet to understand the inner nature of the former revolution.

So far as the first of these changes is concerned two or three considerations may be offered here.

Until the advent of the historical sciences a hundred years ago no one seriously proposed that Christianity should be defined as the religion of Jesus, *i. e.*, the religion which Jesus taught and practised. There have

been countless earnest efforts down the centuries to return to an evangelical simplicity, but the more ardent these efforts were, the more clearly Jesus became the finisher of religion for the Christian, as he was also its author. We say that St. Paul is the man who started the mischief. St. Paul would have been so astounded at this charge that he would have had no margin of spirit to be angered and outraged at this portrait of himself in the rôle of a second Judas, the worse bungler of the two.

Perhaps Christianity ought to have been the religion of Jesus, re-echoed as *ipsissima verba*. The plain fact remains that it was not so, and that not until very recent times have men raised the question whether it should have been so in the past or should seek to become so in the present. We may deplore the facts, we cannot deny them. Historic Christianity grew up around the person of Christ and this orientation is in the history of religions a characteristic of Christianity.

I say we may deplore the facts because this field of Christological thinking has been one in which the enemy has sowed tares amid the wheat. "It is impossible for any one," said Edwin Hatch in his *Hibbert Lectures* of 1888, "whether he be a student of history or no, to fail to notice a difference both of form and content between the Sermon on the Mount and the Nicene Creed. The one belongs to a world of Syrian peasants, the other to a world of Greek philosophers. The contrast is patent. If any one thinks that it is sufficiently explained by saying that the one is a sermon and the other a creed, it must be pointed out in reply that the question why an ethical sermon stood

in the forefront of the teaching of Jesus, and a metaphysical creed in the forefront of the Christianity of the fourth century, is a problem which claims investigation." The residuum of the whole process Hatch describes as "a tendency to speculate," and this tendency he plainly regards as a not unmixed blessing. He would have agreed with the modern novelist who says, "My objection to the creed is not that it is false. It may be true for all I know. But it has encouraged the belief that religion is an intellectual subtlety and this I conceive to be mischievous." The makers of the Christian systems have too often fallen heir to the practice of the scribes, which Jesus deplored, tithing the mint of casuistry to the neglect of the weightier matters of religion.

Harnack describes the same phenomena as an "acute secularizing of Christianity." Magnificent as the speculative ventures of ancient thought were, when compared with the gospel teaching of Jesus they emanate this secular aura. Christianity has never yet solved the problem of saving itself from the stain and slow contagion of the world. The alternative is an eremitic faith and practice, such as that at Pella, and this option promises little for the salvation of the world, whatever private peace and spiritual security it may guarantee a few individuals.

There has been from the very first and there still is a real problem here. The Logos idea or the theory of evolution may be invoked to make intelligible to the fourth or the twentieth century the place of Jesus in the cosmos, but they are plainly not implicit in the teaching of Jesus, and that teaching can stand with-

out them. A case can be made for the thesis that all such radical re-reading of the gospel imparts to it this secular quality. Very few classics have profited by translation, and a strong preference for the originals is intelligible. There is at least so much ground for the wistfulness of much modern Protestant thinking which wishes "it had been with him then."

On the other hand, the historical sciences which promised to strike the shackles of later speculative thinking off the original figure and to release him in his native simplicity as a dictator to walk the ways of our world with immediate authority, have not made good their pledge. There is now little reason for hoping that the science of history will succeed in substituting the religion of Jesus for religions about Jesus. The reasons for this failure are reasonably clear. The sources, as Schweitzer has indicated so clearly, do not provide a detailed pattern for an imitation of Christ. Just at the points where an objective clarity is most to be desired the gospels throw the whole case back upon the conjecture of the disciple. The Synoptic record has always been subjectively interpreted and has never come alive without such interpretation.

This is not all loss. It means that whatever violence historic Christianity has done the recorded words and deeds of Jesus, Christianity has always been and presumably must remain for all who profess it an original religion. The seeking Christian self must assume immediate responsibility for those first hand adventures in faith and conduct which real religion expects and exacts of men. Behind certain of the baffling silences of the Synoptic Gospels one seems to discern a

reluctance on the part of Jesus to relieve his first followers of this deeply human right and duty. To say that this reluctance definitely anticipated the subsequent course of Christian history is to go beyond the facts which we have. But we are not going beyond the facts when we say that in this respect Christian history runs true to a norm which seems to have been established by Jesus in his relations with the first disciples.

Perhaps those minor moods in which we are accustomed to deplore the ceaseless reinterpretation of the substance of the earlier gospels, weakly dreaming of that Golden Age which is gone, are not religion at its best. There might have been, conceivably, a Christianity enduring century after century as a purely imitative life discouraging initiative and calling for no exercise of originality. Such a Christianity might have saved the world a vast toll of misery and suffering. But it is a perfectly fair question whether such a Christianity would have been that which the world has known as religion, for whatever else a man's religion is it is his most first-hand and intimate adventure. No historian with a fine perception of the way in which century after century all things are made new, will offer the world the results of his researches into the origins of Christianity as a sufficient substitute for the ardors and achievements of personal spiritual initiative. We shall do well not to rebel against the limitations of the historical method in religious inquiry at the same time that we try to grasp the genius of history in the making.

Human beings are prone to make virtues of neces-

sities. Possibly we are merely following this course when we seek to find a profit for real religion in the patent limitations of the historical method in religion, as those limitations have become more and more apparent in recent years. But may it not be well for Christianity as a living religion that the effort to recover and to reassert the primitive religion of Jesus as the entirely sufficient and minutely detailed pattern for all religion, has not succeeded? Life is lived in a house of the interpreter. Preoccupation with the person of Christ and the problems to which that personality has given rise, seems to have been historically inevitable. Devotion to Jesus seems to have been also the particular form in which Christians have conceived and experienced the kingdom of ends.

Of Christological doctrines as a whole we may say that they were formulated at a time when men held that the divine essence and the human stuff were two mutually exclusive entities. All the ingenuity of speculative thought was bent upon the theoretical reconciliation, through the dual nature of Christ, of these antipathetic realities. The God-man bridged the gulf and renewed the spiritual commerce between the two. But when we disallow these premises, as we have done in all the braver thinking of later times, and conceive of the divine and the human as forever committed to each other, the ingenuity of the elder theologies becomes unnecessary.

Meanwhile two accounts of the origin of the Christian's devotion to the person of Jesus may be given. There is a measure of truth in each.

On the one hand it may be said that the historical

figure of Jesus was invested, during the first two centuries, with certain ready made, current, theological universals by which his divinity was made good to him. The picture we have is that of groups of persons already equipped with an account of the divine which satisfied them, who by an act of arbitrary adoptianism, appropriated Jesus as their ideal become actual, and commended him to the world as the world's ideal become actual. Jewish followers with Messianic hopes and convictions invested Jesus with his Messiahship, a dignity which he was reluctant in his life time to proclaim, if indeed he accepted it at all.

Other persons, persuaded of the truthfulness of the Mysteries, found in Jesus the perfect example and incarnation of the central doctrine of the Mysteries. The disciple suffers and dies with his god, he is buried with his god, and with his god rises from the dead. There is obviously a far closer connection between the Mysteries and the sacramental system of the church than most of us have cared to admit. This is not to say that, however crude the mythology and cultus of the Mysteries may have been, there was not a profound religious truth in that faith and practice. The Oriental Mysteries were hot on the trail of religious reality. Finally, persons who were committed to the Platonic-Stoic doctrine of the Logos, "that side of God which is turned toward the world," found in Jesus the indwelling creative Spirit of God, and fashioned what became the dominant theology of the church, that of the Incarnation.

There is much truth in this account of what happened between the time when Jesus ceased to preach

repentance and the nearness of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the formulation of the later speculations in the creeds. One wonders whether Jesus of Galilee, if he had found himself invested with the Logos doctrine, would not have said what David said when they put Saul's armor on him, "I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them." Meanwhile, down the centuries, the original figure has sustained and survived the investiture, a proof of Matthew Arnold's dictum that Jesus is greater than his reporters. A figure less vital and original would have been crushed and lost beneath this weight of speculation. Most of these *a priori* doctrines of the divine are to-day remote and relatively unintelligible accounts of reality. They have not kept Jesus alive. He has kept them alive. Save for a small company of philosophers, who would know or care to-day about the Logos, were it not for Jesus? The Logos doctrine had gathered into itself all that was permanently significant in the religious thinking of the classical world. Yet the form in which it was held in the second and third centuries means little or nothing to most modern thinkers. Those who still cling to it do so not because of its present vitality, but because of its association with Jesus. The significant fact about the whole history of Christological thinking is not the finality and sufficiency of the systems themselves, but the vitality of the figure who is their center.

Without questioning the general accuracy of the familiar account of the development of Christological thought, it may not be inappropriate to ask whether it is the whole truth? The picture of a world of theolo-

gians and metaphysicians, each group with its fully developed system, which needed only a particular in whom the abstract idea might become incarnate and actual, suggests a general devotion to speculative thought and a manner of meeting life which, to say the least, are not common. The second century Hebrew or Greek, as plain man, was undoubtedly far more accustomed to thinking deductively, from *a priori* generalizations, than is the modern man. He fitted facts into patterns given on a mount or from a heaven. We may not impute to the Christian of long ago the empirical, inductive tempers of the modern scientific mind. But neither may we invest him with a genius for speculation. The plain man always lives with concrete facts, and as plain man his thought is habitually concrete.

The preoccupation of the Christian with the person of Jesus and his tendency to regard Jesus as a religious end in himself are not unique facts in the history of religion. We have to decide in dealing with the fact of Jesus and his fortunes at the hands of his followers, whether we are to find in Christianity the one striking exception to all that religion otherwise manifests, or whether we are to find in Christianity the classical example and the most adequate expression of tendencies which are everywhere apparent in religion. Perhaps the main difference between Christian thought in the past and Christian thought to-day is just this, that the fathers looked upon Jesus and all that he occasioned as the one vivid exception to the inadequate and erroneous religions round about and found in that exception the significance of Jesus, whereas the sons tend to

see in Jesus and in the fortunes of the Christian idea the simplest and most credible example of modes of thought always present in religion and common to all religions. Jesus stands at the cross-roads of the religious idea, not in the overworked contemporary implications of that word, but in the profounder sense that he is at the place where significant tendencies from many different sources meet. He is for Christians, religion realized in a man. It is precisely for this reason that for Christians he belongs to the kingdom of ends.

The problem of the place which Jesus assumed so soon and so completely in Christian thought and life must be studied in its total setting in religion. To repudiate the process which is represented by Pauline and Johannine thought is not to dispose of a single exceptional and unintelligible phenomenon in the history of religion, it is to challenge a tendency common to all religions. The wonder is not the place which Jesus so soon occupied in Christian thought and devotion. The wonder, given the survival of Christianity, would have been his failure to achieve that place. "In the higher societies by far the greater number of cults trace their foundation to an 'inspired' founder, be he ancestor or prophet. The great syncretistic religions hark directly back to the life of a master as their source and explanation.

"In every level of civilization the origin of religious forms and beliefs goes straight to the individual experiences of individual men for foundation and guidance; nowhere is there evidence of an original religious

'compact.'" * This is, perhaps, a labored way of saying what Dean Inge puts more simply, "Loyalty to a single man, representing a single idea, is the strongest kind of loyalty that exists." Christianity is the classical example of these tendencies and of that loyalty.

The exercise of this loyalty on the part of Christians, which inevitably makes Jesus an end rather than a means, raises the whole question of how men seek to grasp the idea of God, whether by the way of negation or of affirmation. We may question the particular forms in which this loyalty has sought to make intellectually valid its devotion to Jesus, whether in the terms of the Messiahship, the Oriental Mysteries, the Greek Logos doctrine or the language of evolution. But our dissent from specific formulations of this faith should not alienate us from a sympathetic understanding of the mood and method which are at work here.

The question of religious method is in the end simply this, Does the Real Other wear the garments of actuality and may he be known in these, his incarnations? or, Does the Real Other remain the residuum of Mystery when all actuality has been dismissed as failing to reveal him? These alternatives indicate the one great difference between the religions of the East and of the West. The mysticism of the East is concerned with the margin of the Mystery which lies beyond all actuality. The mysticism of the West has the moral courage to affirm that God may be met, known, and communed with through his self-revelation

* Hastings, *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics,* vol. XII, p. 755b, article on *Worship.*

in the actual world. The one denies the world, the other affirms the world.

The religious danger of affirming the world is plain. It is the danger of pantheism—the bald assertion that all that is is God. But the danger of denying the world is equally great—it is the danger of equating God as zero. Harnack in his study of *Monasticism* states the case, in the terms of movements within the early church, in a slightly different way. He says that monasticism in the East maintained its independence at the cost of stagnation, while monasticism in the West remained effectual at the price of secularization. These are, perhaps, the extreme consequences of the two mutually exclusive types of mysticism. A religion which denies God in the world is in danger of stagnation. A religion which affirms God in the world is in danger of secularization.

Religion is here caught on the horns of a dilemma. There is peril in either choice, and yet the option is, in life, a forced option. It is probably fair to say that neither method can be followed exclusively, and that devotion to the one method must be constantly corrected by reference to the other. But if a choice must be made, the Western world will throw in its lot with the method which is characteristic of its whole genius, and will affirm that the divine can be met and known in the realm of actuality. To equate God as zero would be for most of us an act which would do violence to the very bases of our thinking. It would mean for us, as it has meant for many of those who have followed it, the cessation of thought, of spiritual travail, and of all moral endeavor.

St. Francis's *Canticle to Brother Sun* remains for us a faithful manifestation of that type of religious spirit which we covet for ourselves. Religion for us is the power and the confidence to see the world as the little poor man of Assisi saw it. In the externals of life St. Francis was an ascetic who denied the world. But the genius of Christian asceticism is manifest in him simply as a man's freedom to affirm his whole world because he is foot loose of bondage to any of its parts.

Granted that God may be met and known in the actual world at hand the question then arises whether he is the subject or the predicate of the religious affirmation. Does a man say, "God is this," or does he say, "This is God?" Here lies the main difference between theology and religion. Theology having formulated a doctrine of God returns to the realm of concrete things and compels the facts to conform to the dogma. Religion on the other hand, expectant, adventurous, empirical, is sceptical of dogmatism. It goes about its world open to the revelations given in experience, and from time to time it says, "This is none other but the house of God. This is God."

It may well be that the speculative thinkers of the first three or four centuries approached Jesus with ready made accounts of God and fitted Jesus into their affirmation as its predicate, "God is Jesus." But it is certainly true that down the centuries countless Christians have approached Jesus in the other manner, and have said, "Jesus is God." In his *God of the Early Christians,* Dr. McGiffert has defended with great learning and skill the thesis that this is what happened at the first. To review his arguments here is impos-

sible, to paraphrase them would be ungracious, to commend the volume is, in this connection, a pleasure and a duty.

What is ultimately at stake in all Christological thought is the validity of Western Mysticism and the existence for religion of a kingdom of ends which may be experienced here and now. We may dissent from any one of the particular Christologies which the past has fashioned or from all of them. But we should not allow this dissent to dissuade us of our persuasion that life does bring us into certain relationships which are their own end, and that in these relationships God is felt as present. In communion with nature, in the relationships of friendship and love, in work which is so satisfying that we can lose ourselves in it, in art, we come again and again to the place where the road ends. Beyond that barrier stands God, as the Real Other, keeping watch above his own.

The characteristic Christian account of the experience of this kingdom of ends as the inter-relation of Christ and the believer is not an exception to our normal ways of religious thinking and living. It has been, for Christianity, perhaps the simplest, the most credible, and the most adequate statement of that experience. To review and to revise all doctrines of the person of Christ is one thing. But to exile the figure of Jesus from the great kingdom of ends which discovers to us the nature of religion is another and very different matter. To deny the validity of the Christian's devotion to Jesus is not merely to criticize particular theologies, it is to turn one's back upon the confident adventures of all our Western Mysticism.

If we cannot say, "Jesus is God," then there is no fact in the world of which we can say with greater confidence, "This is God," in so far as the God contemplated is the God whom religion requires as the captain of our human salvation.

Thought of Jesus, loyalty to Jesus, obedience to Jesus, devotion to Jesus have given and still give to the self that satisfaction which is found in the kingdom of ends. When we disallow the validity of that satisfaction, calling into question the religiousness of the relationship, we cast doubt upon the reality and worth of any accessible kingdom of ends immanent in this earth, we turn state's evidence against the whole drift of religion in the Western world, and we direct our spiritual pilgrimage towards the still East and the equation, God = Zero.

Such, it seems to me, is the religious issue of this matter. We may be as free as we please in our criticism of particular doctrines of the nature and person of Christ. We must be jealous for the reliable religiousness which has preceded all these doctrines and which survives them all, as the Christian persuasion that, for those who call themselves Christians, Jesus has a rightful place in the given kingdom of religious ends which life discovers to us here and now.

CHAPTER VII

RELIGION AS LOVE

Christianity, then, asserts that the Real Other who is the object of our seeking may be met and known in a kingdom of ends. At its best Christianity has always been catholic and fearless in its account of these ends. That kingdom exists in nature and in history. It has objective reality and worth. Its door is always at hand, and to him who knocks it will be opened. If there be any principalities in this kingdom, Christianity puts man above nature and Jesus as master among many brethren. "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son."

Christianity does not claim that our human experience of this kingdom of ends compasses the total reality that is God, or that any of its members monopolize the revelation of God. It does claim, however, that there is "a side of God which is turned toward the world" and that when man receives that revelation he is at one with reality.

Every entrance into the kingdom of ends implies more than it immediately achieves. Life leads us to say, in certain moments when the true self in us is satisfied, "This is none other than the divine." But life never warrants our saying, "This is all reality,

God in his entirety." There is certainly more than has been given. There may be margins of otherness, demanded by sober second thought to supplement the first strong impression of likeness.

There are those who say that, if the requirements of religion are to be made good, every experience within the kingdom of ends must take place in the presence of a third, God in his totality, and that it is man's consciousness of this third unseen and spiritual party to his commerce with his world, which gives to the moments of human satisfaction their true religiousness. Man and nature met in God, the lover and the beloved met in God, the toiler and his task met in God, the disciple and the master met in God—there is religion. This, however, is the reflective life retracing its steps into the world of actual happenings, and bringing with it the conception of a universal spiritual presence. Possibly repeated experience of the kingdom of ends, and reflection upon the implications of that experience may incline us to approach it with the advance expectancy that here we shall again know the universal spiritual presence. But there is an element of the divine surprise about religious experience. There is a freshness and wonder which no familiarity or speculation can ever dull. Perhaps that is what is meant by religion's making all things new.

Theology undoubtedly requires the presence of the third and total reality as the common denominator for all numerators in this kingdom of ends. But in life we are continually making the discovery of this reality afresh. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Do they

gather because they know in advance that he will be there? Or gathering do they find him there? For theology the former; in religion the latter, possibly. In either case no single experience of the kingdom of ends exhausts that kingdom. It is the office of theology to save an immature religion from itself, by constantly appealing the case to the marginal otherness of reality as it is progressively revealed.

In the time of religion's immediacy a man merely finds in his hand the pass key to the locked doors of the Mystery. That moment opens the door and lets him in. The task of understanding and comprehension is still before him. All of religion's second thoughts, whether as personal reflection or as the public offices of worship are an effort to give adequate voice to the implications of the seasons of religious immediacy.

In Browning's *By The Fire-side* there is the record of his lovers:

> We two stood there with never a third,
> But each by each, as each knew well.
>
> A moment after and hands unseen
> Were hanging the night around us fast;
> But we knew that a bar was broken between
> Life and life: we were mixed at last
> In spite of the mortal screen.
>
> The forests had done it; there they stood;
> We caught for a moment the powers at play,
> They had mingled us so, for once and good,
> Their work was done—we might go or stay,
> They relapsed to their ancient mood.

This is good poetry, perhaps, but it is inadequate religion. There need not have been the advance ex-

pectancy of "a third." In this the poet is true to life. But the shadowy third inhabiting the forest is not religion's God simply because when such a moment is truly religious, God does not "relapse into his ancient mood." For religion his work is not done at such a time, only begun.

Dr. McGiffert says that, "Multitudes of the Gentile Christians were probably quite satisfied with the Lord Jesus Christ. They were assured of their own personal experience of salvation through him; more than this they did not crave. But at an early day there were already within the Christian circle men of broader vision and wider interests, and as time passed their number steadily increased. To such persons it was not enough to stop with Jesus, a personal saviour. If the new religion was to be given world-wide significance it must be brought into a larger setting. The doctrine of salvation must be made part of a system embracing the universe as a whole, and the Saviour Christ must be related in some way to the divine forces which lie back of the world or find expression in it. Otherwise Christianity would be inferior to Judaism from which it had sprung; otherwise, indeed, it would be inferior even to some of the mystery cults."

This is very revolutionary and provocative rewriting of the history of early Christian doctrine. The Christians of the second and third centuries would seem to have been suffering from a felt inferiority to their neighbors round, whose gods professed to compass reality as well as to save souls. They therefore introduced into their faith both the Hebrew God as Father, and the God of Greek speculation to escape

from the parochialism of their Jesus worship. This may or may not be the true account of the facts. But there is a permanent problem and a modern problem here. It is simply this, Can any particular experience of the kingdom of ends exhaust the reality which religion requires? The answer is, No. The significance of the experience lies in the very fact that it still points beyond itself.

Perhaps the most familiar recent account of this whole issue may be found in Mr. Wells' *God the Invisible King*. Mr. Wells' position is curiously like that of the Christians of the first century. He has an Invisible King who is the God of his personal religion, but this Invisible King, while he serves as a sufficient Savior from self and sin, does not account and does not profess to account for the universe. The sway of the Invisible King in the human heart is one thing. The reading of the riddle of the universe is another and entirely different matter. This margin of mystery, not subject to the rule of the Invisible King, is referred to the over-lordship of an hypothetical Veiled Being, whom philosophy must invoke, but of whom religion knows nothing and cares less. The relation of the Invisible King to the Veiled Being is not clear. More often than otherwise he seems to be working at cross purposes to the Veiled Being, warring against him, mending his errors, humanizing his inhumanity.

Mr. Wells has fastened here upon a contrast which is graven very deep in life. The human heart requires something which the order of external nature fails to disclose. The elder doctrines of atonement all give this suggestion of a duality of purpose in the world,

expressed as the wrath of God the Father and the love of God the Son. It was this perception of an incongruity in things, formally stated as the complementary offices of Father and Son, which once led Blake to say, in substance, "First comes God the Father and fetches us a clout on the head, then Christ brings us balm for our wounds."

This is really the major problem of modern theology. Mr. Wells is not tilting at a windmill. He is confronted by a hard riddle. The incongruity in life which bothers Mr. Wells is the same incongruity which perplexed Huxley, and to which he addressed himself in his *Romanes Lecture*. It is the contrast which still perplexes us; how to reconcile that which an ethical religion requires with that which the order of external nature reveals. Most of us have, or can have, a personal religion of sorts. Most of us have a rudimentary and fairly comprehensive picture of the order of nature and the structure of the universe, in so far as it is now known. But our personal religious faith and our impersonal scientific knowledge seldom coincide.

Mr. Wells gives up this discrepancy as a bad job, contents himself religiously with his Invisible King and commits to his Veiled Being the residual mysteries. In so doing Mr. Wells is thoroughly realistic in his account of the beginning of religion. But he fails to recognize the fact that it is the very nature of a religion to universalize itself and to become a total philosophy of being. The early Christians had, in Christ, their Invisible King, and they had also margins of interest not immediately within Christ's keeping which must be referred to a Creator or an Infinite Be-

ing. They faced this problem and finally gave us the Chalcedonian theology as their answer to the problem. We may not accept that theology now in its letter, but we must concede both the courage and the logic of life which forced them along the path to their conclusions. If Mr. Wells has really got religion he will not be able to give up his problem so cavalierly and finally. He will have to go on worrying about the relation of his personal Savior to his Veiled Being.

The resolution of this riddle is not primarily the office of reflective thought. In so far as the riddle may be read, its reading is the office of the experience which we call "love." Christianity affirms that the Real Other who is the object of our devotion may be loved, indeed must be loved. Nothing short of the experience of love suffices. It may well be that some more sober and adequate account of love, than that commonly given in manuals of piety, will help us to understand how Christianity proposes the solution of the riddle in hand. Any one who can help rid the word "love" of its current saccharine implications and applications, restoring to it something of its true dignity and meaning, will be doing Christianity an inestimable service. What is meant, then, by our love of God?

Most of the synonyms which are suggested for the word "love" are altogether too simple. They fail to take account of the complexity of the emotion. They are words of a single idea and a single mood, whereas the experience of love involves many moods and more than one idea. Indeed, the lover, so far from being one whose life is an affair of the emotional mean, is

one whose life is lived passing back and forth between two extremes.

The distinctive quality in the emotion of love is the double mood of confidence and reluctance with which the lover approaches the beloved. The beloved is supremely attractive and utterly desirable, and yet there is something elusive, baffling, almost prohibitive in the beloved. It is just the turn of the wrist with the beloved, now the palm of the hand is down and open and inviting, now it is raised and faced against the lover. The beloved manifests a strong strain of coquetry. These contrasted moods of advance and recoil, of invitation and rebuff, have their origin in the actual complexity of the facts. Love is not a relationship between equals. It is the relationship of unequals. Its basis is the lover's perception of both likeness and unlikeness in the beloved. Love is the effort to solve the riddle of likeness and unlikeness, with the emotions which attend that resolution.

That is why love is at once a vastly more difficult and a vastly more interesting and absorbing experience than friendship. Friendship is a relation existing between equals. Its parties move side by side in the enjoyment of an untroubled identity of interests. If the interests diverge, friendship ceases. If radical unlikeness develops, friends part. It is not so with love. More often than otherwise lovers become increasingly conscious of likeness and unlikeness, each in the other. And yet love does not die, but thrives upon that contradiction. No one of us can dissect the fabric of his affections, dividing the warp of likeness from the woof of unlikeness, yet each is conscious of

the double nature of the beloved and the double emotion to which love gives rise.

All authentic love poetry reflects these contrasted ideas and emotions and is the effort to resolve the riddle of identity and difference. At one moment we find Elizabeth Barrett saying to Robert Browning:

> And when I sue
> God for myself, He hears that name of thine,
> And sees within my eyes the tears of two.

That is the perception and admission of identity. But at another time she says:

> Unlike are we, unlike, O princely Heart!
> Unlike our uses and our destinies.
> Our ministering two angels look surprise
> On one another, as they strike athwart
> Their wings in passing.

We may put down this persuasion of an absolute likeness and an equally absolute unlikeness in a beloved other, with the contrasted emotions to which this likeness and unlikeness give rise, as that which is distinctive in the experience of love.

Now all of our nobler and more total reactions to the otherness of things have this double quality about them. There is something about the higher mountains which is alluring and at the same time repelling. They summon us and they forbid us. There is something about the sea which lures us and which frightens us. No one has ever lounged for an hour at the stern rail of a ship without being torn by the conflicting emotions of the place and the time. There is something about the stars which gives us peace at one moment and which destroys all our peace in the next

moment. Now a man looks up at the heavens at night and says, "I am at peace, content to be the meanest worm of all the millions that crawl on the earth." Then again he says, "The eternal silence of those infinite spaces terrifies me."

All permanent satisfaction in life requires this double nature in the object which is to give us satisfaction. That in which we discover only identity with ourselves cannot satisfy us permanently. We tire, eventually, of the echo of our own voice, the sight of our own face mirrored in the world. So, also, our curious interest in that which is so entirely unlike us that it reveals no possible community with our life and lot, finally flags and dies. If we consult our experience immediately we shall always find that those places, persons, interests are the most satisfying in which we discover clearly this double quality which is never quite resolved.

The word "love" may be appropriately used of our relation to all those objects in the outer world which betray this duality and give rise to these conflicting emotions. Any simpler object cannot be loved, and no simpler emotion merits the name of love. But in the presence of such an object, with a paradox and riddle at its core, and in the grip of these conflicting emotions there is no other word which will do, since this word stands for this complex reaction and distinguishes it from all our other simpler responses to the outer world.

For this reason no other or lesser word can be used to describe our attitude and disposition towards God. It is just this perception of identity with ourselves and

difference from ourselves in the being of God, and the conflicting moods with which we meet that reality, that make us understand what is meant by loving God. This emotion of love is something more than a feeling of trust and of confidence. It is the satisfaction of the self which has been given away to the identity and difference perceived in the outer world, the index of that identity and difference being raised to infinity.

Our relation to God is never exhausted in a single idea and never compassed by a single emotion. The religious life is not a simple life. It is an extraordinarily complex and varied life. The religious life is never a dull life, in that it is a monotonous life. Getting religion in the first instance, and getting on with religion subsequently ought to be as exciting and uncertain and absorbing an experience as all falling in love is. You never know which aspect of this total otherness of things will greet you of a day, whether the smiling providence or the frowning face. At one time you know that God made man in his own image. At another time you know that God's thoughts are not your thoughts, nor God's ways your ways. If you could solve that yea-nay you would have plucked the heart out of the mystery of religion.

The affirmation that love is the great highway to religion's realities is borne out by our observation that man's accounts of things tend to travel in pairs. There are transcendence and immanence, eternity and time, the infinite and the finite, good and evil. These are not so much statements of clean contrasts between the self and the other, they are contrasts felt in the other quite apart from the self.

Looking at the world dispassionately, entirely unmoved by the sting of the divine discontent, we are impressed by this dual aspect of things. When we fall in love with reality the contrast is heightened. If men are not driven to this dual phraseology in their account of God the presumption is that they have never loved God. There are supreme egoists who are almost incapable of falling in love; they are, as George Meredith says, so much in love with themselves that to love anything else is little short of bigamy. But these men are the exceptions. Sooner or later the bulk of us do fall in love with reality, if not in its totality, then in some one or another of its aspects. And the phrases which habitually pair together in human thought are the language of a race that is in love with reality, with God.

There is the first of those phrases, that of the doctrine of the transcendence and immanence of God. What that phrase really means is that God is both unlike us and like us, and that this contrast, perceived though never defined, is the source of his strange power over us. We try to get away from him and yet we cannot. If he were entirely unlike us he would have no permanent interest for us. But if he were entirely like us neither would he have any permanent interest for us.

In so far as natural scenes give rise to religious emotions or acquire religious associations, those scenes must have a certain grandeur. Our thoughts and feelings in the presence of the sea, or of mountains, or of a desert, or of the stars, approximate to love. One of the noblest and at the same time one of the most tragic

events of these last months is the death of George Leigh Mallory at the summit, or somewhere just under the summit, of Mount Everest. As a member of three different expeditions he had attacked the mountain. His friends say that he was very reluctant to go out the third time. Why did he go? He was probably over-persuaded by friends who convinced him that his previous experiences made him indispensable. Such an argument was true and right. But surely the mountain itself cannot be ignored. Those who have read what he wrote about the failure of the second expedition will understand the hold which the mountain had upon him, and will be able to enter in some measure into the mixed emotions with which he must have spoken the words that he flung back to the world of men and up into the face of the mountain as he started on the last and fatal climb—"We expect no mercy from Everest."

Professor Rudolf Otto in his *Idea of the Holy* has devoted an entire book to a study of this dual character of religion's other, and the complex emotions to which that duality gives rise in the worshiper. His volume is one of the most significant recent contributions to the study of the psychology of religion. His argument can be paraphrased only briefly here. Religion does not begin, as Schleiermacher affirms, with the consciousness of absolute dependence upon God, for such dependence ascribes to the self an initial worth as an effect of the divine cause.

Religion begins with the perception of an absolute otherness in some power not ourselves. The distinguishing characteristic of this other is what all relig-

ions have agreed in calling "holiness." Holiness has assumed in the course of time an ethical implication, but in its origin was a non-moral, non-rational category, intended merely to indicate an overplus of mystery beyond all reason and all morality. The holy mystery presents itself to us with an overpowering and "awful" urgency. An energy emanates from it, and we fall within the radius of its influence. This energy alternately repels and attracts us. The mystery is at once daunting and fascinating. When the mystery repels us we speak of "the wrath of God." This wrath of God, which has given such trouble to believers in the goodness of God, is not an ethical concept at all. It is merely the description of a certain quality in the mystery not unlike that aspect of Mount Everest which led Mallory to "expect no mercy." On the other hand, the element of fascination is described as "the grace of God," and that grace, as the elder theology was wont to assert, is irresistible.

These two qualities in the mysterious object, the daunting and the fascinating, give rise to the striking duality of the religious consciousness in man. Man, in the presence of the holy, is at once cast down and uplifted, he is humbled and exalted, he is both weak and strong. Such is the charm of this contradiction in the mystery that man is compelled to go on trying to compass it. The contrast, present from the first in all religions, so far from being obliterated as religion matures, becomes more vivid, and in the noblest religions is made absolute. Man is constantly torn between the perception in the holy of likeness and unlikeness to himself. Saint Augustine puts it all in two or three

sentences of the *Confessions*. "What is that which gleams through me and smites my heart without wounding it? I am both a-shudder and a-glow. A-shudder in so far as I am unlike it, a-glow in so far as I am like it."

The process of atonement in religion is the effort to resolve this contrast into some kind of unity and to set the worshiper at one with the holy. The Christian religion heightens the contrast and thus increases the need for atonement. In Christianity man's unworthiness and creaturehood are enhanced. But in Christianity, also, God admits an intimacy conceded in no other interpretation of religion. "To take this paradox out of Christianity is to make it shallow and superficial beyond recognition."

Strangely Professor Otto does not center on the word "love" to describe this dual aspect of the mystery and the dual consciousness of the worshiper. Perhaps he feared the effeminate implications of the word, missing in it those elements of wonder, awe, aspiration, from which the religious consciousness is compounded. But nevertheless the word "love" is the only single word which implies this clear duality of content and emotion, which the experience of religion presupposes. And for all its infelicitous associations it is the one word which is capable, when soberly used, of compassing our experiences of religion.

The author appeals to various biblical illustrations of his thesis. They are so classical as to be inevitable in this connection. They would occur to any one, as they occurred to him.

The most magnificent biblical presentation of the

"terrible majesty," the absolute otherness of God, is that to be found in the closing chapters of the book of Job, chapters 38 through 42:6. The book of Job may be described as a drastic discipline of the mind and heart of man in preparation for religion. Its pages are tortured and scarred by pain, and this pain, as some one has suggested, is the pain which is always the price of a larger idea of God. Of Job's ethical integrity there is no doubt. But his ethical system is too meagre, and the facts of his own life burst the bonds of that system. He is given no system of ethics to replace that which he has discarded and no solution of the moral problem is indicated. The closing chapters, in which God speaks from the whirlwind, merely suggest the conditions for such a solution.

Job is confronted at the last by the vision of a tremendous and mysterious reality, existing quite apart from human good and evil. The ethical problem is simply dismissed, and Job faces the greatness of God. It is a purely objective account of religion's subject, imperious and overbearing, still creating in us to-day, as it was intended to create for the hero of the drama, the conviction of helpless creaturehood. Before the nature and works of God as they are unfolded in this delineation, man's little life loses all meaning save as it may be included in the unsearchable ways of God. Behemoth and leviathan are fastened upon, precisely because they fall so far outside the world of human concerns and yet are so tremendous and mysterious.

Here is a creation existing, self-sufficient and self-contained apart from man and without man. Not

once in these four chapters is the worth or even the existence of man conceded. The studied inhumanity of the passage is terrible. And yet this very inhumanity has a fascination. The absolute objectivity of the account is the source of its strange subjective appeal. How the imagination to-day, as then and always, is stirred by those strange words, "To cause it to rain on the earth, where no man is; on the wilderness wherein there is no man." The book of Job, which begins with a moral problem, ends with a religious experience in its simplest and perhaps its most characteristic form. The creature is found prostrate before the Creator, and at rest. The old poet has said in the book of Job what the modern poet has said in his *Anthem of Earth,* "My little troubles are ended in a little peace."

The story of the call of Isaiah takes up the experience of religion where the book of Job drops it. Though earlier in time its artistry is quite as fine. The prophet enters the temple and is immediately rapt into his initial vision of the Lord sitting upon the throne, high and lifted up. The seraphim cry their Trisagion. This absolute holiness is the first and last truth of God. The prophet stands fascinated by this revelation.

But the prospect daunts and repels him. There is something forbidding in this majesty, breeding at once in him the sense of his creaturehood. And the cry is wrung from him, "Woe is me! for I am undone." The vision of the Lord of hosts makes him conscious of his unclean lips, and all the kindred uncleanliness of his people. This is not any ceremonial uncleanness. It is

the impotence of man, as prophet, to be the voice of God. And yet God still allures him, and mercy manifests itself. The seraphim bearing the live coal from the altar achieve the work of atonement. The prophet's sense of creaturehood is healed and he goes forth to speak the word of the Lord.

These and kindred passages are the only adequate witness to what we mean by our love of God. Love begins as the perception of both the creature's likeness and the creature's unlikeness to the creator. That perception gives rise to emotions which engross the self. The life of love is the effort to reconcile these antitheses. Perhaps the confident assertion that love is undying and immortal is an admission of the felt magnitude of this task, whether as between man and man, or between man and God. It is hard to conceive of studying, and learning, striving and struggling forever, because of a certain suggestion of monotony in such an indeterminate sentence. It is not hard to conceive of loving forever, because of our inability to anticipate in imagination the terms of the final answer to the riddle of this noblest idea and emotion.

That is where religion arrives. Its kingdom of ends is the kingdom of love thus interpreted, God's love of man, man's love of God, the riddle of identity in difference, and difference in identity, which is man's maturest experience of his place in God's world and his part in the life of God.

It may be said in conclusion that precisely for this reason the New Testament doctrine of the love of enemies is not nonsense. Being friends with your enemy

may be difficult if not impossible. Loving your enemy is possible, and love of the enemy is the only relation possible with the enemy, the human struggle to resolve the keen contradiction of likeness and unlikeness.

CHAPTER VIII

THE MORAL USES OF JOY

A modern scholar has described and dismissed *The Imitation of Christ* as "a manual of sacred selfishness." This is a brutal estimate, though not without warrant. A hermit life spent in a little corner with a little book, the world forgetting and by the world forgot, does not suggest the ministry of Jesus which it professes to imitate, and many of its exponents will be surprised to find themselves at the Great Assize of history upon the left hand of the King.

The kingdom of ends and the enjoyment of God may savor of precisely this sacred selfishness, and the selfishness will not be the less unlovely because of its sacredness. A Christian is presumably a man who is among men as one who serves. Those who profess and practise devotion to this kingdom and who find in the enjoyment of God one of the ends of human life, are under moral bonds to defend this account of religion against the charges of selfishness and uselessness. When all values are transvalued it may well be that the bearer of the cup of cold water will supersede them. What has this mystical love of nature, of man, of God to do with the cup of cold water?

The perennial problem of the life of devotion is the proving of the spirits. Religionists are peculiarly liable to delusion. The saints have always known

that the Devil, in the pursuit of his malign purpose, is accustomed to wear the deceptive allurements of spiritual joy. They have been hard put to it to recognize him when he appeared in the form of Christ, his most ingeniously satanic disguise. This is simply a pictorial way of saying that Christian people are prone to dodge their plain duty to help the world on the plea of a private piety which takes priority to all altruism.

The critic will say, therefore, All that you advance in behalf of these accounts of the satisfaction of the self and the ensuing joy may be true. Undoubtedly the man who gives himself wholly to the task of finding that satisfaction may get that joy. But what a selfish picture of the Christian life, and how little such a life does to heal the hurt of the world. Better the unselfishness of the man who gives himself to the higher usefulness and foregoes this private enjoyment, until a kindlier order of affairs in the world enables him to take that enjoyment with a clear conscience.

> And I seyde, his opinoun was good.
> What should he studie, and make himselven wood,
> Upon a booke in cloistre alwey to poure,
> How shall the world be served?

What Chaucer has said in irony, others have said in sobriety. We should remember that the noblest exemplars of Christian piety have always been conscious of the liability to selfishness in the cultivation of the spiritual life and have warned their followers as they have steeled themselves against this peril. Nowhere are these warnings more clearly voiced than in the English mystics of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. There is about the writings of Richard Rolle

Julian of Norwich, and their kind, a wholesome Anglo-Saxon practicality too often wanting in the Latin mystics. A single passage from Walter Hilton will indicate the moral danger of all doctrines of the enjoyment of God. He speaks thus in his *Treatise Written to a Devout Man:*

> Thou shalt sometimes be busy with Martha to order and govern thine household, thy children, thy servants, thy neighbors, and thy tenants. Also, thou shalt sometimes with Mary lay aside the business of this world, and shalt sit down at the feet of our Lord, with humility in prayers and holy thoughts and contemplation of Him.
>
> Know well that if thou leave the necessary business or the active life belonging to thee, and be careless and take no heed of thy worldly goods as how they be kept or spent, nor lookest after those that pertain to thy charge to see they do well, nor wilt afford thy help upon the necessity of thy Christian brother by reason of thy love and desire thou hast to apply thyself only to solitude and spiritual exercises, imagining that by so doing thou art excused and freed from the aforesaid obligations:—if, I say, thou do so, thou dost not wisely nor profitably for thy soul. Therefore, if thou leave or neglect that thing which thou art bound unto by the law of charity, justice, or other obligation, and wilt entirely give thee to another thing voluntarily taken on thee, under pretence of better pleasing or serving God, in a thing which thou art not bound unto, in so

doing thou dost no discreet and acceptable service unto him.

Thou seemest to kiss Christ's mouth by devotion and spiritual prayer, but thou treadest upon His feet, and defilest them insomuch as thou wilt not tend to them that belong to thy charge and care. Surely He will more thank thee and reward thee for the humble washing of his feet when they are very foul, and yield an ill savour unto thee, than for all the curious painting and fair dressing or decking that thou canst make about His head.

Therefore if upon just occasions, either concerning thy children or thy servants or any other of thy Christian brethren for their profit or their heart's ease, upon reasonable cause asking it of thee, thou be put from thy rest in devotion, when thou had much rather stay still thereat, be not angry with them, nor heavy or sad within thyself, so far as thou art able to help it. In such a case readily leave off thy devotion, and go about the deed, bearing service to thy Christian brethren, and that as willingly as if our Lord Himself had called thee.

A plausible moral case can be made against Mr. Chesterton's inn at the end of the road. Two friends may take their ease together in that inn, the inn to which the road as an interlude points as an end. But what about the traveler who has fallen among thieves and is lying stripped and suffering back up the road? Is friendship's inn at the end of the road a place that can maintain its moral self-respect so long as there

are men who have never reached it and have known along the road only man's inhumanity to man?

The answer to these questions is not so simple as it seems. Jesus' observation of human life was extraordinarily acute, and there is hardly anything in all his teaching so subtle as his account of the priest and the Levite who passed by on the other side. They were undoubtedly "practical" persons, men of religious affairs. But they seem to have been curiously inefficient in that particular emergency. It was left for the casual and improbable person—a good Samaritan being a contradiction in terms—to achieve and to express religion. It is clear at least that the Samaritan knew in advance that there was a hospitable inn at the end of the road, in Jericho. Presumably he was accustomed to stop there. As for the clerical travelers, fancy has little difficulty in picturing them, because occasionally they are met in the flesh. They probably were not patrons of the inn, which likely enough was an irregular sort of place not favored by the cloth. Moreover they were in a hurry to keep some ecclesiastical appointment of a useful kind. If they had delayed to carry the wounded man with them to Jericho, they would not have known what to do with him once they got him there. Such human promptings of pity as they may have felt when they saw him, were stifled by the reflection that their utilitarian programme could not accommodate him. Whereas, the Samaritan having enjoyed the hospitality of the inn was able to think the matter through. Not only so, but he had the inclination and power to carry it through. One surely may conclude that his experience in "the inn at the

end of the road" gave him both the wit and the will to serve the plain need stretched before him by the roadside. The ecclesiastics were obsessed by the necessity of going on, if not by the glory of going on. The Samaritan was a citizen of the kingdom of ends.

These rather fanciful reflections raise the question, What is it that we want of religion and get from religion? Viewing religion in the large, the answer is perfectly plain, The religious experience gives men added strength for life. Religion gives, or attempts to give, a good many other things, such as ethical instruction and an account of the nature and ways both of God and man. Sometimes particular religions have been in error both as to ethics and philosophy, sometimes religion seems to have been on the right track in these matters. But whether right or wrong in its morality and metaphysics, religion has always given men power, vastly more power than they could command in solitude and self-reliance, to live out their creeds and codes.

The liability of all "useful" programmes for human conduct is precisely this, they are a tremendous drain on human strength, and of themselves they do nothing to solve the initial problem of the sources of human power or the subsequent problem of the introduction of fresh power which shall recharge the run down energy of the self toiling in solitude. Every form of human usefulness and serviceableness which morality can discover involves a heavy tax on the vitality of human beings, and lays men open to becoming weary in well-doing.

One of the ablest engineers in America has recently

said that the most urgent problem before modern civilization is the discovery of new sources of natural power. He believes that we can invent and fashion machinery to do anything that needs to be done, but he doubts whether we have at present, a supply of power in accessible forms, sufficient to drive the machinery we shall undoubtedly build. He thinks the major concern of our industrial order is the immediate discovery and the effective distribution of more coal, oil, and water power than are now available. He tells us that when flags and uniforms, drums and bugles are factored out of international disputes we come upon determined men and states stubbornly contesting for these wells of energy. Of the accuracy of this general account of the present situation there is little possible doubt. The contested spots on the face of this earth are those where power is hid or where power may be strategically distributed.

The life of the individual is simply the life of the world in miniature. Living is costly, to-day, too costly. The money cost is simply an index of the human cost. Most men live through their working years with a meagre margin of reserve strength and are worn out before their time. We have professions and trades and avocations and crusades which can utilize all the human energy available. They are in the main useful forms of human activity. But of themselves they do not profess to command the sources of the strength which is to sustain them. Behind all forms of usefulness there must lie reservoirs of power, and that power must be available and accessible when men need it.

He is the wise man who has the moral courage to make a place in his life for a certain number of interests which are not in themselves useful, and of which the various practical gospels can give no valid account. The moral justification of those experiences which are their own end is simply this, they renew our human strength. How they do so is a mystery. Neither physiology nor psychology can pluck the heart out of the mystery of the transactions in the kingdom of ends. But the fact is quite clear and plain: a man's permanent effective usefulness in this world rests upon those useless interests which give him joy, and in giving joy give energy. He who dares to enjoy nature, friends, books, music, pictures is stronger than his fellow who makes no place for enjoyment in this realm of ends. The paradox of life is such that the ultimate ability to do useful things constantly and well depends upon a prior courage to enjoy useless things.

We are here face to face with one of the major difficulties which confronts religion as it seeks to commend itself to the modern world. Every religious interest is called upon to vindicate its immediate usefulness. God is proposed because he may be used. What falls outside the circle drawn by utilitarianism stands condemned. Whereas many of the noblest religious spirits and many of the outstanding ages of religious concern have been preoccupied with the enjoyment of God. The love of the neighbour has followed, in such cases, as the natural consequence and corollary of the love of God.

Paul is an outstanding example of such a type. The difference between Paul the legalist and Paul the Christian was not a difference of ethical intention or procedure. The law offered him opportunities for moral usefulness and to spare. The trouble with him was that he could not command the driving will to be the sort of man he wished to be and knew he ought to be. That will he found in Christ.

> The struggling stream of duty, which had not volume enough to bear him to his goal, was suddenly reinforced by the immense tidal wave of sympathy and emotion.
>
> To this new and potent influence Paul gave the name *faith*. More fully he calls it: "Faith that worketh through *love*." The essential meaning of the word is "power of holding onto the unseen," a power, pre-eminently, of *fast attachment to an unseen power of goodness*. Identifying ourselves with Christ through this attachment we become as he was; we live with his thoughts and feelings, and we participate, therefore, in his freedom from the ruinous law in our members.
>
> It is evident that some difficulty arises out of Paul's adding to the general sense of the word faith—*a holding fast to an unseen power of goodness*—a particular sense of his own,—*identification with Christ*. The real worth of this mystical conception depends on the fitness of the character and history of Christ for inspiring such an enthusiasm and devotion as that which Paul's notion of faith implies. The surpassing religious

grandeur of Paul's conception of faith is that it seizes a real salutary emotional force of incalculable magnitude, and reinforces moral effort with it.*

The impotence of much of our modern Christianity is primarily due to our fundamental misconception of the nature of religion and to the inability or unwillingness to make a place in the religious life for those useless interests, attachments, and devotions which are their own end. Nietzsche criticized nineteenth century Christianity because it was void of the Will to Power. He would not have made this criticism of Paul. Indeed he made a definite exception of the authentic saint, because he recognized in him a supreme manifestation of the Will to Power. But the general criticism was none the less just, and we may discover its occasion in the familiar account of Christianity as a life of usefulness, void of enjoyment.

In every mature religion two streams or tendencies are met. The first represents man's need of salvation, and salvation is effected by a power not ourselves. The second represents man's need of understanding the universe and of discovering a way of life in that universe, the need of a philosophy of life and of an ethic for living.

Modern liberal Protestantism is preoccupied with the latter problem to the neglect of the former. We are more interested in squaring Genesis with geology or in substituting geology for Genesis, in discussing miracles and natural law, in discovering an ideal social

* Matthew Arnold, *St. Paul and Protestantism*, pp. 70-79.

ethic which shall be also practicable—although such an ethic must be in some measure a contradiction in terms—than we are in being saved. We are concerned to understand and to improve our world. We do not groan under any consciousness that we need to be saved. Saved from what? Self, sin in the sense of vice, cynicism, discouragement? Yes, possibly so. But in the normal healthy life such perils are not vividly felt as ever present menaces.

Liberal Protestantism is out of touch with the whole Pauline conception of the Christian life, not because it cannot translate Paul's rabbinical ways of thought, but for a far deeper reason. It is not accustomed to think of the initial commitments of the Christian life as above all else the quest for power, the power which saves us from ourselves and from the world and makes us, out of weakness, strong.

If religion is to us, primarily, a credible compound of historical knowledge, scientific information, philosophical speculation, and moral engineering, we probably cannot understand what Christianity was to Paul. He belongs to the other stream of religious concern. For if religion professes to give man two gifts, on the one hand meaning in life and a way of life, and on the other hand strength for living, we are preoccupied at the present moment with the former concern of religion, to the neglect of the latter. Hence all our impatience with those aspects of religion which seem to us useless, and the gulf set between us and mystical Christianity.

In *The Education of Henry Adams* there is a memorable chapter upon "The Dynamo and the Virgin."

It is one of the most important accounts of religion in modern letters. Here was a man who had passed clean through the interests and disciplines of our contemporary liberalism, who had swung full circle in his thought about religion, and had rediscovered the initial truth of religion, that it gives strength before it gives meaning or advice. Henry Adams spent the summer of 1900 in France, dividing his time between the Cathedral at Chartres and the Paris Exposition. Chartres Cathedral he had known in substance, if not in spirit. Its spirit he rediscovered, under Langley's guidance, before the dynamos in the gallery of machines at Paris.

> To Adams the dynamo became a symbol of infinity. As he grew accustomed to the great gallery of machines, he began to feel the forty foot dynamos as a moral force, much as the early Christians had felt the Cross. Before the end, one began to pray to it; inherited instinct taught the natural expression of man before silent and infinite force. Among the thousand symbols of ultimate energy, the dynamo was not so human as some, but it was the most expressive.
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> The rays that Langley disowned, as well as those which he fathered were occult, supersensual, irrational; they were a revelation of mysterious energy like that of the Cross; they were what, in terms of mediæval science, were called immediate modes of the divine substance.
>
> The historian was thus reduced to his last resources. Clearly if he was bound to reduce all these forces to a common value, this common

value could have no measure but that of their attraction on his own mind. He must treat them as they had been felt; as convertible, reversible, interchangeable attractions on thought. He made up his mind to venture it; he would translate rays into faith.

The knife edge along which he must crawl, like Sir Lancelot in the twelfth century, divided two kingdoms of force which had nothing in common but attraction. They were as different as a magnet is from gravitation, supposing one knew what a magnet was, or gravitation, or love. The force of the Virgin was still felt at Lourdes, and seemed to be as potent as X-rays; but in America neither Venus nor Virgin ever had value as force—at most as sentiment. No American had ever been truly afraid of either.

This problem of dynamics gravely perplexed the American historian. The Woman had once been supreme; in France she still seemed potent, not merely as a sentiment, but as a force. Why was she unknown in America? For evidently America was ashamed of her. The Trait was notorious, and often humorous, but any one brought up among Puritans, knew that sex was sin. In any previous age sex was strength. Neither art nor beauty was needed. Every one, even among Puritans, knew that neither Diana of the Ephesians nor any of the Oriental goddesses was worshipped for her beauty. She was goddess because of her force; she was the animated dynamo.

The true American knew something of the facts, but nothing of the feelings; he read the letter but he never felt the law. Before this historical chasm, a mind like that of Adams felt itself helpless; he turned from the Virgin to the Dynamo as though he were a Branley coherer. On the one side, at the Louvre and at Chartres, as he knew by the record of work actually done and still before his eyes, was the highest energy ever known to man, the creator of four fifths of his noblest art, exercising vastly more attraction over the human mind than all the steam engines and dynamos ever dreamed of; and yet this energy was unknown to the American mind. An American Virgin would never dare command; an American Venus would never dare exist.

Adams knew that only since 1895 had he begun to feel the Virgin or Venus as force. The idea died out long ago in the German and English stock. St. Gaudens and Matthew Arnold felt a railway train as power; yet they, and all other artists constantly complained that the power embodied in a railway train could never be embodied in art. All the steam in the world could not, like the Virgin, build Chartres. Symbol or energy, the Virgin had acted as the greatest force the Western world ever felt, and had drawn man's activities to herself more strongly than any other power, natural or supernatural, had ever done.

Henry Adams never resolved these strong impressions of the religious fact and the religious problem into any consistent whole. His confession of faith may

be found at the end of his *Letters to a Niece,* where the "Prayer to the Virgin of Chartres" stands with the "Prayer to the Dynamo." The niece who assumed responsibility for printing these prayers has run no risk of letting the crowd overhear the uncle's devotions. To those who are preoccupied with the gospels of usefulness these poems will seem as vain as the revolutions of a Tibetan prayer wheel. Saying your prayers to the Virgin is the perverse obscurantism of an academic mediævalist. Saying your prayers to a dynamo is sheer, meaningless, mad idolatry.

The fact remains, however, that a man's religion is defined by that to which he gives his life and by that from which he draws power for living. In the strict sense of the word it is quite appropriate to speak of religions of money, vocation, art, patriotism and the like. These are severally, for the purpose of living, final accounts of reality for innumerable persons. In devotion to these ends men find satisfaction and from these ends men draw strength to go on. The philosopher may object that such accounts of reality are inadequate. The moralist may object that the conduct required by devotion to these ends is often grossly unethical. These objections are beside the mark. Once we concede the validity of the general account of religion after which Henry Adams was groping—and this was Paul's account of religion—then religion must be identified with the sources of our strength. Your God gives you power, and conversely what gives you power is your god, even though you have not recognized the presence of the divine.

There is a trite phrase in current circulation regarding "the finality of the Christian religion." If this phrase implies that we have in the gospels or in subsequent Christian thought a complete account of reality and a definitive code of conduct, rendering all scientific inquiry and all ethical experiment superfluous, the words are without meaning. Christianity has not given us a complete account of the universe or a system of ethics which is beyond the need of interpretation and adventure. If, however, the words mean that the Christian religion is concerned with the kingdom of ends and that its first and most distinctive transactions take place within that kingdom, they are true. There is in Henry Adams' appeal to the Virgin and the Dynamo precisely this quality of finality which real religion always has. If Paul would have understood Joyce Kilmer, so he would have understood Henry Adams. They are spiritual kinsmen in their initial conception of religion.

The practical justification of the kingdom of ends is to be sought and found in the dynamic interpretation of religion which it implies. Perhaps Augustine came nearer than any one else to resolving all these considerations into a single account of Christianity when he said, "Love and do what you like." What you do with the power you get from God is your responsibility. It is here that the tremendous truth of human freedom enters the account of the religious life. You may use that power well in the service of your human kind, you may abuse it wantonly to the hurt of your kind. Of this use and abuse some ultimate account must be given before the judgment bar of the

moral order. The human conscience is educable. That is the meaning of moral freedom.

But without God, and the power which comes from God you can do nothing—nothing that matters or is permanently worth doing. If you really love God you may be trusted to do what you like, and what you like to do will find its permanent symbol in the cup of cold water. St. Paul's doctrine of mystical union with God in Christ was fulfilled in his mystical doctrine of the members bound together in a community of joy and sorrow and service. Had the eighth chapter of Romans wanted the twelfth and following chapters of Romans we might challenge the reality and validity of its experience. Mysticism is the parent of the most pitiless and revolutionary practicality. The love of God tests itself and fulfills itself in the love of man. When we glorify God and enjoy him forever we are thereby put under bonds to treat our fellow human beings also as ends in themselves. And if we really start treating our fellows as ends in themselves the Kingdom of God is at hand. Perhaps that is what Augustine meant when he said, "Love and do what you like." At least, here is the moral justification of the enjoyment of God.

CHAPTER IX

THE OCCASION AND INTENTION OF PUBLIC WORSHIP

In the latter part of the Book of Psalms there are fifteen short "Songs of Pilgrimage." They reflect the thoughts and feelings of the devout Jew at the various stages of his journey to Jerusalem to keep one or another of the three great feasts. These Songs of Ascent or of Degrees begin in solitude and end in society. The spiritual fortune of the individual is their point of departure, the liturgical usage of a people is their conclusion. Nature and history confirm the pilgrim on his way. The songs lift in confidence as they deepen in content. The pilgrim starts from the far country of the divine discontent. His journey ends in the temple which is the place of the divine peace.

The preceding chapters, in which we have discussed the unfolding of personal religion, have followed this pattern, unconsciously and by an inherent necessity. For there is a logic in life which compels us to seek, in religion, social confirmation of individual experience and formal expression of that experience. We have taken ample time for the journey because the transactions of a temple presuppose a history of private adventure and insight. What happens in a temple concludes and interprets the prior Songs of Ascent and is in turn interpreted by them. Public worship means

nothing apart from the personal religion of the worshiper.

The conduct of public worship is the differentia of the church as an institution. The church shares with many other modern institutions religious tasks which are common to all. No candid observer of the present facts will claim for the church that it is the sole mediator and interpreter of religion to men. Wherever men are communicating truth of whatever nature, wherever men are preachers of righteousness, wherever works of mercy are being done, wherever the reformation of character is in process, there is religion. In the largest sense of the word all institutions which further these ends are religious institutions, and the professional orders which are engaged in these tasks are ministers of religion.

Most of the practical problems of modern church administration arise from the fact that offices which once were the sole prerogative of the church have been assumed by other societies. If churches seem, at the present time, to have a narrowing field of opportunity in the world, that is because schools, colleges, universities, hospitals, countless philanthropic societies, having learned some of the lessons which the church taught in other centuries, have set about the religious task for themselves and in their own way. He who cares for religion as a whole more than for any particular religious institution will find cause for gratitude and hope in the present division of the total task of religion.

The particular church in the particular community, however, is often slow in finding itself because what

religion proposes to do to help the world may be done and often is being better done by other institutions. Much of our familiar "church work" seems artificial and adventitious. It lacks the suggestion of inevitability, the clear note of indubitable reality. So far as the problem of civilization is concerned the only work of the church in the world which is worth serious consideration is the bread labor of the working day of the men and women who belong to churches. Much of that work is now divorced from religion, and some of it may not be capable of religious interpretation and inspiration, not because the worker is irreligious but because the conditions of the labor rest upon irreligious premises and over these premises the individual worker has no immediate control. The effort to provide "church work" for such persons is in part a comment upon the imperfect conquest of our civilization by the religious idea. But in greater part it is the sign of a parochial conception of the nature and conduct of the Christian life.

The current platitude says that if you can find something for the church recruit to do you can keep his interest and hold him. If there is nothing for him to do his interest wanes and dies. But many of the tasks offered him compare unfavorably, both in their urgency and their effectiveness, with his own work in the world. They enlist him as an amateur rather than a professional. They claim the margins of his time, strength, and interest. They do not get at the toiling core of him. They suggest that they were primarily manufactured to occupy him not to help the world.

We may question whether the present perplexities of the church are not in part due to this inadequate and artificial conception and conduct of church work. Church work which is an avocation will never get beyond the fringes of the cultural problems of the time. The only church work that matters is the sum of the trades and professions of church members. That is real, and it is built into a civilization as men's vocations. In all problems of applied Christianity we shall do well to concede this point, and to avoid the ecclesiastical intimation that by their avocations men may redeem their vocations.

Nor can we say, popular opinion to the contrary, that a church is distinctly the place where men preach sermons. In the broadest sense of the word preaching religion is by no means confined to churches to-day. The prophet is a familiar figure in modern society. He is often outside churches, and is sometimes anti-clerical. More than once in recent years he has preached religion from a White House. He writes his sermons at an editor's desk in a newspaper office as well as in a parson's study. He speaks from a college chair or on the platform of a community forum. The ordained minister has no monopoly of preaching to-day. We are still laggard in making good our Protestant belief in the priesthood of all believers, but we have not been laggard in developing the order of the prophets. Again, we are happy that the cause of religion is thus served by the prophets who have not received ecclesiastical ordination, but who nevertheless speak with clear authority. The sermon is not the differentia of the church, no matter how large and

effective a part preaching may play in the work of the ordained minister.

There remains to the church, then, the conduct of public worship as an office which no other institution has claimed as its prerogative and peculiar mission. Everywhere else the work of the church is real and intelligible only when it is redefined as the leavening bread labor of Christians who bring to their part in the world's toil a Christian spirit and a Christian hope that this earth may be a "vale of soul making."

But wherever and whenever men meet together avowedly to address themselves to the act of worship there is a church, clearly and distinctly defined. Even though services of worship are not unknown outside existing churches, whenever any institution or society orders and conducts public worship it acts for the time being as a church. There is no blurring of the lines here, only a clear perception that the conduct of public worship is the original office of a church and remains, always, its distinctive office. Everything else may be conceded, compromised, shared, or even relinquished. This office never has been conceded to any other institution, cannot be compromised, and will not be relinquished, since the institution which assumes this office becomes a church by that very act. In the total cultural division of the vast and varied ministries of religion to society, the maintenance of public worship is still as it always has been the one plain task of the church.

A service of worship may include—in the case of most Protestant churches it habitually does include—a sermon. It may contemplate the dedication of the

self to the service of the neighbor as being the actual and concrete expression of devotion to God: it may define in detail the forms which that service should assume: and it may enlist its members for the prosecution of particular causes. But all these are corollaries of the act of worship and not its original interest and intention.

Worship is the adoration of God, the ascription of supreme worth to God, and the manifestation of reverence in the presence of God. In defense of the active life it will be said that every interest and concern of a truly Christian life is a form of worship. The arbitrary division between worship and work may be dismissed as an artificial distinction; useful, as all our categories are useful, to enable us to make our way through the world. These categories are little more than channel buoys anchored in the stream to guide our ways. They are not part of the tide of life itself. So, *Laborare est orare*, and he who declares between them a decree absolute of divorce divides the substance of reality, and "without doubt he shall perish everlastingly."

But since a law of alternation is graven into the very order of nature and into the whole physical stuff of us, our total affirmation of reality is reached by a process of contrast and comprehension rather than by measured compromise. The method of the golden mean is not nature's method, it is not the native way of human beings. That is the healthiest and fullest life, if not always the easiest and most comfortable life, in which this law of alternation makes room for the normal contrasts of experience.

The act of worship, then, while it may not be divorced from the life of work, is an act which may be distinguished from the manifold forms of human helpfulness. Christianity holds that the practice of the brotherhood of man is a necessary consequence of a profession of faith in the fatherhood of God, and that without that practice such a faith is vain and dead. But this does not mean that the initial ascription of divine fatherhood to God is a gratuitous and unreal act, with which we may safely dispense. On the contrary Christianity holds that the inclination and the will to practise the brotherhood of man depend upon the constant adoration of God as father. If men were to cease the worship of God the greatest single incentive to fraternal ways among men would be withdrawn, since no social compacts entered into for mutual advantage, or for the greatest good of the greatest number, have the moving power which inheres in the thought and love of God as the father of all men.

If the church does nothing else for the world other than to keep open a house, symbolic of the homeland of the human soul, where in season and out of season men reaffirm their faith in this universal fatherhood of God, it is doing the social order the greatest possible service, and no other service which it renders society can compare in importance with this. Sincere and true thoughts of God are the strongest known nexus between man and man. The social gospel receives its final statement in Augustine's memorable words, "Blessed is he who loves Thee, and his friend in Thee, and his enemy for Thee. For he alone loses no one

dear to him, to whom all are dear in Him who never can be lost." The offices of public worship, which so often seem to have nothing to say to the ordering of the brotherhood of man, say everything to it. They say the one thing which redeems all Utopian thinking from the charge of idle fancy, that God is the real bond between man and man.

In intercessory prayer the social implications of the act of worship are candidly admitted. We do not know how far intercessory prayer carries or what changes it effects in the lives and fortunes of others. To many persons prayer for others seems an irrational exercise. They find it inconceivable that in response to the prayer of one man God shall do for another man something which otherwise would be left undone. Such a conception of prayer does not accord with a world of law or with belief in a good God. The efforts to account for intercessory prayer in the terms of thought transference and the energy of one personality acting subtly but directly upon another personality are not convincing, unless the truth of God is exhausted in the doctrine of immanence. Nevertheless we go on praying for one another, simply because in prayer we are concerned with all that is most real to us, and if other persons, their circumstances and needs are real to us, they will find inevitably a place in our prayers.

Prayer, more than any other single exercise, is a man's pronouncement upon his world of reality and value. So long, therefore, as men really care for one another and carry one another's burdens, they will go on praying for one another, no matter what theoretical

difficulties inhere in the practice. We are here beyond the help of logic and can only trust the native instinct which moves us to commend other men, together with ourselves, to God.

Our account of applied Christianity will always be imperfect, therefore, unless it reckons with such counsel as that of *The Ancren Riwle,* prepared for English nuns of the thirteenth century:

> At some time in the day or night think upon and call to mind all who are sick and sorrowful, who suffer affliction and poverty, the pain which prisoners endure who lie heavily fettered with iron; think especially of the Christians who are among the heathen, some in prison, some in as great thraldom as is an ox or an ass; compassionate those who are under strong temptation; take thought of all men's sorrows, and sigh to our Lord that he may take care of them, and have compassion, and look upon them with a gracious eye; and if you have leisure, repeat this Psalm, "I have lifted up mine eyes," etc. Paternoster. "Return, O Lord, how long, and be entreated in favour of Thy servants."

There is little specific intercession here, but apart from considerations and practices such as these the social gospel must always degenerate into the social compact. All that Christianity has to say to the order of the present world finds its origin in acts of worship. In such offices, addressed to God, the imagination is kindled, the heart is made catholic in sympathy, and the goodwill is fortified. In the observance of such

counsel as this given to those nuns of long ago, the difference between the contemplative and the active life almost disappears. They become two aspects or attitudes of a single life. The injunction to give the cup of cold water is never a self-evident command, however native it may be to the unspoiled human heart to obey that command. The cup of cold water is the seal of actuality put upon the act of worship, giving it the confirmation which otherwise it lacks.

In the large sense of the word, therefore, the ordering and conduct of public worship is the distinctive task of the church, and so long as this office is by common consent delegated to the church, the church need not complain that it is an outworn and superfluous institution. In seeming to do nothing for the world it does all for the world, or at least does that without which no human effort can ever be made perfect. The other ministries of the church are all peripheral, incidental, derivative, and with perfect propriety may be shared with other institutions or relinquished to them. This is central and inalienable.

So long as the church bids men to the worship of God and provides a simple and credible vehicle for worship it need not question its place, mission, and influence in the world. If it loses faith in the act of worship, is thoughtless in the ordering of worship, and careless in the conduct of worship, it need not look to its avocations to save it. It is dead at its heart, and no chafing of the extremities, producing what Carlyle called "quaint galvanic sprawlings," will bring back the life that has left it.

We come, now, in good faith, to the threshold of the

church and prepare to enter it. Whatever else we find to be true of it as we pass in, we realize that artists have fashioned it for us, and that it is into the labors of artists we enter. In the large sense of the word the church is the work of men who in many places and in many ways were artists at life. The *communis sensus fidelium* is not so much a scientific account of experience as an artistic delineation of experience. It is creative rather than analytical. More specifically everything that meets us in church betrays the effort of particular artists to state religious truth. The building itself, at its best, is plainly a work of art, and at its worst, still recalls classical Christian forms. Its scriptures and its liturgies were written by artists. Its non-liturgical clergy struggle with more or less imperfect success to be original artists in the discharge of their offices in church. The minister's free prayer and his sermon are the best he can do by way of the art of speech. The musician and the painter have lent their aid, sometimes with supreme skill and power. There are few places in the modern world where so many arts have deliberately leagued themselves together to interpret the supreme art of living, as in a great historic church. That particular artists are often crude and ineffectual only emphasizes more vividly the truth of the noblest churches, that they are meeting places of all the arts in the service of the spirit of man as it addresses itself to God.

There is one modern account of the church, very much the present fashion, which has little to do with the truth of public worship. It is the account which is given by "crowd-psychology." We have said that

the individual man seeks social confirmation of his private religious experience, and that churches spring out of this native need of the solitary man. According to those who are preoccupied with group psychology, the personal experience is "stepped-up" or "amplified" by a church service. Worshiping together with others is supposed to raise the spiritual voltage of private conviction.

Current manuals on church method are apt to contain interesting and suggestive advice as to the judicious application of the laws of crowd psychology to the salvation of souls. The great preachers and revivalists of the past undoubtedly availed themselves of these laws, which operated reliably even though they had not been suspected or formulated. Perhaps we may wink at the times of that ignorance. But the case is otherwise to-day. Frank resort to devices suggested by modern psychology, whether of the unconscious or of the herd, does not make for moral confidence in a service of worship which is supposedly addressed to God. They suggest a back-stage apparatus for the manipulation of souls which is too mechanical. Real religion is always reluctant to manipulate souls precisely because it cares so much for souls. Once let a man suspect that his soul has been man-handled for his own good under the guise of the worship of God, he being unconscious at the time of what is being done to him, and he reacts against the whole transaction. The elder theology was on morally safer ground when it held that grace is the gift and work of God.

The spread of popular knowledge of the psycho-

logical sciences will not render the laws of crowd behavior more serviceable in the conduct of worship. A man is undoubtedly stimulated by sharing with a solidly packed congregation in singing a familiar lilting hymn. But once let him suspect that that crowded condition has been engineered and the hymn chosen to induce "the melting mood" and he freezes up.

The facts with which the social psychologist deals will always be present in the great congregation. The psychologist will find in a service of public worship much that interests him and confirms him in his conclusions. But a service of worship cannot be translated into the direct manipulation of men by men and keep its integrity. So conceived and conducted it ceases to be worship and becomes a clinic in morality. The secret of the power and efficacy of a service of worship lies in men's confidence in its absolute integrity. Its eye must be single for God. Modern psychology is in danger of developing a good deal of astigmatism in the chancel and pulpit of the church.

A sharp distinction must be made between two tendencies in the social conduct of our contemporary church life. The first tendency inclines hopefully in the direction of psychological knowledge and seeks its aid. A second tendency leans towards the experience of fellowship. The psychological manipulation of the crowd is not to be confused with adventures in fellowship. The distinction is both quantitative and qualitative. Everywhere in modern churches we come across small groups of persons meeting unconventionally, following mainly the Quaker principle of sponta-

neity, in the effort to make good the evangelical confidence that where two or three are gathered together there the Spirit of Christ is. The groups are never large. Ten or twenty members suffice. Beyond that the group becomes unmanageable, self-conscious, and inhibited. There is little occasion to infer and less inclination to invoke in the conduct of such group meetings for prayer, meditation, and testimony the emotions which are associated with the mass movements of the herd. The plain fact is that in such gatherings the numbers are not large enough to give rise to these phenomena.

The qualitative difference is even more important than the quantitative difference. In these intimate meetings for fellowship the friendship of persons religiously like-minded becomes one of the valid ends of experience, containing in itself an intimation of the true nature of the spiritual life. There is no suggestion that the group is to be manipulated in the interest of any end other than Christian fellowship. In so far as such a gathering points beyond itself it points in the direction of the idea of God.

The number and nature of these groups suggests that Christians are interested in trying to recover experimentally the social principle of religion, even though they may not pass on to its formal re-statement. Finely disciplined characters may maintain, as the Society of Friends has maintained, the principle of spontaneity in its integrity. But the tendency of every great art is in the direction of pattern-making. To this rule the art of the religious life is no exception. "Man," says Edward Caird, "is from the first self-

conscious, and he is continually on the way to become more clearly conscious of himself and of all the elements and phases of his being. Slow as may be the movement of his advance, the time must at last come when he turns back in thought upon himself, to measure and criticise, to select and to reject, to consider and remould by reflexion, the immediate products of his own religious life." It is then that he invokes art to restate his experience for him. What is true of the individual is true of the fellowship group. The adventures of simple and spontaneous friendship in the Christian church tend to take on pattern. This does not imply that meaning and worth have fled, but rather that by a process of trial and error the group has fastened upon certain tested and proved forms to express its deepest and its constant concerns. The advent of art, consciously employed to serve the church, is not necessarily the passing bell of real religion. To say that art impairs the free spirit of religion is tantamount to saying that a Bach fugue does violence to the soul of music, or that a sonnet of Wordsworth's destroys our love of nature. The intimate indubitable experience of Christian comradeship is, in one form or another, a valid and necessary part of the Christian life. In the contemporary Fellowship groups it is a significant sign of our times. But such a "meeting" is not the whole truth of a service of public worship, since art there adds to both solitude and society its expressive aid.

The truth of public worship, then, is not exhausted either by the phenomena which group psychology studies, nor by free adventures in Christian friendship.

In so far as the act of worship is one in which the worshiper affirms and experiences his inalienable place in the true society of souls its vehicle intimates the total communion of saints. Our most profoundly social experiences are strangely independent of the crowd. A genuinely social experience of Christianity is a vision of the church triumphant in heaven far more than the sum of the sensations stirred by the church militant on earth. You do not have to sit in a crowded pew, or in a group circle to have a deeply social experience of religion. You may sit all alone in a cathedral, thinking and praying in solitude, and that solitude may finally be peopled by the multitude which no man can number. The social confirmation which a church adds to private experience seems to be a matter standing quite free of the actuality of other fellow worshipers at any given time. This social confirmation is that which is implied in all classics, a community of experience given perfect expression. The art of worship developed by a church implies the Christian society, and at every turn should make the Christian society more real to the individual worshiper. But it does not require the actual crowd. In so far as the church adds to personal religion the fortification given by the experience of other lives, that fortification inheres primarily in the whole body of associational idea which a church suggests. If it be said that these implications of the Beloved Community found in the act of worship can be understood only by highly developed persons, and will be unintelligible to the average man, our answer is that the truth of the church is not exhausted when average men rub

elbows in the same pew, but that average men must be better helped to understand what they mean when they profess their faith in the holy catholic church and in the communion of saints. These are great ideas, among the most moving ideas which religion has achieved, and they may never be reduced to the dimensions of any particular incarnations.

We return, then, to the initial proposition of the chapter, and to the central proposition of the volume. A service of public worship is an artistic recapitulation of Christian experience. This experience has a double aspect. It is, in the first place, the experience of the single individual coming from the solitude of his own disciplines and struggles to a place where he may find perfect self-expression. It is, in the second place, the experience of two thousand Christian years and many Christian generations as that experience is reconsidered, revised, and restated. The service of public worship is an affirmation of that which the church holds to be permanently valid and true in Christian history as a whole.

In the ideal service of worship the experience of the church as a whole would match and confirm the experience of the individual. The religious initiative of the single believer and the sober-second thought of the church would issue in a common form of worship. No single order of worship in present usage fulfills this ideal. Probably no single form of worship ever will fulfill it. But it remains for the church the ideal never to be renounced. In saying out adequately and beautifully what is true of all sorts and conditions of Christians, the ideal service would perfectly express

the individual Christian. In this faithful recapitulation of Christian experience both universal and particular, the act of worship gives to personal religion the social confirmation which classic art always gives to real life. What Evelyn Underhill says of the Mass will be equally true of every adequate service of worship, it is "the drama of the adventure of the soul."

CHAPTER X

WHO GOES TO CHURCH, AND WHY?

A service of public worship presupposes a constituency which materializes from time to time as a congregation. A service may be deliberately planned to attract and to secure a definite type of worshiper. Nothing in the ecclesiastical scene is clearer than this process of natural selection going on as between different types of churches and the world of men. A church does much to determine its constituency by its type of public worship and its general ways of conducting its affairs.

Or a church may hold its ordering of worship in abeyance until a congregation has assembled and a parish has materialized and may then accommodate its type of service to the needs and capacities of the persons who have appeared. Probably both of these processes are at work. The several denominations do much to select their particular congregations and their usage is in turn influenced by those congregations. In Protestantism such persons usually confirm the single church in its original definition and conduct of public worship, with the result that the theoretically "free" service of worship assumes a rigidity which was no part of its first intention. Much may be learned as to actual and possible orders of worship by

the attempt to identify the persons who make up a congregation.

The field of the gospel is the world. Ideally the public of the church is the whole community. Practically no congregation nor the sum of all congregations ever assumes these dimensions. When the church bell rings on Sunday morning one is taken and another is left. For the church as a whole the most important distinction between men is that which divides them into those of whom it may be said that they have "got religion" and those of whom it must be said that they have not "got religion." A less pious phraseology might describe the one class as those to whom religion is a live hypothesis and the other class as those to whom it is a dead hypothesis. Our thanks are due to William James for these serviceable terms.

Is a service of public worship conducted for those who have got religion or is it addressed to those who have not got religion? This is a basic question and upon the answer to it the whole conception of worship depends.

This is not a new problem. It has existed from the first and more than one answer may be found in history. In so far as the New Testament has anything to say about the first Christian assemblies it is quite clear that those who participated were professed Christians. The *Agape* was celebrated by and for Christians. But so soon as the church began its missionary career its fringes were peopled by persons who were interested in Christianity, who were "on the way" to Christianity, but who were not avowed and acknowl-

edged Christians. Should these persons be included in or excluded from the Christian assembly?

A happy accident provided a working solution of this difficult and delicate question. The early church had carried over from Judaism the tradition of the synagogue. The synagogue service consisted of readings from the Law and the Prophets with exegetical comment, of Psalms, chants, and brief prayers. This heritage from Judaism the church preserved, and then supplemented it by adding the new Christian writings, primarily the Gospels and Epistles. The synagogue service thus reinforced by Christian scriptures and reinterpreted in the light of the gospel was soon combined with the celebration of the Eucharist to form the rudimentary Catholic Mass. The Mass as it is now celebrated took its final form about the ninth century. Since then no substantial change has been made in its content or order. The seven or eight preceding centuries mark a general process of trial and error in liturgical usage, with much room for extemporization, the liturgy becoming, however, century after century more rigid until the canon of the Mass was closed.

The Mass remains to-day what it was from the first a double service. No Catholic liturgiologist of the first rank claims that the Mass as now celebrated is a unity. Its dual origin is perfectly apparent and it still may be clearly divided into two parts, the Mass of the Catechumens which occupies the first half of the order and is the modified synagogue service, and the Mass of the Faithful which is the mature form of the primitive Eucharistic service. The two halves of the Mass

have different directions. The synagogue service was not the sacrificial temple ritual conducted by members of the dispersion in absence from the central shrine. It was wanting in priestly guidance and in priestly offices. It was primarily a service of edification, if not of instruction, standing in the prophetic and scribal tradition rather than in the priestly tradition. We should go too far to say that it was addressed to the people rather than to God, but the element of instruction bulked large in it, and it must have served to some degree the offices of propaganda. The primitive Eucharist, on the other hand, was a sacrificial act addressed solely to God by the Christian community, and was entirely wanting in didactic intention. It presupposed the religiousness of those who participated in it and was their consummate expression of all that Christianity meant to them.

The Catholic apologists are accustomed to say that this double stuff of the Mass proves that the church was wise enough to preserve what was best in Judaism and was original enough to add what was distinctive of Christianity. That the church did this is clear. That there was any conscious exercise of wisdom is less clear. The fact remains, however, that this oldest Christian service, which still compasses more Christians than any other one form of worship, is half didactic in its intention and half mystical.

The early church made use of this happy accident to solve the knotty problem of the mixed congregations composed partly of those who had Christianity and partly of those who were in the process of getting it. The Mass of the Catechumens was addressed by the

church to the latter class and at its conclusion they were formally dismissed from the church. The break comes just before the Offertory. The beginning of the Offertory prayer found only the Faithful left in the Church, addressing themselves through the Christian sacrifice to God. Ultimately the Roman church remitted the dismissal of catechumens half way through the service, suffering them to remain at will. But the distinction is still nominally observed by the Orthodox Eastern church, and catechumens are dismissed when the traditional synagogue half of the service is concluded.

This usage enabled the early church to compass in a single service both those who professed religion and those who had not made their profession. At its best the Mass, so interpreted, is a comprehension of both classes of persons in a congregation. At its worst it is a compromise, leaving unanswered the question whether a service of worship presupposes religion on the part of the attendant and participant.

The witness of Protestantism is not much clearer. The account of worship given by any particular Protestant denomination depends primarily upon the importance which it assigns to the celebration of the Communion. In churches where the celebration is a weekly or daily practice the Eucharist is still the one distinctive service of Christian worship. In churches where the Communion service has been entirely remitted the weekly "meeting" becomes the heir of the offices of worship. In churches where the Communion is celebrated only occasionally, once in a month, or once in two or three months, we are left in

doubt as to the interpretation which is to be placed upon the regular Sunday services. Are they intended for those who "have religion" or for those who have not, or are they intended for both?

The development of a whole body of peripheral activities in such churches seems to indicate that the regular "Sunday morning service" is primarily intended for persons who have religion, or in whom religion may be presupposed. Sunday Schools, Bible classes, catechetical classes, mid-week meetings, discussion groups—all these belong to the synagogue half of the tradition and not to the Eucharistic half. They are mainly educational in practice as well as theory, and bear the burden of the task of religious instruction. Occasional supplemental series of evangelistic meetings, special services and the like are clearly addressed to those who have not professed Christianity, but professional evangelists are always hard put to it to prevent avowed Christians from filling the space intended for the unregenerate.

We shall not be far from the truth if we say that the typical American church is one in which the Communion is celebrated only occasionally, and in which the Sunday morning and evening services of worship are supplemented both on Sunday and throughout the week by educational and institutional activities which are frankly conducted as training schools and recruiting grounds for church membership. At the present time religious education is becoming a highly specialized form of church work, is calling into existence a group of professionally trained leaders, and is rather sharply differentiated from the public worship of the

church. Protestantism seems to be divorcing the two halves of the Catholic Mass and to be tacitly admitting that the same church transaction cannot compass the person who has already professed religion, and the person who has made no profession because of immaturity, inexperience, or indifference. If the synagogue half of the traditional service now falls to the church school from which "catechumens" are graduated into church membership, or to the revival by which they are saved to church membership, it would appear that the normal services of worship fall heir to the general tradition of the Eucharistic service, and are intended primarily to serve those who have professed religion. Otherwise the church service becomes simply a kind of glorified Sunday School class, having no distinctive moods and concerns of its own.

In churches of this type there is still great need of further clarification of the whole situation. The Communion service does not retain the position of central importance which it occupies in Catholicism and in the high church sacramentarian Protestant sects. On the other hand, this type of church is very reluctant to follow the lead of the Society of Friends in the abolition of all outward and visible symbols of inward and spiritual grace. In general, participation in the Communion as celebrated in this "typical" church is not restricted to members of the particular denomination, but such participation is interpreted as a personal profession of Christianity and in most instances as a sign of membership in some church. What precisely the sacrament under such circumstances intends or implies is more difficult to say. Plainly, taking frequent Com-

munion is not regarded as necessary to the Christian life, although it is a peculiar privilege of Christians.

Protestantism is unwilling to remit the sacrament altogether, probably because it has no mind to sacrifice the clear suggestion of the continuity of Christian tradition which this office more than any other in the life of the church affirms. The historical argument is probably more weighty than the argument which appeals to symbolism. Other symbols might conceivably be devised which would serve the religious idea as effectively. The value and strength of the Communion lies in its memories of the Upper Room in Jerusalem and in the unbroken custom of nearly nineteen hundred Christian years. It remains a sacred memorial of the most solemn hours in the life of Jesus and of the devotion of many generations, at the same time that it suggests certain realities which are beyond all formal definition. But plainly Protestantism professes to have offices of worship apart from the Communion which are not dependent upon the Communion for their worth and reality. That worship is most characteristically expressed in the regular Sunday morning and evening services.

These services have, liturgically, no historical dependence upon the Eucharist. In so far as they have any origin in the usage of the early church they reflect the Mass of the Catechumens and the Christianized synagogue service. In some instances they have appropriated liturgical matter taken from the Catholic missal, but appearing there in services other than the Mass. Morning Prayer in the Anglican order is a modified form of the Catholic service of Matins. Prot-

estantism is unquestionably tending more and more to develop the theory and practice of worship apart from the sacrament, but much of the traditional material in the older liturgies which stands apart from the sacrament, contemplated persons who were not professed Christians and therefore falls short of the forms through which Christians themselves worshiped. Much of the balance of this material was intended for private devotions through the hours of the day and was a preparation for the distinctive act of worship or a reflection upon that act. There is a real problem here. To say that Protestantism is trying to make liturgical material which was originally didactic in its intention serve the purposes of prayer and praise is probably an overstatement of the case. But the uncertainty and indecision which characterize so many Protestant services have their historical source in the double nature of the Catholic Mass, in the hesitating Protestant definition of the Communion, and the consequent perplexity as to the regular orders of Sunday worship. Are those orders in process of inheriting and of assuming the office of worship which was once the peculiar prerogative of the Eucharist? If so, what is the fate of the Protestant Communion to be? Is it becoming merely a supplementary service of added solemnity? And more especially, does the general didactic tradition inherited from the synagogue and freely followed in the simpler Protestant services, call for any modification if it is to become the service through which professed Christians address themselves to God?

It may be said that no Christian is beyond the need

of instruction in religion and that the occasion for instruction never ceases. It may be said further that this division of men into Christians and non-Christians is an arbitrary ecclesiastical affair with no reliable foundation in fact. We are all Christians in the making, some more Christian, some less Christian, none of us perfect Christians. A service which presupposes completed Christianity in us makes an assumption in advance of our characters. All these considerations may be conceded. But the question still remains, when you go to church to worship do you go to express such religion as you have or to get a religion which you have not? You may not have much religion and going to church may help you to more religion. But we swing this circle only to return to the initial problem of the direction and intention of the act of worship. Is it an active state in which we address ourselves to God, or is it a passive state in which we wait for the word of the Lord?

There is no occasion to deny the implication and intention of the office of worship. Worship implies a consciousness of God, admits the relation of the worshiper to God, and is an active ascription of honor and glory to God. The clarification and reinforcement of this consciousness which attends the act of worship is a corollary of worship, but not its first term.

As matters now shape themselves in this typical American church the educational preparation of "catechumens" for church membership is being more and more delegated to hours outside the regular services of public worship, and these services tend to become the occasions when Christian people address them-

selves to God. All our familiar efforts to "beautify and enrich" the service, however ineffectual, are a recognition of the fact that the didactic element in the Protestant service is no longer in the ascendancy, because the tasks of specific instruction are provided for in other ways, while the artistic element is becoming more and more important.

I am personally inclined to think that Protestantism would do well to face and accept the consequences of the diversification of modern church work as it helps to define the place and part of the service of worship in the total life of the church. One shrinks from the bald statement that a service of worship is primarily intended for persons who have some personal experience or have made some profession of religion. This seems a self-centered account of worship, wanting in the generous missionary and evangelistic zeal of Christianity. But unless the tradition of worship is to die out of Protestantism altogether, being replaced by lectures, forums, and the like, the Sunday morning and evening services of the Protestant churches must be prepared to meet the need and to discharge the offices of the "Mass of the Faithful."

So far as the spread of Christianity in the world is concerned we may accept this account of the service of worship with good conscience. Those of us who have to conduct public worship are inclined to overestimate our direct influence upon men and women who have no interest in religion. In so far as we have personal influence on that world it is probably an unconscious rather than a conscious influence. But our real influence is the indirect influence communicated

through the Christians to whom we minister. Occasional evangelists and preachers do touch the world of men as a whole directly. They are the geniuses who fall outside all rules. But even their work is negligible beside the slow total leaven of the whole body of Christians in the world. Christianity is spread mainly by the contagion of spirit communicating itself from countless, nameless Christians in the daily relationships of human life.

> The dear Lord's best interpreters
> Are humble human souls;
> The Gospel of a life like hers
> Is more than books or scrolls.

If a minister and a church can do anything to help professed Christians to give further and better expression to that side of their nature which turns to God they will be doing the best they can to save the world. Such persons may be trusted to do the rest. The real trouble with the church is not that it is slack in its efforts to reach the unchurched. The difficulty is deeper than that. The church in the person of its ministers shirks the spiritual discipline and travail of spirit by which a way is found for men to reach God. I would say quite bluntly that I think it is far easier to conduct a well organized church school for religious instruction or to hold a series of mission services for the unchurched than it is to lead effectively the normal Sunday morning congregation in the act of public worship. This is another way of saying what every minister knows only too well, that the free pastoral prayer is a far more exacting office than the sermon,

and is usually a far less successful office. The main task of the Sunday service of worship is "to find a way for the imprisoned splendor to escape."

A service of public worship contemplates three groups of persons. They may be described in turn.

There is, first of all, the relatively small group of persons who come to church knowing and feeling deeply at the time the reality of God and of the religious life. They do not come to be told anything whatsoever, they come saying, "Assurance is mine." But unless they are artists at life they are under the necessity of finding some way of saying out what they know and feel.

Such persons are not drawn to the church which is concentrating upon the task of religious instruction. They are seeking some church which shall express them. They want to pray, but they do not know how to pray. They must pray through the prayer which orders and expresses their intention. They want to sing but they need a new song put on their lips. As William James says, the hall mark of the pure metal of their experience is precisely this ineffability. They cannot tell what they know and feel to be true. They look to a church to speak out for them, or to provide them with the vehicle for speaking out.

The number of these persons is never large in any single service. But they are always there with their inner certainties. They are the first and the final touchstone of the reality and worth of all services of worship. Any insincerity, any empty formality, and above all any triviality or lack of high seriousness stands condemned in their presence. No service can

strain self-consciously to accommodate itself week after week to their moods and needs. But it can habituate itself to sincerity and seriousness. And it can bring to their help the disciplined and mature expressions of the Christian consciousness.

For one who is charged with the conduct of public worship no reflection can be so humiliating as this, that he has failed such a worshiper. That is the giving of a stone when bread was asked, for which the minister of religion will find it hard to forgive himself or to get forgiveness from the moral order. To fail such worshipers is to fail the whole conception and conduct of worship at its highest and best. We had best aim, first of all, to express such persons adequately, rather than to instruct and entertain the crowd.

There is in the second place, a large group of persons who have known these times of religious certainty, but who are at the moment without that certainty and would have it back again. Few passages in English letters come home so immediately and so poignantly to mature men and women as the opening stanzas of the *Ode on Immortality*,

> There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
> The earth and every common sight,
> To me did seem
> Apparelled in celestial light,
> The glory and the freshness of a dream.
> It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
> Turn whereso'er I may,
> By night or day,
> The things that I have seen I now can see no more.

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, wher'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.
. . . . . .
The Youth who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

It is beside the mark to inquire into the expediency of this principle of alternation in life. We may have here a certain arrangement of fuses in human nature to prevent our burning out our whole capacity for emotion. Or we may have here the sober occasion and opportunity for consolidating and utilizing reality felt deeply. The ultimate economy of this order of experience is still mysterious. But the fact is plain. And whoever shirks this sequence, seeking to build tabernacles and to live on the mountains of his own transfiguration permanently, becomes a sentimentalist pure and simple.

On the other hand the operation of the principle of alternation in experience—in this particular case, the fact that religion is sometimes less real than at other times—does create certain practical problems for living. How are we to conduct ourselves at such times? The periods of "dryness, bitterness, *accidie*" figure

very largely in the autobiographies of the mystic and in the literature of the devotional life. Suso's record of his own experience is mainly concerned with the conduct of the religious life during these periods when certitude was withheld. The *Imitation* constantly returns to these problematical hours of spiritual leanness. In more modern and perhaps simpler and more intelligible form, Martineau touches upon this dilemma in his matchless sermon on *The Tides of the Spirit,* and Henry Churchill King faces it in *The Seeming Unreality of the Spiritual Life.*

All this is by way of saying that even the best Christians do not always "feel religious." Indeed, if the biographies of the saints are to be trusted, the hours of religious certitude are normally in the minority, and one of the major problems of spiritual living is that of the conduct of life when reality is denied or once removed. What is true of the saint is certainly true of the plain man who tries to be a Christian and yet is not always sure of himself, his faith, and his God.

The golden rule of conduct in all such cases is a very simple one; Go ahead, do your work, live your life, fulfill your half of the spiritual compact. Your feelings are not the measure of your character. The wind bloweth where it listeth. You cannot control its comings and goings. So with the "eternal moment," it is not at your command. Play the man and leave the times and seasons of fulfilled experience to God. As an old minister, maturely disciplined in these things, used to say, growling out his contempt for weak and inert sentimentalism, "My dear fellow, of course

I don't always *feel* like praying and preaching when Sunday morning comes round, but that has nothing to do with the case. I have my work to do, and I do it as honestly and straightforwardly as I can, saying to God and to man what ought to be said at the time." That is the practical method of carrying on through the empty hours.

In George Eliot's *Scenes of Clerical Life* there is a matchless apologia for this wisdom in the person of Janet Dempster caring for her brutal husband in his extremity:

> No wonder that the sick room and the lazaretto have so often been a refuge from the tossings of intellectual doubt—a place of repose for the wounded spirit. Here is a duty about which all creeds and philosophies are at one; here at least conscience will not be dogged by doubt; the benign impulse will not be checked by adverse theory, here you may begin to act without settling one preliminary question. To moisten the sufferer's parched lips through the long night watches, to bear up the drooping head, to lift the helpless limbs, to divine the want that can find no utterance beyond the feeble motion of the hand or the beseeching glance of the eye—these are offices that demand no self-questionings, no casuistry, no assent to propositions, or weighing of consequences. Within the four walls where the stir and glare of the world are shut out and every voice subdued—where a human being lies prostrate, thrown on the tender mercies of his fellow, the moral relation of man to man is re-

duced to its utmost clearness and simplicity; bigotry cannot confuse it, theory cannot pervert it; passion, awed into quiescence, can neither pollute nor perturb it.

Happy is the man who, when "the tired waves, vainly breaking, seem here no painful inch to gain," accepts this homely moral counsel of religion in action. It is an ultimate wisdom.

But lest this turning to the world of action seem an evasion of the issue and an admission of spiritual defeat there is also a recognized inner way of grappling with this hard problem of certainty withdrawn or withheld. Perhaps Wordsworth's theory of poetry comes as near the point as any familiar and available material. Wordsworth, wandering lonely as a cloud, saw the daffodils beside the lake. It might be said, perhaps at the time he would have said, that this experience was its own end, self-explanatory and self-sufficient. He says, at least, that he gazed and gazed and little thought what wealth the show to him had brought. He was here perfectly faithful to the temper of an initial realism.

But Wordsworth held that remembered emotion is more significant than emotion first felt. The daffodils demanded something more than perception, they demanded comprehension, and comprehension means leisure for reflection. George Tyrrell complains on the first page of his *Autobiography* that, "Our experience is given to us to be the food of our character and spiritual life; but, in point of fact, we spend our whole life in storing up food, and never have leisure to lie down quietly, with the cows in the field, and ruminate

bit by bit, what we have swallowed so hastily." The Old Testament Wisdom pictorially describes such a life as the failure to roast what is taken in hunting. Poetry, as Wordsworth conceives it, is the reflective effort to assimilate experience so that we may be said to possess it.

Wordsworth held that in the case of the daffodils he had done just that.

> For oft, when on my couch I lie
> In vacant or in pensive mood,
> They flash upon that inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude.

His account of the poet's experience is classical, "Poetry takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity; the emotion is contemplated till, by a series of reaction, the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the soul." This renewed emotion is a deeper and truer experience of reality than the more primitive emotion.

Sceptics will dismiss this poetic adventure as a matter of reverie and auto-suggestion. But the poet would answer that he was not creating the daffodils out of the whole cloth of fancy. They had had actuality, and in his tranquillity he was giving them a permanent form in consciousness. He was translating them from the outer world to the inner world.

This method of handling the interior problem of life's times when certainty is in ebb or absence is capable of indefinite restatement, and is a perfectly

familiar usage with the poet as lover. Browning's *Mesmerism* is, perhaps, the most extreme statement of this attempt available in modern letters. The war brought a flood of such verse in its wake, calling upon art to aid in the reassertion of the eternity of love. *In Memoriam* contains a full account of this poetic revaluation of the first immediate certainty of friendship and affection. It is the resolution of the riddle of presence and absence.

> Strange friend, past, present, and to be;
> Loved deeper, darklier understood;
> Behold, I dream a dream of good,
> And mingle all the world with thee.
>
> My love involves the love before;
> My love is vaster passion now;
> Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou,
> I seem to love thee more and more.
>
> Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
> I have thee still, and I rejoice;
> I prosper, circled with thy voice;
> I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

A service of worship stands the great majority of those who attend it in precisely this stead. It does not guarantee an immediate religious experience, perhaps if we were candid we should admit that it does not usually give that experience by the calendar and the clock. But it does furnish occasion for that recollection in tranquillity by which we possess ourselves permanently of the certitudes which have been ours. Worship is the poetic resolution of the riddle of the expedient absences of the divine. It furnishes both the occasion and the method for this reflective com-

prehension of life. It re-illumines the common day by its meditative recovery of the celestial light. The contribution of public worship to the religious life of the individual who is confronted by the necessity of making permanently good his spiritual certainties cannot be overestimated. It is, probably, the normal ministry of the service to most habitual church goers.

There is, finally, a third group present at church, children and persons immature or inexperienced in religion. To set ourselves as religiously superior persons above the children, or to lay claim to religious maturity as against the immaturity of others, is to take a morally dangerous position. Perhaps we mean in making this distinction that in the course of time and after some experience we do begin to see our way around in the vast concern of religion, whereas these others have not yet learned to recognize and read the signs. It is not that we are better than they are in Christian character, only that we have come to know certain experiences for what they are—religion.

On the basis of that distinction we are warranted in saying that at every church service there are some very young persons and some immature persons who have not "got religion." They create a recognized problem for public worship. They have no immediate experiences to be expressed or to be recollected in tranquillity. Can a service of public worship mean anything to them and has it any duty to them?

Many churches recognize their presence by a five minutes children's sermon. This is a generous concession to childhood and a useful test of the simplicity and sincerity of the minister's Christianity. I am not

at all clear, however, that this children's sermon belongs in the regular morning service. If the sermon proper is so erudite that children can get absolutely nothing from it, it is a bad sermon which may not be too easily atoned for by the preliminary children's sermon. A minister would do better to try to make his longer sermon simpler and more direct, in the assurance that children will pick up something from it.

The more problematical element in this children's sermon is the general shift in the mood of the service as a whole. The rest of the time the minister is preaching and praying "up." For these five minutes, let him do the best he can, the average parson is "talking down." The children know this best of all. This sermon fits in well with the familiar adulation of the child in the average American home. It probably will qualify with the specialist in religious education, since it addresses itself to the child just where he is and at his level of experience. It may even succeed in imparting some homely, moral wisdom as the tail of the kite which is flown.

Personally, I am inclined to think that if the sermon proper is to be over the heads of children or irrelevant to their needs, they had best be encouraged to sleep through it, or given sedative candies, or dismissed from the church building altogether when the sermon is reached, for some happier use of their time in the chapel or parish house. The "double standard" for the sermon seems inappropriate at the regular Sunday morning hour.

So far as the preceding order of worship is concerned, if it has been true and beautiful, children will

gather something from it. Modern pedagogy in religion may do the child a grave injustice in selecting only such truth as is immediately intelligible and serviceable. Many impressions of the world in its totality pass into the unconscious stuff of a child's mind, to be understood later. "On fine evenings," says Carlyle, describing his own childhood in *Sartor,* "I was wont to carry forth my supper (bread crumb boiled in milk), and eat it out of doors. On the coping of the Orchard-wall, which I could reach by climbing, my porringer was placed: there, many a sunset, have I, looking at the western Mountains, consumed, not without relish, my evening meal. Those hues of gold and azure, that hush of World's expectation, as Day died, were still a Hebrew speech for me; nevertheless I was looking at the fair illumined letters, and had an eye for their gilding." We may trust childhood to have an eye and an ear for the fair illumined letters of religion, as seen and heard in a beautiful church service, even though they are a Hebrew speech as yet to childhood.

We had best concede at once that the service does not give religion immediately to such members of the congregation and probably is not intended to. Tyrrell said all that can be said and all that needs to be said on this matter, when he said that no man can really lead another man to Christ, "Life is the one great schoolmaster that leads us to Christ."

But a service of worship can have for all such a prophetic meaning. It can at least provide in advance true and adequate expressions of the religious life, and familiarity with these classics is a great help in the subsequent presence of the reality. Contrary to the

counsels of modern pedagogy we go on teaching our children, by rote if need be, a good many transcripts of truth which they cannot fully understand and to which they often find no immediate parallel or response in their own lives. What child ever understood Grey's *Elegy* when he first learned it in school? And yet what man, who was taught it in childhood, is not glad in later life that he knows it? So it is with hymns and Bible passages. Familiarity with them, if it does not enable us to anticipate life in immediate experience, does provide us with certain clues as to life. We are better prepared to know religion when we meet it because of our immature part in the worship of the church.

In the case of this third group, we fulfil a kind of levitical task. We lay the altar in these lives with classical accounts of the Christian life which will light up when life itself kindles them with sudden insight or vision. I am inclined to think that that is all that we can do, and all that we ought to try to do. To attempt more is to attempt the control and direction of the winds of the spirit, a dubious prerogative for us. But we can see to it that the stuff and substance of the service of worship, offered to those who have not "got religion" is of such quality that when the lightning shines for them from east to west, it fires a credible and substantial body of truth which the church has stored in the mind. The magic moment of knowing is the moment when a fact previously external to us passes inward and becomes a form of self-consciousness, when what was formerly called "That, he, you, they" can only be expressed by saying "I." The abil-

ity to say "I" with many and full meanings depends upon a prior discipline in saying "That, they." You cannot come to yourself in any other way. We commonly and crudely say to a child or a youth, "Learn to take care of your own things and then you will be fitted to care for another's things as well." That maxim is absolutely false to the actual course of life. Jesus understood the sequence of experience when he reversed the maxim, saying, "If ye have not been faithful in that which is another man's, who shall give you that which is your own?"

The public service of worship, in so far as it is addressed to persons who have not yet said of themselves that they "have had religion," aims not so much to communicate religion on the spot, as to present ideas, truths, symbols, suggestions, which are received as being external to such a worshiper and yet will be capable of translation into the first person, when life calls for such translation.

The service of public worship, then, is conceived and conducted with three groups of persons in mind, those who come to church in the time of religious certitude seeking self-expression, those who have had such certitude and are seeking reassurance of its validity by a recreation of that certitude through "emotion recollected in tranquillity," those who have not yet known religion in any such way, but who will know the need of religion, and will come in due time to their own religious certainty.

It is not impossible to fashion a formal service of worship which shall serve these three types of need. What helps one person to say out the religion that is

in him, will help another person to recover and retain his certitude and still a third person to anticipate his own spiritual history. We do not really need many different types of service. The service which is best for the first type will almost certainly be the best for the second and the third. If we put away from our public worship the chilly habit of talking about religion, and aspire to voice religion itself, we shall not fail any of the persons who habitually come to church.

CHAPTER XI

REALITY IN WORSHIP

Every man of scrupulous conscience shrinks from using forms of worship which he thinks do not correspond to truth, or which he is unable to make real to himself. There is something absolutely intolerable about the suggestion of dishonesty or insincerity in the presence of God. And yet no problem in connection with churches is more familiar than this. Every man who habitually goes to church finds himself again and again provided with vehicles for his worship which he has the greatest reluctance to use, either because he doubts their truth or because they have no correspondence with his own experience. The world has a single brutal word by which it defines and dismisses a man who tacitly consents to forms of worship which are thus problematical for him; he is a hypocrite.

There are not, however, many downright hypocrites in the world. Hypocrisy is the deliberate and persistent practice of insincerity. The cynic says that all of us are hypocrites, every day of our lives, and that society lives upon the lie. This may or may not be so. The cynical judgment rests upon a very simple and very ungenerous estimate of human nature. It presupposes a self that is primitive and a nature and character that belong to the jungle. Whereas the truth is that the self is a very complex and unstable some-

what, and that our nature and character are somewhere between the jungle and heaven with a stake in each. The ordinary amenities and courtesies, which the cynic dismisses as hypocritical, are the oil which lubricates the moving parts of society at the places where there is danger of emotional friction. The cynic will admit the immediate usefulness of such lubrication, but he challenges its ultimate worth, because he questions whether the whole process amounts to anything, and wonders whether we should not be truer to life if we let society burn out its bearings and "stall" permanently.

Meanwhile the kindlier critic of human affairs is not so clear about these things. He will admit that the formal courtesies often have rather little warrant in immediate idea or feeling, but he sees in them the settled intention of man to make the best of things by making the best of himself. The amenities of life are not so much the result of character as the cause of character. In the conflict of selves which we know within, we cast ourselves in the courtesies and pleasantries, with the kindlier, more patient and gracious self, as against the impatient and ungracious self that naturally inclines to the yelp of the beast. Until we are a good deal clearer than we are at present, that man is on the side of the sabre tooth tiger and not on the side of the angels, there is a sober moral justification for the "white lie." If that lie seems to misrepresent what we actually are, it may represent what we aspire to be. And what we aspire to be may turn out a more real self than what we now are.

There is, then, no more cruel judgment passed by

one man upon another, than this verdict of hypocrisy. It has been fairly used and can be so used. Jesus used it pitilessly. Apologists for the scribe and the Pharisee have accused him of using it unfairly. Christians, perhaps, have been over-careful in their imitation of this particular gospel precedent, when they could have been more profitably employed in seeing that they stood clear themselves of the imputation of hypocrisy. We know so little about one another. We understand so little the other man's struggle. We see so clearly the difference between what he is in immediate fact and what Christianity expects him to be, that it is easy to account for the contradictions in him on this facile ground of hypocrisy. We forget that sincerity implies in the first instance a self that has been integrated, and that such integration is very rare and comes only after long discipline. There are so many factors in the case that we should be very slow to pronounce the verdict of hypocrisy.

This remains, however, the world's most common judgment upon a congregation of people at worship. How little their lives conform to the words which they are saying and the attitudes which they are taking. This humility, this self-abasement, these protestations of piety, these reckless affirmations as to God and these revolutionary affirmations as to man, do they spring out of the daily life of these people? It is incredible. We know them too well.

The average church-goer will admit the grounds for the caricature. But he cannot admit its final truth because he is not wholly sure of himself yet. If he were sure he was the kind of man the cynic says every

human being is, he would have to admit the truth of the indictment. Because he suspects himself of something better, and because in church he gives that something better in him a fair chance, he cannot admit that he is a fraud pure and simple.

There are probably very few church-goers who are constantly conscious of insincerity in intention and hypocrisy in practice as they participate in the familiar forms of public worship. What perplexes them is the depressed vitality of these forms. They are supposed to mediate life more abundant and yet they seem strangely unreal, lacking in the salty tang of indubitable reality. Here and there the issues of sincerity and insincerity are plainly present. But a far more common and a far subtler problem is that raised by the suspicion that when we go into church we leave "the real world" behind, and enter some ghostly realm of auras, ectoplasms, disembodied spirits, and unattainable ideals.

It may be laid down as a sound canon for the ordering and conduct of public worship that the service should give to the worshiper a strong impression of truthfulness and sincerity in its total transaction. No ingenuity or factitious interest which may be aroused can do permanent and equivalent duty for this basic intimation of reality. To say that the natural man cannot discern spiritual things may be the ultimate wisdom. But it is the last resort, to be invoked only when we are sure that everything we do and say in church represents our devotion to truth and is the best we can do to open the way to reality.

The reality required in worship is double in its

nature. There will be first of all the objective truthfulness of the propositions and transactions of the act of worship. Then there will be our sincere subjective response to this truth. Every church is under bonds to be as real as it can in both these ways. Without claiming infallibility or finality for the objective account of truth a church must be sincere in its profession of the truth as it believes it. Plainly, religion has gone on and can go on, though at a cost to men, when their ideas as to the order of the universe, the nature of man, and the being of God are inadequate or in error. St. Francis' Christianity was not true in so far as he believed the Ptolemaic astronomy. Nevertheless he knew more, religiously, about the sun and the stars than many Copernicans. We should all agree that, despite the discrepancy between his ideas and the astronomical facts, he was a far more religious man than Galileo, who, knowing the truth about the starry world, recanted. Galileo sacrificed the initial sincerity of religion, the agreement of his ideas with one another and their correspondence to facts, to a quiet life. There were, as this world goes, many extenuating circumstances for his recantation of the Copernican astronomy. But he gave the case for his religion away when he said, "It moves for all that."

Religion may have to get along without the full measure of objective truth, because our knowledge of the universe is forever short of the total fact and often in error as to detail, but it cannot dispense with the other kind of truth, namely that agreement between our convictions as to reality and the words and deeds

used to express those convictions, which we call sincerity.

That is what we mean when we say that a church service must be real. Not that it is an exhaustive and accurate account of the universe, but that it has an interior truthfulness, its forms and practices faithfully expressing what the worshipers believe about God and man.

The most subtle and powerful enemy of such reality in public worship is tradition. The poignancy and tragedy of the struggle for reality in the life and offices of the church have their origin mainly in the power of tradition. That which the tradition celebrates, or at least the forms which the tradition uses, may no longer be real to us. But the tradition itself is real, usually one of the most real facts in the religious life. Those who find themselves relentlessly forced out of step and line with Christian history in the service of a fresh sincerity always make the parting reluctantly because the marching generations are true, even if the route of march no longer seems plain and possible. Changes in the usages and manners of the church are not so simple and easy as they appear. They are not the facile business, which superficially they may seem to be, of giving up a clear unreality for the sake of an equally clear reality. They involve the courageous and arduous task of estimating degrees of truthfulness and of renouncing the lesser for the sake of the greater. Parting with tradition is always a painful process because there is a drastic separation of the self from a fact which in itself has an initial religiousness, the fact of the tradition as a vital continuity. He is the wise man

who can estimate in any given change of church orders and offices the precise elements of gain and loss for religion as a whole.

Nevertheless the suggestion and impression of reality remain the final touchstone, and tradition must yield to truth, whatever the pain and cost. Better a real service, however poverty stricken and meagre its vehicles, than a traditional service which is felt to be untrue, whatever its magnificence and its sanctions in history. Every reformation within the church that has been warranted by its fruits, has begun with the struggle for a greater reality in the offices of the church, as they express personal religious conviction.

In the present divided condition of the church we cannot hope for a single service of worship conveying final truthfulness in any one order of public worship. But we have the right to expect of others, as we have the duty to require of ourselves, sincerity in the application of science and art to our own experience and to the body of our belief. One does not have to be a Romanist to get the suggestion of reality conveyed by the high altar. And one does not have to be a Quaker to get the suggestion of reality conveyed by silence. We know that for the good Catholic the Mass is real. And we know that for the good Quaker the silence is real. What would wreck the whole affair would be the suspicion that the Mass was merely a pageant to the Catholic, and that silence was simply inertia with the Quaker. In either case we require faith in "The Real Presence."

So long as a form of public worship is substantially real to those who worship through its help, it is for

them a valid form. The moment it raises questions that will not down, kindles suspicions that refuse to die out, and leaves the worshiper in doubt as to its objective truth or his sincerity in participating in it, it has become a defenceless form of worship, unprofitable to those in whom it wakens such reactions and even dangerous to the whole cause of religion. The other considerations that may be piled into the balance in its favor, long usage, hallowed association, expediency, æstheticism, do not outweigh the damning suspicion of unreality which has fastened upon it. Those who care for religion would rather go to church at the pagan Stonehenge of immemorial antiquity, than to the most æsthetic service in the most beautiful cathedral in Christendom, if they once suspected that the latter service was a dead form to those who were conducting it and to those who were participating in it. It is not so much deliberate insincerity that is in question here, for very few men will long persist in being religiously insincere. What is in question is rather the suggestion of something only half real, a playing at religion, the suspicion that here life has not come to terms with itself, let alone its universe.

The implications of this major premise are many and by no means always clear. The minor premise will be the actual order of worship to which a man finds himself committed. No single individual will find a service of worship equally real to him in all parts. But every individual has a right to require of his church that in a service of public worship it shall provide him with a vehicle for communion with God and man which imparts a strong suggestion of reality

from the transaction as a whole. If his church cannot provide such a service, because as artist or scientist he is at loggerheads with the science and art of his own communion, he is probably under the necessity of seeking another church, or of gathering persons like minded with himself and founding a new church. At least that is what such persons always have had to do and have done in the past.

Meanwhile very much can be done to improve existing orders of public worship, without the necessity for schism and without reckless inauguration of new movements and societies. The minister, or the committee, or the session, or the vestry responsible for the conduct of public worship in a particular church could do the worshipers of that church no greater service than to go through the church studying its architecture, and then to go over the order of the services, studying the several ceremonies, the musical and literary vehicles, asking the question at each step of the way, "Is what we have now before us real? Is it true in itself? Is it true for us? Is there anything in our own lives as Christians to which it corresponds, and which it helps us to say out, simply and directly to God and to each other? If it is thus real, well and good. It stands approved. If it does not ring true what is the trouble? Is it patently insincere, symbolizing or saying something which we do not believe? Then it must go. If we are not conscious of actual inconsistency and insincerity, but only of a half-alive truthfulness, again what is the matter? Are we only half in earnest religiously, or is this symbol or custom inadequate and incapable to-day of witnessing to

truth? If the trouble is with us how shall we set about remedying it? If the trouble is with this bit of church furniture or liturgy can we find a better medium for the expression of our Christianity?" If we would once subject the whole apparatus of worship to some such tests as these we should begin to get some light on the causes of the unreality and ineffectualness of much of our worship.

A man must be clear when he passes adverse criticism upon a service of worship that he understands the true intention and implication of the service and that in his own spirit he measures up to that which the service may rightly require of him. There is no service of worship in existence which would not profit by the thorough-going attempt of those who habitually use it to come nearer to exhausting its possibilities. Such an effort to measure up to the service should certainly precede all hasty and careless revision. Only personal religion can give sure instinct and insight into the strength or weakness of a particular order of worship. Liturgical knowledge and theological learning do not suffice. A sentimental feeling for æsthetic values is a very fallible guide. What every service asks of us is an honest effort to test its form by its inspiring idea.

The first thing to be discovered regarding the setting and substance of an act of worship is its history. If a treatment of building stone, a symbol, a ceremony, a prayer or creed has its roots deep in church history there was originally a religious idea behind it. Our first task is to recover that idea which was the inspiration of the usage. If it still stands for credible truth

the usage has significance and is valid. If the idea is at variance with our conception of the truth the usage is misleading and perplexing. We do not question the central place of the altar in a Catholic church. We have a right to question the implication of a similar piece of furniture, similarly placed, in a church which is frankly non-sacramentarian.

But only a fraction of our present difficulties can be defined and solved by this historical inquiry. By far the larger number of our difficulties arise from another source. The half-real character of the average church and its transactions is due in a far greater measure to the prevalence of patterns which plainly have no religious ideas behind them and represent the vagaries of some decorator who had a blank wall space to cover with designs, a window space to fill with colored glass, or forty minutes to fill with words and music. Two thirds of the patterns which have crept into church art in the last half century have no precedent in Christian history and no occasion in any contemporary religious idea. The serpent swallowing its own tail, which winds all through early Celtic design meant something once—eternal life—and still has interest for us as a symbol of that idea. The formal tree which appears in the Jesse windows meant something once, and may still mean something. The symbols of the four evangelists never cease to stir the imagination. All these patterns are intelligible.

But the chill and numbing sense of unreality which we get when we enter so many churches springs from the riot of meaningless patterns which have neither historic warrant nor symbolic worth. Few of us who

have ever spent idle hours during interminable church services studying the monotonous vagaries of dull mechanical patterns stenciled on a wall or set in glass will assert that here is beauty authentic and altogether lovely and here is a religious idea adequately intimated in art. Polygons of red and blue glass seem to say, "I believe in Euclid," and a wearisome stencil along the border of a wall seems to say, "I believe in the plenary inspiration of the local decorator." The plain truth is that half the decoration in American churches means nothing and never can mean anything. It is the product of the heresy that style is something superadded to stuff as its embellishment, and is not the appropriate treatment of the stuff itself. The moment you start putting stencils on a wall, geometrical patterns into glass, rhetoric into sermons, you are headed straight for unreality. And the half-real character of our churches, as compared with our homes, offices, mills, and schools, springs from this mistaken desire to provide religion with gratuitous decoration. American Christianity would infinitely profit if another Cromwell were to go through this land whitewashing all our patterned walls and smashing most of our patterned windows in church. We might lose some symbols of historic value, but we should be well rid of a heart-breaking burden of meaningless design.

Once you become conscious of the utter meaninglessness of most of these patterns which you find in the ecclesiastical decoration of the last fifty years, your life is made miserable for you as you go from church to church. Even if you are not conscious of a lack of meaning, the total suggestion must often be uncertain,

confusing, and distracting. We may be grateful that the best church architects to-day will have nothing to do with adventitious decoration which has no warrant either in history or symbolism.

On the contrary, symbols which plainly have a religious idea behind them are powerfully effective, even though they may be poorly executed as works of art. There is, for example, painted on the wall behind the pulpit in a little Baptist church in a fishing village down on the coast of Maine, a ship's anchor. It is the only attempt at religious symbolism in an otherwise bare meeting house. The anchor itself is not perfect as a work of art. The painter has wrestled rather ineffectually with the problem of perspective and the three dimensions. But for all its queer flat angularity it is one of the best pieces of chancel art I know, simply because it suggests what the Christian religion means to those who go down to the sea in ships.

In one of our western cities there is a magnificent church, costing hundreds of thousands of dollars, which was highly commended by the Inter-church Movement experts as an almost perfect "plant." The pulpit or chancel end of that church is an inscrutable riddle. No one entering the church and lifting his eye to the far end would find the slightest intimation as to what the Christian religion means to any worshiper there. The wealth of flat oak panelling suggests a congregation falling down to the stock of a tree. One infinitely prefers that crude anchor in the Maine meeting house because it has a religious idea behind it.

There is another church, only recently finished, built in one of our larger cities for a non-liturgical,

non-sacramentarian congregation. The architect is said to have had in mind the old English moot-hall. The interior is undoubtedly successful. Brains went into the planning, and interest and affection into the actual stone work of the masons. Moreover, there is clearly a religious idea behind it all. This is the meeting place of the people, with a hint of the feudal hall of God the Father. The church is simple, even bare; rough stone work throughout the interior. On one side only there is a series of heavy piers of Saxon stolidity. Beyond these pillars an aisle, empty of pews, and at the end of the aisle a great fireplace. That fireplace instantly attracts attention, and remains as a question mark in the mind of the stray visitor. Is the fireplace real? Or is it an affectation? It would not be real in any other type of church building. On the other hand it is not out of place in this.

What is true of the architecture of a church is equally true of the order of worship. There are moments in the conventional service which lack authentic reality. Every minister is conscious of them. I can only make personal confession here, in the interest of candor upon these vital matters. The prayer offered over the contribution, while the organ is "playing softly" has always seemed to me only half-real, and the organ, I take it, is intended to veil the imperfect reality of the moment. The long metre doxology sung as the offering is brought forward has always seemed to me a far more effective accompaniment of that act, and to be better placed there than at the beginning of a service.

Then there is the Responsive Reading. I am pre-

pared to record my own opinion that the Psalter is one of the least real and more conventional parts of the familiar service. I regret that it is and would have it otherwise. But it is here that the impression of perfunctoriness in worship is strongest and the intimation of immediate reality most in abeyance. Various remedial measures have been suggested; a new method of getting the Psalms read, fresh editions of readings.

In his book on *The Art of Worship* Percy Dearmer threw out the suggestion that our worship would be more "public" if we discarded the custom of alternating the reading between minister and people and divided the Psalms as they probably were intended to be divided in Jewish worship, between the two halves of the congregation. In a building such as any one of the Oxford college chapels or such as Bowdoin College chapel, this usage is not only happy but almost inevitable. There the congregation is divided by a wide aisle the seats running down the axis of the building, and the worshipers face each other across the church. But when a congregation is seated in the manner more familiar to us and there is only a narrow middle aisle as a dividing line, that aisle is an unmeaning basis for a liturgical distinction and offers no natural ground for the divided affirmation and response. This practice has been adopted in certain churches where the congregation is so arranged, but, again, my own impression is of a usage highly artificial and not convincing. That is not a "real" way of reading the Psalms under the given architectural conditions. The alternation between minister and people is more real, even though the people have only half as much to say.

Then, again, there is the vexed question of the ethics of the Psalms. When they are read in their entirety they cannot fail to raise questions which will not down. The imprecatory Psalms without a full critical apparatus and ingenious "accommodation" are a liability for Christian worship. On the other hand when the Psalms and other Biblical poetry are freely edited and rearranged for liturgical use, with reference to such general ideas as "Penitence, Praise, Petition, Thanksgiving, Our Country," they reveal the scars left by deletion, and the arbitrary marriages of theological convenience arranged between widely scattered passages lack conviction. As in our reading of general literature we finally outgrow "Selections from the Great Poets" and prefer the poets in the original, so these modern Psalters fail to satisfy us because they betray the editor at every turn. We become so engrossed with his genius for theological matchmaking that we drift out of the mood of praise.

It is urged, of course, that the Psalms are our world's great manual of personal devotion and that to drop them out of the service would mean an irreparable loss. By the responsive reading of the Psalter we become more familiar with the Psalms. That is undoubtedly true. For many persons to-day the responsive reading in church is probably their only reasonably reliable assurance of any knowledge of the Psalms. But here the definitely didactic intention comes to the front and intrudes itself into an atmosphere and transaction supposedly of another kind. It is urged, moreover, that the people have little enough to do in the average service as it is, and that to de-

prive them of the Psalms is simply to ostracize them in the dubious interests of a minister and a choir who can neither say anything as beautiful nor sing anything better.

Presumably the Psalms will stay and ought to stay. They have, as almost nothing else in our order of worship, the sanction of unbroken centuries of history. And yet I can only conclude where I began, with the admission that the average responsive reading, as used in most churches, whether from its particular place in the order of worship, its scrappy content, or its infelicitous and liturgically inaccurate rendering lacks the full reality of other parts of the service. This is a single example of the problem of the imperfectly real feature of the service of worship.

There are processional and recessional hymns. A service has to be opened and closed, and these moments require a certain formality. The marching hymns sung by a choir coming in and going out are indubitably effective. To be fully real, however, they presuppose an actual point of departure and an actual point of arrival, and the line of march should be the shortest way between these two points. If there is a suspicion that the choir starts from some place other than its vesting room, if it goes an unnecessarily long way round through the church, if it does not arrive at a place of importance, but peters out in side galleries, if it withdraws at the end of the service to nowhere in particular and is later discovered chatting with itself in a vestibule while the minister waits to shake hands with the congregation, then the whole transaction is a parade, and not a processional and recessional. As

a parade it is not religiously impressive. Ceremonies such as these demand a certain inevitability and suggestion of finality, if they are to give the impression of reality. We must not be allowed to picture the procession making unnecessary detours for the sake of getting to points of departure and arrival. And we must not discover the procession dissolving into harmless small talk after we have heard its remote and muted "Amen." This is not merely a matter of keeping intact an illusion. It is the much more sober moral matter of doing the thing in a real way, from beginning to end.

A closing word, in this connection, on pageantry. The proponents of the pageant, whether as biblical drama, a presentation of church history, or the morality play are assured that they have discovered the key which lets us into the lost secret of effective public worship. They have much to say of the common origins and the continuing affinities of worship and the drama. They remind us of the days when the drama had only religious subjects and a religious significance. They point with particular insistence to the prominence of the miracle and mystery plays in the Middle Ages. And finally they call attention to the light and color, the costumes and ceremony and ritual in many a historic service.

To which statements many answers may be made. The drama was once a religious rite, but at the present moment the church and the theatre are two distinct institutions. We cannot "go back" to the time when the drama was a distinctly religious office any more than we can go back to any other golden age. As for

the times when the miracle and mystery plays flourished, they were not the greatest ages of the church's history.

But what is far more important, as one of my friends once pointed out in talking of these things, there is an element of illusion in the drama which is not compatible with the conception of worship. A service of worship is a deliberate and disciplined adventure in reality. In church if anywhere, we are under moral bonds to be real. Assuming the rôle of Esther, David, an angel, Charity, the League of Nations, is one thing. All these may be useful parts to play in the inculcation of historical and ethical lessons. But worshiping God is a more intimate and first hand transaction. In the worship of God you may if you choose deck yourself out in vestments, surround yourself with light and color, and express yourself in ceremony. But you remain yourself, you do not play at being some one you are not. Drama demands that the actor play many rôles, and depends upon the convention of an illusion, accepted by both player and spectator. Things are not what they seem. Worship requires us to put off the playing of rôles and to be ourselves. It has no interest in creating illusions. It requires authentic sincerity.

The present vogue of the religious play for church uses undoubtedly serves us well as a useful adjunct to the whole teaching office of the church. Its place is primarily the church-school. An occasional Sunday service may be given over not inappropriately to its keeping. But in itself it offers nothing permanent or valuable to the solution of the problem of the public

worship of the church. Play-acting even in the interests of the noblest themes presupposes consent to an illusion agreed upon. Worship is being what we are at our best in the most straightforward way possible.

I have only hinted at a problem, which is capable of statement in a hundred ways other than those immediately cited. A church service must have reality. It must not compare unfavorably in its setting and transactions with the "real world" of every day. It must incarnate objective truth as we understand truth, and there must be subjective sincerity in devotion to that truth. In this double quality of truthfulness and sincerity lies its strong suggestion of reality. Most of us in our effort to "beautify" our services only complicate a problem already very serious, because we add decorative features to our fabric and our procedure which have no history behind them and no clear religious idea sustaining them. We do not need "beautiful" services, in this decorative sense of the word, half as much as we need real services. And real services have no place for decorative pattern apart from Christian conviction.

CHAPTER XII

WORSHIP AS ART AND SCIENCE

The artist and the scientist divide the world between them. Although neither may hold title to a square foot of earth or be much troubled with "the baggage of this world," each in his own way inherits the earth. For art and science are both seeking and finding the real world in or through the actual world.

Their methods differ, yet the difference is not absolute. Both live in the one world and are confronted by the same actualities which demand interpretation. Traffic between the two is not impossible. Leonardo da Vinci was an artist who made profitable excursions into science. Pascal was a distinguished mathematician and a creative writer. Fabre was a scientist of the first rank who whimsically preferred to seek and to portray biological truth as an artist. Darwin, in his later years, deplored the necessity which had compelled him to become a machine for receiving indiscriminate data and grinding out general laws. He averred that had he his life to live over again he would read a little poetry and hear a little music every day.

Nevertheless, however successful particular geniuses may be in living in these two worlds at the same time and however conscious all men may be of their need

of both worlds, art and science stand apart in the common mind and in their own procedure.

The scientist uses the world of concrete facts as the point of departure from which he may advance to abstract formulations of the truth. Like the aviator he must "take off" solid ground, but only for the sake of the subsequent flight of speculation. He is seeking the general laws by which this world seems to be governed and which clearly help him to explain and to control the world. The law which he deduces and states accounts not only for the particular fact from which he departed, but for all particulars of the same species. He does not claim for his laws any reality apart from their concrete incarnations in nature. He does not even claim for them finality or immutability. They are simply the record of observed uniformities in animate and inanimate things. But he does attach these laws as signs at the intersections of the highways he lays out for human procedure. He propounds them as the principles governing the traffic of life. He thus immensely facilitates the business of getting about the world safely and expeditiously. His reduction of any situation to a combination of general principles met in a particular, enables him to understand and to manipulate that particular. But his method is one of abstraction and his initial interest is in the process of abstraction.

The artist is a man whose sole interest is in what has been called "significant form." He works by insight and imagination, and he always confines himself to particulars. He gazes intently at the actual fact, a flower in a stone wall, a daffodil by a lakeside,

knowing that if only he can see deeply enough into it he will find there an incarnation of reality. Once he has seen the reality and felt it deeply he sets to work to fashion a form which enables other men to see and to feel what he has seen and felt. He is intent, not upon reproducing photographically the literal form at which he first gazed, but upon creating a form which shall communicate the truth and generate the emotions which finally he has felt. The better his art the less he will incline towards representation and description and the more he will incline towards pure form. The instinct of imitation yields to the exercise of the power of creation. That is why a Bach fugue is better music than a tone poem or than program music in general. It is significant form, it is not an echo of fact. These propositions are true alike of the writer, the painter, the sculptor, the composer, the whole goodly fellowship of true artists.

The forms which the artist creates have a validity that is general, as general as the scientist's laws. "By the unerring tact of the poet," says Caird, "the objects and events are cleared of accidental elements, and so presented that they are hardly to be thought of except as types, *i.e.* as particulars which concentrate in themselves the meaning of a whole class of objects and events. The instinctive selection of the poet is, in its way, as enlightening as the scientific man's deliberate and conscious selection of just those circumstances that throw light upon a hitherto hidden law of nature. . . . True poetry is never the combination of an idea and a picture, as separate elements; for in it the one exists only through the other. A metaphor is a naked

thought which puts on a sensuous form as an external dress. The true poet only grasps his idea as he embodies it, and embodies it as he grasps it. Poetry never dies, because the universal is always revealed in the particular, and it can be realized by the imagination only under the form of the particular." Clive Bell puts all this in a single sentence, a work of art is always "haunted by that Universal which informs every Particular."

The artist and the scientist differ not only in procedure, they differ also in intention and in result. The scientist is guided by logical reasoning to an intelligent understanding of reality. Pure science pursues its quest with an eye that is single to knowledge for its own sake. It takes no orders from the gospels of usefulness. Commanded to give a practical account of itself it flouts these orders, fails to present itself and its credentials, and returns to its own country by another way, that country of the wise man which is a sovereign state of the human spirit. But every scientist knows that some day his truth may prove to be useful. What its use may be he does not know and does not care. That it will eventually find its use he does not doubt. Pure science, therefore, is forever in process of becoming applied science, in which knowledge that was originally its own end may be cashed in at the bank of pragmatism and turned to account in the more effective control of the world and better conduct of life. For one man who is devoted to pure science there will be, therefore, ninety nine men who practice applied science.

The artist has no interest in the abstractions of

science. He fears the labels and tags which science attaches to facts. Tags suggest the market place, the price and the use of things. His affections gently lead him on not to analysis of reality, but to enjoyment of reality. "The emotion that the artist feels in his moments of inspiration he did not feel for objects seen as means, but for objects as pure forms—that is as ends in themselves. . . . For objects seen as ends in themselves, do we not feel a profounder and more thrilling emotion than ever we felt for them as means?" The artist, therefore, unlike the scientist, cannot contemplate pure forms which are likely to prove useful. It is the very essence of his work that, as this world goes, it is useless, save as any experience of the kingdom of ends is supremely useful in raising the index of the human spirit, in imparting a more abundant life, in satisfying the entire self.

The artist, therefore, has no message other than the summons to joy, he does not propose to edify his public, he does not even submit his work to the judgment of the moralist. He is beyond good and evil in the sense in which we commonly speak of ethics. "The judge at Epsom is not permitted to disqualify the winner of the Derby in favour of the horse that finished last but one on the ground that the latter is just the animal for the Archbishop of Canterbury's brougham!" So with the work of art. Its affinity with religion lies not in its ethical implications, but in its devotion to that chief end of man which has already been discussed, the enjoyment of God.

Religion which is at first simply the experience of power communicated to us by the Real Other tends to

become an account of reality. Every religion eventually attempts some pronouncement of universal truths. There are only two possible ways of stating such a truth, the way of the scientist and the way of the artist. There is no third way. We may expect, then, what we actually discover in all religion, that when religion passes on from its early and simple forms to full self-consciousness, and to the desire for self-expression in so far as the self has been lost and found in God, it will be both an art and a science.

The difference between the two ways of reaching reality may be seen, for example, in a comparison of Augustine's *Confessions* and à Kempis's *Imitation of Christ*. We cannot say that one of these works is more truly and fully Christian than the other. Both have achieved their merited immortality in the deathless literature of Christian piety. Yet in their method of reaching universal truth they proceed in quite different directions.

À Kempis is the artist. He is concerned with the life and person of Jesus. His gaze never wanders from the evangelical fact. He gives his years to an effort to achieve insight into that fact. He is not concerned with God "The Omniscient, Omnipotent, Omnipresent." He preaches what he practices, the love of Jesus. Like Augustine he is preoccupied with the problem of evil, but he never develops any formal doctrine of atonement. He simply gazes at the cross and sees so deeply into its meaning that in its presence the greatest evil is transmuted into the greatest good. The cross, as à Kempis views it, is not a remote historical fact; it is a significant form of good; it is a

purely formal pattern, typical of the Christian resolution of all evil. His chapter on "The King's Way of the Holy Cross" is Christian art of supreme beauty.

Augustine is the scientist, as theologian. He has two abstract universals, God and man, and all his ingenuity is spent in the effort to resolve the contrast between the two. Where à Kempis's thought broods, building itself a nest in the grace of Christ, Augustine's thoughts mount up with wings as eagles to the infinite and the eternal God. The range and majesty of his daring speculation is unmatched in the literature of Christian piety, and when one would "fly in the greatness of God," there is no mind to bear one up like Augustine's mind. His solution of the problem of evil is purely abstract. He thinks it out of existence in the presence of Eternal Goodness, which alone is real. Certain modern cults may take satisfaction in the thought that in this matter Augustine is of their company, as indeed all purely idealistic and abstract thinkers always are. But Augustine never took his stand with à Kempis for a life-time's vigil beneath the cross of Jesus. He remains the speculative thinker rather than the artist.

Which of these two books we prefer will depend not upon any superior excellence of the one over the other, but upon ourselves; upon that inscrutable determiner which we call temperament. The artist will always prefer the one, the scientist the other. Christianity has a place for both.

In history we are probably correct when we say that so far as worship, the formal expression of the spiritual life, is concerned, art precedes science. In Harnack's

History of Dogma there is a very significant statement regarding the primitive Christian liturgy. Defending himself against a possible charge of having neglected liturgical material as a source for the history of dogma, Harnack says that he has not made use of the early liturgies for the simple reason that they betray no traces of direct doctrinal influence, and seem to have developed quite apart from the interests of speculative thought. This is what we might expect. In so far as men consciously try to discover a real world in and through the actual world, the artist rather than the scientist is the first man to see that world, and in an early world he is the man whom we meet and may expect to meet. So another historian says that when we worship we do not first draw up a speculative account of God and then adore him; the act of worship is itself the process by which we first define God. We see a form that is divine; we worship it, and our abstract account of God follows as speculative reflection. Our sober science ultimately tests the validity of our initial art, criticizes, reforms, and reaffirms so much of that early art as has proved true.

We come nearer to the temper of early Christian worship, therefore, when we study the face of Jesus in "primitive" Christian art than when we follow the intricacies of dogma in the works of Justin, Clement of Alexandria, and Athanasius. That face, as one first meets it in the frescoes on the walls of the catacombs of Rome, is strangely moving. It is a face as yet uninfluenced by theological considerations or by the futile struggle after any descriptive fidelity to probable fact. The Christian who has sought in vain

for the ideal face of Christ at the hand of the modern painter will return to these "primitives," knowing that here he is nearer what he seeks than he is anywhere else in the whole realm of this portraiture. The fresco is preferable to an "Ecce Homo," because it does not profess to be the delineation of a dogma. It is better than anything in this whole field, because of the absence of attempted representation and the descriptive element.

An ingenious case has been made in defence of the thesis that the earliest of these frescoes, that in the catacomb of St. Callistus at Rome, may have intended description and representation, being the faithful memory of the face of Jesus bequeathed to the church at Rome by Peter. There may be a shred of truth in the claim. But this is not what one feels as one looks at the face the earliest artists gave us. One feels rather that the emotions of the Christian life, as they centered about Jesus, gave rise to this face as a work of the imagination, and purely as "significant form." The face is rather passionless and impersonal. For that very reason it suggests the face of Jesus which Turgeniev saw in his vision and has told of in his letters, "a face like all men's faces." It is serious, but not sad. There is no suggestion of any theology whatsoever, either of an incarnation or an atonement. Its significance lies in its essential humanity. Here is simply the human particular haunted by the divine universal. If modern Christianity had the unerring religious and artistic insight and imagination which fashioned that face there would be to-day no "problem of worship."

We find it hard to worship in these days because the artist in us has been crowded to the wall by the scientist. The discovery and announcement of universal laws, the inclination to speculative thought, cannot of themselves compile and conduct an office of worship. If our scientific habits of mind forbid our returning to the forms of primitive Christian art, then they must yield us the reliable stuff with which as artists we may attempt the fashioning of new forms.

The critical frame of mind which is content when it has dissected, analyzed, described, catalogued the Christian life may be put down as the gravest liability to contemporary Protestant worship. The world over the artists are fighting for their lives and for the soul of art, against the habit of facile generalizations to which popular science has given rise. A service of worship which no longer sees Christianity as a face of Christ and no longer portrays that face in a pattern of stone, or glass, or words, is an impoverished service. No ingenuity spent in defending the place of the person of Christ in some scheme of historical progress or cosmic evolution can make good the lack of an artistic pattern. It is not so much that our services betray, in this respect, theological perplexity and indecision—they betray an entire want of any conception of the place which art has in the religious life and of the inevitable affinity between the two. To fail as an artist is, so far as public worship is concerned, even more fatal than to fail as a theologian. Such failure means that the creative process by which the divine is first defined is absent.

Consider, for example, the present problem of hymnody. We have as a heritage from the past a vast body of hymns, many of them works of supreme artistry. It is often said that most hymns are bad poetry. That is not true. Many of them are sublime poems and stand in their own right quite apart from their musical settings. Some of our hymns, however, particularly those which antedate our present faith, are filled with statements which are difficult for the modern Christian to accept and to use with good conscience. Certain of their statements are positively offensive to our modern ears. The "fountain filled with blood" is neither a pleasant nor a credible image. It is not a significant form for us and must go. Xavier's line about those who failing of heaven must "burn eternally" is equally incredible. I have seen a stout modernist bang his book shut at that line and slam it into the rack in disgust. We have no right to offer the worshiper of to-day forms of Christian art which neither his sober reason nor his clear Christian conscience can approve. Our modern sciences must criticize our hereditary church art, whether we like it or not. What is true of our hymns is true of our scripture lessons, our anthems, our prayers, our sermons, our architecture, our ceremonies, and our symbols. There is no single work of classical Christian art so sacrosanct that the scientific spirit cannot and should not be given full and fair access to it.

We must, therefore, re-edit our hymnals and creeds and services. There is no possible escape from it, and no honest man wishes to evade or to postpone further a fearless criticism of the whole furniture of Chris-

tian worship. But what perplexes one is the almost entire absence of any fresh artistic impulse in the conception and the conduct of worship. We can revise offensive passages of old hymns so that they still serve in maimed form our present need. We can omit from the General Confession the statement that we are miserable sinners in whom is no health and use the balance of the prayer to voice a vague moral malaise. We can delete incredible articles of the creed here and there until we reach a credible residuum. But the dearth of new hymns is as pathetic as it is significant, and the modern creed is a rather thin and unconvincing thing beside the elder creed. It is not less true, but it represents the critical generalization of the scientist rather than the insight and imagination of the artist. Therein lies its peculiar flatness as a vehicle for worship.

Now science can co-operate and must co-operate with art in the common spiritual endeavor to reach reality, but it cannot do, what we are trying to make it do to-day, sole duty in this direction. The main office of science in its relation to art is to pass upon the material which the artist is to use. If he is a sculptor, science may tell him what as artist he does not know, whether the marble he proposes to use is sound and workable stone. If he is a poet, science may help him to distinguish between the thin fictions spun by fancy and substantial truth illuminated by imagination. If he is a composer, science will define for him the limits of the voice, the instrument, the orchestra for which he writes. The artist is at all times dependent upon the scientist for sound judg-

ment as to his medium, its range and its restrictions. Whenever art seeks to become a law unto itself and to attempt the impossible, being led away by childish or rebel enthusiasms, it must in the end return and make its submission to the chastening criticism of the sciences. Though never confined to what is actual, art may never overstep the boundaries of what is possible. The realities of art cannot be the impossibilities of science.

Science, then, returns to art its stuff, criticized, corrected, and substantially bettered. This is precisely what modern theology should do for modern worship. The idea-substance of our services of worship should be far better for its criticism at the hands of the natural, the historical, the psychological, and the social sciences. Our present ineffectualness in worship, however, lies in our failure to reaffirm the temper and technique of the artist. We are too often content with a drastically criticized body of religious truth. We do not realize that this body of truth must forever be recreated in new, significant forms.

This tarrying of the artist spirit is not confined to religion. Our religion simply reflects the prevalence of the critical and scientific temper in all life, to the neglect of insight, imagination, and creation. This is a cultural problem of the first magnitude which is apparent everywhere. The church shares the common circumstance. Of the company of interpreters who should be serving the art of worship, the architects seem to be the only group who have picked up a fresh wind of the spirit. They have accepted structural steel, concrete, and the like, the approved stuff which

modern science has added to wood and stone, and they have begun again to create forms of new significance. Church architecture within the last twenty-five years has again come alive. Fine wood carving and significant glasswork are beginning to reappear, also, as arts allied to architecture. This is, perhaps, the most hopeful sign on the horizon of the worship of the church.

But the other arts are still in irons, they have not found the wind. Revisions of liturgies betray great critical skill and much travail of conscience in the interests of sincerity. Our preaching reveals familiarity with the best work of the sciences as applied to religion. Yet the art of preaching has not been reborn. Our church music is notoriously bad, the sentimental, secular, descriptive style having replaced the purer forms of early church music. Everywhere we tend to be content with the criticized and now attenuated forms of the art of the past or with a descriptive art; seldom do we find an authentic artist creating new forms for a new time.

Indeed, the average worshiper is perplexed to know why art is necessary to religion and to understand why he must equate worship as an art rather than a science. Why are not the religious experiences of the individual in solitude, eventually universalized and validated by the theological sciences sufficient for a Christian life? Why must the believer turn artist? What can a church service add to personal religion, which personal religion does not already possess?

The answer to these questions is not far off. In his *Florentine Painters of the Renaissance,* Bernhard Berenson has stated it:

> I am in the habit of realising a given object with an intensity which we shall call 2. If I suddenly realise this familiar object with an intensity of 4, I receive the immediate pleasure which accompanies a doubling of my mental activity. But the pleasure rarely stops there. The fact that the psychical process of recognition goes forward with the usual intensity of 4 to 2, overwhelms men with the sense of having twice the capacity they had credited themselves with: their whole personality is enhanced, and being aware that this enhancement is connected with the object in question, they for some time after take not only an increased interest in it, but continue to realise it with the new intensity.

Middleton Murry in his *Pencillings* says much the same thing of the great writer:

> The good stylist . . . . gives form and shape to dimmer perceptions of our own. We have had emotions like them before, but never so powerfully, never with such a sense of their unity; before they were dishevelled, now they are coherent; before they were vague, now they are clear.

This increased awareness of the object and the enhancement of spirit is precisely what a fine service of worship adds to personal religion. Shall we say that a man has had occasion to feel deeply the brevity and tribulation of the common human lot, and has turned to the thought of God as a foil to these emo-

tions. Let him go to church and hear the ninetieth Psalm beautifully sung, and the latter part of the seventh chapter of the Revelation beautifully read. The intensity of his awareness, both of the shortness and sadness of human life and of the eternal and overcoming peace of God, will be raised from "2 to 4." He has not heard anything novel or strange. He still is addressing himself to the considerations which personal religion had opened to him, but the artists who wrote the Bible have raised the index of his awareness. The God whom he already knew becomes more real and true to him for what the artist has said.

We cannot insist too strongly that this increased capacity for knowing and feeling truth is not something which numbers add to solitude. When we trust the group as such to fortify the experiences of the single individual we are putting our faith in a means of grace which is very unreliable and against which men have more than once been warned. The Lord is not bounden to save by many or by few. We think it is the crowd in church that makes us more aware of the objects of our religious faith and love. It is not the crowd at all, but the increased power of insight which art adds to life. Worship is the affirmation, in significant literary, musical, architectural forms, of the universal reality which haunts our private particulars in religion.

The real problem regarding the order of worship, then, is this: Have we here significant religious forms which are calculated to make us more aware of God and of our fellow men? It is not enough to give the

worshiper in church merely a critical account of the nature of God and man. The scientific method will determine the choice of the ideas which make up the stuff of an order of worship, but it will not give to those ideas their form. Like Michael Angelo the leader of public worship will say, "I criticize by creating."

To turn, by way of illustration, to a single technical and rather controversial matter. Many of us have a perverse preference for the King James version of the Bible as the source book for the scripture lesson, and as against the revisions and modern translations. I say "perverse," since this preference is usually interpreted as a sign of hopeless obscurantism and of a stubborn unwillingness to board the caravan of progress.

The King James Bible, so far as the English-speaking world is concerned, has now over three hundred years of history on its side and long usage in its favor. It gives, as little else in our world can give, a strong persuasion of the continuity of the Christian life, and of our place in that uninterrupted tradition. But the argument from history is not so important as the argument from art. The King James Bible is not primarily a critical translation. It is an original Christian creation, a work of spiritual insight and imagination standing in its own right. It is the work of many men, not of one man. It represents the religious experience of our race, as that experience had come alive again with the reborn Christian spirit of the sixteenth century. Hebrew and Greek scholars tell us that the authors of that version have added to the

original in many places a depth and beauty which make their work a fresh creation of the human spirit. Indeed there are those scholars who say that in certain parts of the Old Testament, particularly in the Second Isaiah, an elusive and yet indubitable Christian spirit colors the King James rendering of pre-Christian writings. While it would be impossible to select a single verse and to say of it, "This is a Christian rewriting of a Hebrew original," yet we can say of a whole passage that, as it stands in the King James text, it imputes to the Hebrew certain qualities which are not there, and is, therefore, something more than an exact rendering of Hebrew into English.

The modern translators, however, are not creative artists and do not profess to be artists. They are copyists, aiming at exact representation. One is curious to know what is expected to follow from this exact representation. A better knowledge of certain very ancient writings, certainly. That will be a matter for scholastic and academic satisfaction. But given the Massoretic text of the Old Testament there are many passages, which, when exactly rendered, would reappear in a church service in this form; "Dearly beloved brethren, at this point the text is so obscure as to be impossible of translation, and we resume the reading at verse *x*, as follows."

In the present condition of the texts both of the Old and of the New Testaments an absolutely exact translation is entirely out of the question. The best we can do, at any given moment, is to approximate to accuracy, helped over many hard places by candid conjectural emendation. If accuracy or, more strictly,

approximate accuracy is our ideal, a fresh translation will be necessary every time an important critical commentary is published. And the index of such translation will be infinity. If we propose for any English Bible the same immortality in history which seems assured to the other classics of the language it is a question of the King James version or none. The option is a chaos created by translations whose name is legion, and so confusion, perplexity, and finally forgetfulness.

Meanwhile, from the standpoint of contemporary Christianity, what is the precise religious gain from the best that modern scholarship can do to approximate to accuracy? So long as the church holds to a doctrine of verbal infallibility the passion for precision is intelligible. It is not defensible, since no apologist for such infallibility has ever explained how the Spirit can inhabit both Codex Aleph and Codex Bezae of the New Testament at the points where these great uncials differ, or which of them is the peculiar instrument of the Spirit in case of difference.

As a matter of fact, the present passion for more accurate translations of the Bible is strangely matched with a fine indifference to the whole doctrine of verbal inspiration. We strain for the accurate word at the same moment that we admit that, for the purposes of present faith and conduct, and in the vast majority of cases, the accurate word does not matter. Only here and there do these questions of verbal precision have the slightest bearing upon the Christian life, as we interpret it to-day.

The whole issue, so far as the vehicles for public

worship are concerned, is quite other than that of relative degrees of accuracy in the translation of ancient texts. If we are right in our account of liturgical material as a whole, that which bears the stamp of the creative spirit is to be preferred to that which is the product of the critical spirit, no matter how scrupulous that criticism may have been. In the terms of the immediate subject this amounts to the difference between a faithful copy of an ancient classic and an independent work of original art. No copy ever awakens the emotions or has the power over us which an original has. "A literal copy is seldom reckoned by its owner a work of art. It leaves us cold; its forms are not significant. Why is it impossible to make an absolutely exact copy? The explanation seems to be that the actual lines and colours and spaces in a work of art are caused by something in the mind of the artist which is not present in the mind of the imitator. The two visible objects, original and copy, differ because that which ordered the work of art does not preside at the manufacture of the copy. Even to copy a picture one needs, not to see as a trained observer, but to feel as an artist." What is true of copying pictures is equally true of translating classics. The ends of art cannot be served by a piece of purely critical work.

We may lay it down as a canon for our usage in this matter that, for church purposes, an English Bible which is an independent work of art is of far greater Christian service to us than an English Bible which aims solely at accuracy in copying an original. It is precisely here that the modern translations fail.

The farther they advance towards such accuracy, the greater their remove from artistry. The better they are as faithful translations, the worse they are apt to become as the stuff for a service of worship.

It is said, in defence of certain of the more recent translations of the New Testament that the Greek in which it was written was that of common life, not of the academy. Hence the desirability of a translation which shall lay the "ghost of King James" with its aristocratic literary pretensions, and which shall return to the vernacular moods and manners of the original. I am indebted to Canon Streeter for a profoundly significant observation upon this matter. He once said that while it is true that St. Paul, for example, undoubtedly wrote his letters to his missionary churches in the language of common life, he was nevertheless "writing up" to the top of his power. Whereas the modern scholar, possessed of erudition and a working familiarity with the grand style, when he proposes to reproduce the vernacular Greek in vernacular English, tends to "write down" from his habitual ways of thought and speech. The result is a difference in the total mood which presides over the work. The one style mounts, the other descends.

It is this contrast, felt over the work as a whole, rather than defined in any given choice of particular words, which is the justification of a preference for the King James version as against the vast majority of recent translations. The English of the King James version aspires. The English of the more recent versions too often seems to be a deliberate concession. In the latter translations one is conscious of

scholarly punctilio in the rendering of particular words but of commonplaceness in total style. With their masters, who gave them the original text, the authors of the King James Bible were "writing up" to the limit of their powers. Those powers, as the whole age in letters bears witness, were very great. To get a translation to equal this you must have met again the profound common concern for religion which is to be found in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, matched with another golden age in English letters to equal that of the Elizabethan time. We shall not be charged with a passion for antiquarianism if we say that the general conditions of life in the beginning of the twentieth century do not facilitate a work of Christian art to equal that of the seventeenth century in Bible making.

Here is a work of Christian art of supreme beauty. It serves as a bond of union, and a medium for the interpretation of common Christian experience, as no other vehicle in the possession of the church. There is no intellectual coin in common circulation in the English-speaking world that approximates to the gold par of the Authorized version. If for no other reason we should treasure it and abide by it, because it is one of the surest means we have of sharing the Christian life together.

Let the purely critical spirit intrude itself into this transaction, the mood of worship is at once interrupted and the medium of communication between all sorts and conditions of Christians destroyed. Any minor gain by way of increased accuracy in translation is more than offset by the confusion of spirits and

the confounding of persons which follow, when some particular recent vernacular translation replaces the elder English Bible in a public service. "The ghost of King James" which still walks the ways of our world may disturb the peace of the scholar. It will be a bad day for Christian worship, however, if a too meticulous scholarship lays that ghost before the advent of a creative spirit of equal artistry.

When we go from the lectern to the pulpit, when we close the Bible and open the sermon case, things are said to be in a worse way. Preaching is said to be in sad decline. We cannot suppose that the waning influence of the sermon is to be laid to indifference to religion or to irreligion among ministers. Here and there vulgarity, sensationalism, frank secularism get into the pulpit. But the vast majority of ministers in America are seriously concerned for religion. If they were not, in all conscience why should they be in the ministry? Apart from a genuine religious concern, there is no inducement to enter that calling to-day.

For the past seven years I have been listening to theological students preaching sermons in a homiletics course. With a single possible exception, every sermon I have heard has addressed itself to a genuinely religious idea and has represented a patent desire to state that idea simply and seriously. I have yet to hear from a theological student a vulgar, or secular, or sensational sermon. These sermons have not persuaded me that a theological course takes away a man's religion, puts him out of touch with human lives, and breeds in him an arid interest in recondite critical matters. At the day of judgment the theo-

logical seminaries will come off a good deal better than those churches which put their ministers under pressure to fill the pews and pay the bills by the cheap appeal of a type of preaching which is supposed to beat the devil of amusement at his own game. Ministers are more liable to be corrupted spiritually by the worldly-mindedness of church boards than by the academic tone of the seminary. I defend the intention of the great majority of theological school students to preach religion as simply and directly as they know how.

But there is observable in all our preaching to-day inside the seminary and outside it, a preoccupation with the scientific approach to religion and an almost entire unconsciousness of what is meant by the art of preaching. The historical and psychological approach to religion, which characterizes most of our preaching, gives to the sermon of the hour its analytical quality as against real artistry. If there be any decline in preaching it is due not to a waning religiousness among preachers but to a technically mistaken conception of what a sermon is, and how it comes into being at its best.

The average preacher begins with some abstract religious idea, some spiritual law. He builds up an outline in which this abstract idea is developed at some length. He then searches literature and history sacred and profane, or he ransacks the world of familiar affairs for a few "illustrations" to bear out his points. His sermon is precisely what Caird says a poem never can be, "a combination of an idea and a particular." The mechanical quality of his con-

struction is quite apparent. By great skill in fitting his illustrations to his theses, he may clothe his abstractions with a certain flesh of sorts. But a sermon so constructed never comes alive. It has been assembled, it is not a vital growth. It remains a scientific account of religion, not an insight into religion.

Any one who knows anything about writing realizes that the literary artist never works in this mechanical manner. Baudelaire once said, "In certain states of the soul the profound significance of life is revealed completely in the spectacle, however commonplace, that is before one's eyes: it becomes the symbol of that significance." Middleton Murry makes that statement the text for his whole theory of the art of writing. "The meditation of a writer is, in spite of all analogies, different from that of the philosopher and the scientist. . . . From the writer's impressions emerges a coherent emotional nucleus. This is often consolidated by a kind of speculative thought, which differs from the speculative thought of the philosopher by its working from particular to particular. The creative literary artist does not generalize; or rather his generalization is not abstract. . . . The great writer does not really come to conclusions about life; he discerns a quality in it. This emotional bias or predisposition is what I have ventured to call the writer's 'mode of experience'; it is by virtue of this mysterious accumulation of past experience that the writer, in his maturity, is able to accomplish the miracle of giving to the particular the weight and force of the universal. The writer's 'plot' is one in

which the deep significance of life reveals itself in its entirety."

The preacher has only to consult his own history to realize that those have been his best sermons which were conceived and born in this way: brooding upon some concrete and particular phase of nature or of human life he found there an aspect of universal reality. The sermon flashed upon him in its entirety, and its construction and delivery were simple matters. This simply means that in those moments the preacher was looking at life as an artist rather than a scientist, and realized what is strictly meant by the art of preaching. He did not announce general laws. He achieved for the religious idea a significant form. Preachers need the artist's way of seeing universal truth, and not until the modern pulpit is willing to take the trouble to understand how poets, painters, musicians work, will the art of preaching come again into its own.

A final word as to the need of these significant forms throughout the service of worship. It has been intimated that pure science tends inevitably to become applied science. Perhaps the greatest danger of the intrusion of the scientific mood into the fabric of contemporary worship is the suggestion that worship is a means to some good other than itself, that it is justified by its reference to the better control of the world and the better conduct of life.

Protestant worship is failing everywhere to-day because it unconsciously suggests that it is not an end in itself, or a suggestion of that end which is an-

nounced in the opening affirmation of the Shorter Catechism. Its reference is to man and not to God. It is a means for self-help rather than for self-expression, thanksgiving, dedication. Here the artist sets us right, when he tells us that things which are ends in themselves move us far more profoundly than things which are simply means to other ends. To use art primarily as a means for correcting conduct, says the critic is "to use a telescope for reading the news . . . cutting blocks with a razor." When we try to fashion perfect form, either as the expression of our own immediate experiences, or through the imagination as the outward and visible symbol of our emotions, we are trying to get at reality. Truly artistic forms of worship are the church's way of saying, "God," so that that word shall not only receive the consent of the logical reason, but what is far more important, "shall be carried," as Wordsworth says of poetry, "alive into the heart by passion." Precisely because the ninetieth Psalm and the hymn which recasts it, "O God, our help in ages past," do this, they are effective vehicles for public worship. Precisely because the evening prayer, "Lighten our darkness, O Lord," does this, it is an effective vehicle for public worship.

If we could recover the creative spirit in religion our problem of worship would begin to solve itself, for then worship would once more become what it ought to be, a celebration of the kingdom of ends, and of God who is the true meaning of that kingdom. But before that day comes we shall have to go to school to the artists who still believe in the existence and

supreme worth of that kingdom and who know the way to it.[1]

[1] I am indebted to Clive Bell's *Art* for the term "significant form" and for much of the general drift of these meditations; also to Mr. Middleton Murry's *Problem of Style*. I should be glad if others, to whom these volumes are not known, might find in them the help which I have found in understanding the secret of effective art, whether visual or literary.

CHAPTER XIII

OBJECTIVE AND SUBJECTIVE WORSHIP

Theology is familiar with the distinction between objective and subjective religion. Caird makes much of it in his *Gifford Lectures*. "It might seem," he says, "that, if anything is essential to religion, it is a belief in the reality of God as apart from the religious sentiment of his worshipers; and in some forms of religion we even find him treated as a purely external power, with whom no inward relation is possible." Yet there are religions which reduce all objective gods to the great illusion of outward existence, and which seek for the divine through an immanentist account of reality. Religion tends to oscillate between these extremes, correcting a strong bias in one direction by an appeal to the antithetical concern.

The contrast between these two tendencies has been very marked during the last century. The universe in which we live has been found to be an incredibly vaster affair than was once supposed. It gets out of bounds. The external order of things has assumed dimensions which exhaust knowledge, paralyze the imagination, and cudgel man into silent submission. We cannot clearly conceive, and do not always find it easy to adore, the God who is the wisdom and spirit of this outer world. Man, finding himself thus dwarfed by the universe as it expands before his vision, has sought religious reassurance by dig-

nifying the knowing and self-conscious mind. Lost in the trackless wastes of time and space, going forward and backward and seeing no God there, he has cast his spiritual lot with religion as an inner reality. In the main the Protestantism of the last hundred years has been predominantly subjective in its interest and method, relatively indifferent to the religious implications of the outer world. This subjectivity we may credit to man's present inability to compass and to interpret the external order by religious dogmas. He has made of spiritual self-consciousness a lodge in the wilderness from which he views with calm indifference the procession of worlds and aeons. Our present preoccupation with the psychology of religion will carry us still further in the direction of this subjectivity.

But if we know anything at all about religion we know that religion cannot thrive permanently upon self-consciousness without reference to objective reality, and that sooner or later the human spirit must face outward to reckon with him who "maketh the seven stars and Orion." Not only so, but a purely subjective religion is a highly refined, if not a sophisticated way of realizing God. "The one-sided objective attitude of mind, the attitude in which the object, and nothing but the object, is distinctly recognized or attended to, is the common attitude of men. It is that attitude in which we all receive the first lessons of experience, and no one escapes from living more than half his life in it, however he may realise its inadequacy." [1]

[1] Edward Caird, *The Evolution of Religion,* vol. i, p. 321.

Professor Pratt, in *The Religious Consciousness*, has a chapter in which he follows this distinction on into the theory of worship. Within its limits this chapter is one of the most suggestive discussions of the whole subject of public worship which has appeared in recent years. His argument may be paraphrased briefly.

If religion seeks and finds God in the outer world worship will be an act objectively conceived. If religion proposes self-consciousness as the way to God worship will be subjectively conceived. Since both types of religion are found in history both types of worship appear. As for Christianity, it may be said with general fidelity to the facts that the Roman Catholic Church conceives of worship as an objective act and conducts its worship objectively, while Protestantism at present conceives and conducts its worship as a subjective transaction.

The difference is always felt as between typical churches of the two orders, even though it may not be defined. The choir of a Catholic cathedral, as Henry Adams insisted, is built for God. What goes on in that choir is addressed to God. The Mass is a sacrifice to God which stands in its own right, which is effectively offered by an ordained priest quite apart from considerations attending his personal character, which does not require intelligent following on the part of a congregation of worshipers, which, indeed, may be performed, and must be performed, whether worshipers are present or absent.

The officiating priest turns his back upon the people. He speaks in a dead language using a liturgy which

is unintelligible to the great majority of his hearers. His voice often sinks to a murmur or a whisper. And yet this strange service commands a loyalty and devoutness which very few Protestant services achieve. Not all the hold of the Mass may be attributed to "superstition." It rests upon the assumption that no act or event in a man's life is as significant as the offering and sacrifice of himself to God. The Mass is, for the devout Catholic, the supreme statement of that truth, as it is vicariously expressed in the sacrifice of the body and blood of Christ. We may dissent from the particular statement, we may not deny the truth of the idea or the intention of the office.

The implication of the Catholic service is precisely this: Christ is forever offering himself to God. The eternal sacrifice goes on irrespective of our disposition towards God. Yet it always includes and concerns all those who with humble faith seek to be gathered into it and saved by it. It is this conviction that in the Mass something happens which matters that gives to the service its peculiar significance.

Newman once tried to tell his Anglican friends just what the Roman rite means:

> The idea of worship is different in the Catholic Church from the idea of it in your Church, for in truth the religions are different. They differ in kind, not in degree. Ours is one religion, yours is another. It (the Mass) is not a mere form of words, it is a great action. It is not the invocation merely, but (if I dare to use the word) the *Evocation* of the Eternal. He becomes present

on the Altar in flesh and blood before whom angels bow and devils tremble. This is that awful event which is the scope and is the interpretation of every part of the solemnity. Words are necessary, but as means, not ends; they are not mere addresses to the throne of grace, they are instruments of what is far higher, of consecration, of sacrifice. They hurry on, as if impatient to fulfill their mission. Quickly they go—the whole is quick; for they are all parts of one integral action. Quickly they go, for they are awful words of sacrifice—they are a work too great to delay upon, as when it was said in the beginning, "What thou doest, do quickly." Quickly they pass, for the Lord Jesus goes with them, as he passed along the lake in the days of his flesh, quickly calling first one then another. Quickly they pass, because as the lightning which shineth from one part of the heaven unto the other, so is the coming of the Son of Man. Quickly they pass, for they are as the words of Moses, when the Lord came down in the cloud, calling on the name of the Lord as he passed by, "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering and abundant in goodness and truth." And as Moses on the mountain, so we too make haste to bow our heads to the earth and adore. "So we all around, each in his place, look out for the great advent, waiting for the moving of the water." Each in his own place, with his own heart, his own wants, with his own thoughts, with his own intention, with his own prayers, separate but concordant,

> watching what is going on, watching its progress, uniting in its consummation—not painfully and hopelessly following a hard form of prayer from beginning to end, but like a concert of musical instruments, each different, but concurring in a sweet harmony, we take our part with God's priest, supporting him, yet guided by him. There are little children there, and old men, simple laborers and students in seminaries, priests preparing for Mass, priests making their thanksgiving; there are innocent maidens and there are penitent sinners, but out of these many minds rises one Eucharistic hymn and the great Action is the measure and the scope of it.

Not even the "dissidence of dissent" can make us deaf to these words of Newman's. We feel the drama and the movement of the Mass. In the very aloofness of the transaction from us, the worshipers, in the central necessity that it should be achieved whether the worshipers hear or whether they forbear, lies its strange power.

Something of this same sort Hugh Benson wrote into his comparison of Anglicanism and Catholicism:

> It has been very well said that Gothic architecture represents the soul aspiring to God, and that Renaissance or Romanesque architecture represents God tabernacling with men. . . . On the one side it is true that the soul must always be seeking, always gazing up through the dark-

> ness to a God who hides himself, always remembering that the Infinite transcends the finite and that an immense agnosticism must be an element of every creed; the lines of this world, as it were, run up into gloom; the light that glimmers through carved tracery and heavy stains is enough to walk by, but little more. . . . Then, on the other side, God became man—"The Word was made flesh." The divine unknowable nature struck itself into flesh, and "tabernacled amongst us, and we beheld His glory." . . . . The round dome of heaven is brought down to earth; the walls of the world are plain to sight, the broad sunshine of Revelation streams on all sides through clear windows upon a gorgeous pavement.
>
> I was a Northerner pure and simple, educated in Northern ways. I loved twilight and mysterious music and the shadow of deep woods; I hated open spaces of sun and trumpets in unison and the round and square in architecture. . . . But when I came to Rome I acknowledged how little I had understood. . . . God dwelt unashamed in the light of day; priests were priests and not aspiring clergymen, . . . I had come out from a warm fire-lit room, full of shadows into the shouting wind and great air spaces of human history.

These two accounts of Catholicism serve to suggest the characteristic objectivity of the Roman rite. Probably both Newman and Hugh Benson were keenly alive to this particular aspect of Roman-

ism because of the subjectivity of their own earlier experiences as "aspiring clergyman."

In a Protestant meeting house worship is after another kind. There is no area in the building reserved for God, or for transactions with God. Everything is architecturally arranged so that the minister can speak as effectively as possible to as many persons as may be. With one exception every detail of a Protestant building may be atrociously bad and worship still go on. That exception is the acoustics. Bad acoustics is the sin for which no architect can find forgiveness, and the handicap which no preacher, however eloquent, can overcome. How often has it been said of a Protestant church, "What is the good of a beautiful building like this, if you can't hear?"

Of the Protestant order of worship a modern leader of religious education says, "The minister has a definite purpose and a definite plan. He wishes to bring the congregation to a new point of view or a new resolve. To this end he selects music, hymns, prayers, scripture, and address, and weaves all into a harmonious whole which shall, in its total effect, induce the desired change in the minds of the audience." Nothing could be plainer or more unequivocal.

Not only so, but there is an increasing tendency to cast the whole service in the vernacular. The test of the service is to be its intelligibility and its practicality. The plain man must be able to understand all that takes place, and what takes place must concern his life. Mystery yields place to sound common sense, and wonder is superseded by edification.

It is probably not true to say that one of these services is intrinsically better than the other. In so far as both types of religion, subjective and objective, are always to be found, both types of worship will prevail, and each is good in its own way.

But there is one interesting psychological observation which Professor Pratt makes—and it is a commonplace with all artists—that is worth our thinking about in connection with the worship of the modern Protestant church. Both methods of worship profess in the end to make men better. Neither shirks the test of fruits in character. The paradox of the situation, however, is this; the most considerable changes in character are wrought, not by a direct subjective appeal, but by the indirect objective method. This is not to say that all Catholics are morally better than all Protestants, but rather, that given the same man, you get a greater moral purchase on him by confronting him with an objective reality in which truth, goodness, courage are manifest, than by exhorting him to "Buck up!"

There is no source of strength in the world, as has been indicated previously, so potent as the confidence that a reality exists in which our dreams and hopes and aspirations abide, not as ideals but as facts achieved, and that we may commune with that reality. If you are a soldier in the wars you get a great deal more courage from the sight of a second lieutenant leading the attack, than from exhortations sent up to you by higher staff officers in the rear to the effect that you are to be brave. In battle the objective method of generating heroism is usually

more effective than the subjective. Is it otherwise with our spiritual warfare?

As against Roman Catholicism, the problem of worship in Protestantism rises from the inability of the Protestant to accept on the one hand the objective truth of the miracle of the Mass and to find on the other hand alternative accounts of divine reality and divine grace as concrete and dramatically moving as the Mass. The open Bible stood for three hundred years in the gap which the sixteenth century made when it deleted transubstantiation, but for liberal Protestantism the Bible has now ceased to occupy that place. Our doctrines of Scripture are predominantly subjective to-day. As religions of the inner light have succeeded to religions of authority the problem of objective worship has become more and more difficult, until Professor Pratt wonders whether, at present, any effective way of worship can be found for Protestantism.

Meanwhile it is a perfectly fair question whether the decline of general interest in Protestant worship is not due to the common opinion that nothing happens there of independent truth and worth, and to the common experience of vague disappointment in a service which is addressed to ourselves rather than to God. If you don't go to church you haven't missed anything of great importance. Nothing vital has taken place. The means of edification in our age are many. The opportunities for worship are few. No matter what your theology, whenever you come across the office of worship objectively conceived and con-

ducted you are conscious of its tremendous purchase upon your whole nature.

One day not long ago a Boston minister was visiting a Catholic friend, a member of a preaching order connected with a mission church. The Romanist was showing his Protestant friend through the church. They passed from station to station until their way led them out of the open and public places of both nave and choir into a dim recess behind the great organ. There, in a bare dark spot they came upon a lay brother down on his knees scrubbing the floor, already apparently clean and spotless. "But why wash this floor?" said the visitor, "Surely no one ever comes in here to see this place." The words were no sooner out of his mouth than he realized what he had said and anticipated the answer he got, "No, no one ever comes in here. We keep this place clean for the eye of God." The visitor has said that in that moment he realized the whole difference between Catholicism and Protestantism. Keeping floors clean for the eye of God may be as this world goes a gratuitous and useless task. But there are men who think it worth doing, more worth doing than anything else. Keeping the dark and secret places of a Protestant meeting house clean for the eye of God is not specified in the bond drawn between the Standing Committee and the sexton. The area back of the organ may be littered with ragged hymnals, torn and grimy sheets of old anthems, the Christmas finery of many yester-years, and subjective Protestant worship does not suffer so long as the pews are dusted. But in the failure of the average Protestant church to suggest

that which this mission church achieves lies a part, at least, of the unsolved problem of Protestant worship.

This contrast is always apparent when times of epidemic lead Boards of Health to call for the closing of the churches. Protestant services may be omitted altogether. But the Catholic office must be observed, even though no congregation is admitted. Since it is addressed to God and not to man, the Mass is celebrated irrespective of the vicissitudes of the human lot. Here is no question of papal infallibility. Here is no highly organized hierarchy. Here is the basic Catholic conviction that this objective service of worship stands in its own right. More than one Protestant clergyman at such a time has reason to question the conception of worship betrayed by the closed doors and unbroken silence of his church. Whatever the objective truth of the Mass, its celebration under such conditions has a subjective appeal and power which Protestantism would do well to ponder.

So the Protestant minister discovers the true nature of his offices of worship on the stormy Sunday when only a handful of the congregation has struggled out through a blizzard or a deluge to church, when the organist has failed to arrive and only a fraction of the choir is on hand. What is to be done under such circumstances? It seems foolish to go through with the whole service, thus crippled in the choir loft, thus diminished in the pews, and thus discouraged in the pulpit. Yet it does not seem quite fair to reward with curt dismissal those who have made venture of the weather. Perhaps adjournment to the vestry would

be wise, with an abbreviated service, a few hymns and a short "talk," reserving for a more adequate hearing the sermon on which such pains have been spent. Protestants complain of the Catholic "reservation of the Host." Catholics might do well to challenge, under these conditions, the Protestant reservation of the sermon! Something vital, something absolutely essential to the idea of worship is too easily conceded by Protestantism on these stormy Sundays. We not only admit defeat at the hands of the weather, an inglorious concession, we default the basic idea of worship, that this office is the devotion of ourselves to God and not merely a social occasion for corporate self-culture. The man who is more jealous for his sermon than for the idea of worship will obviously "make a short talk" on these disappointing Sundays. The man who is seriously concerned to lead his people in the worship of God and to foster the spirit of worship will get on with the service and preach the sermon he had prepared. He may not get the hearing that he hoped. That is a minor matter. He will confirm a few men and women in the conviction that a service of worship has objective worth apart from the dimensions of subjective profit. That is a great matter.

The whole issue comes down in the end to the question whether there is a kingdom of ends in human experience which deserves celebration. If there is no such kingdom, obviously worship must be subjectively conceived, and conducted with sole reference to the needs, convenience, and presence of a suitable body of worshipers. But if there is a real kingdom of ends accessible to men, then the formal recognition of that

kingdom through offices of worship is a duty which a church accepts as its first charge, and which it remits at its own peril. Not that religion dies when a Protestant service is omitted or compromised, but that a church which assumes the responsibility for thus denying the worth and reality of the kingdom of ends does itself irreparable harm.

It is here that the whole way of life which we know as art comes to the aid of religion in defense of the principle of objective worship. At present we shall get little encouragement from pedagogy or ethics or the various movements for social betterment in behalf of the idea of objective worship. These are all committed, as matters now stand, to the subjective method. But it has been and still is the distinction of art, as of pure science, that it seeks and finds objective reality which is at once its own end and the source of the deepest human satisfaction. For this reason all those who are charged with the conduct of public worship would do well to take an occasional vacation from the methods of "religious education" and to ponder the moods of the studio. Perhaps we shall find that a Byzantine "primitive," a Post-Impressionist canvas, a Bach fugue, or a play by Chekov have some things to say to us about worship, which the manuals of pedagogy have overlooked. Let one of their own number speak for the artists.

> There are moments in life that are ends to which the whole history of humanity would not be an extravagant means . . . . . .

The emotion that the artist felt in his moment of inspiration he did not feel for objects seen as means, but for objects seen as pure form . . . . Now to see objects as pure forms is to see them as ends in themselves . . . . What is the significance of anything as an end in itself? What is that which is left when we have stripped a thing of all its associations, of all its significance as a means? What is left to provoke our emotion? What but that which philosophers used to call "the thing in itself" and now call "ultimate reality."

If an object considered as an end in itself moves us more profoundly than the same object considered as a means to practical ends or as a thing related to human interests—and this is undoubtedly the case—we can only suppose that when we consider anything as an end in itself we become aware of that in it which is of greater moment than any qualities it may have acquired from keeping company with human beings. Instead of recognizing its accidental and conditioned importance, we become aware of its essential reality, of the God in everything, the universal in the particular. Call it by what name you will, the thing that I am talking about is that which lies behind the appearance of all things—that which gives to all things their individual significance, the thing in itself, the ultimate reality.

So soon as we begin to consider a work as anything else than an end in itself we leave the world

> of art. Be they artists or lovers of art, mystics or mathematicians, those who achieve ecstasy are those who have freed themselves from the arrogance of humanity. Those who find the chief importance of art in its relation to conduct or its practical utility—those who cannot value things as ends in themselves, or at any rate as direct means to emotion, will never get from anything the best that it can give. Whatever the world of æsthetic contemplation may be, it is not the world of human business and passion; in it the chatter and tumult of material existence is unheard, or heard only as the echo of some more ultimate harmony.[2]

This particular account of art has to do with painting. But the same principle holds of letters. On the last page of his lectures on *The Art of Writing* Quiller Couch says, "Believe me, Gentlemen,—so far as Händel stands above Chopin, as Velasquez above Greuze, even so far stand the great masculine objective writers above all who appeal to you by parade of personality or private sentiment. Mention of these great masculine 'objective' writers brings me to my last word: which is, 'Steep yourselves in *them:* habitually bring all tests to *them:* for while you cannot escape the fate of all style, which is to be personal, the more of catholic manhood you inherit from those great loins the more you will assuredly beget."

Turn to the Russians. What is the secret of the

[2] Clive Bell, *Art.* These selections are from widely scattered chapters of this book.

moving power of Russian letters and music and decorative art? It is precisely this objectivity. The artist may have felt deeply while he was in process of possessing himself of his subject, but in his finished work the self is not obtruded. The thing stands in its own right as a clear vision of reality. His editor says of Chekov, "Throughout his letters on literature and life, Chekov calls upon the writer to be objective. This is the burden of his teaching, the keynote of his artistic credo. The writer must be indifferent, aloof; he must eschew the subjective, the personal. He must comprehend reality from the heights of a luminous temperament." So Chekov himself writes to a fellow craftsman in letters, "To give up this acquired subjectivity is as easy as to take a drink. One needs only to be more honest, to throw oneself overboard everywhere, not to obtrude oneself into the hero of one's own novel, to renounce oneself for at least half an hour. . . . Subjectivity is a terrible thing. It is bad in this alone that it reveals the author's hands and feet."

Quotations from the artists might be multiplied indefinitely. These must suffice to indicate the attitude of the artist toward reality. Art always achieves the subjective result by the masculine, objective method. Protestantism being what it is—a doctrine of the Inner Light—can never be wholly objective. There must always be a strong strain of spiritual self-consciousness in the true Protestant. But when Protestantism attempts to organize and to conduct public worship, essentially a formal art, it cannot afford to be indifferent to the distinctive technique of the arts.

The weakness of Protestant worship at the present time may be attributed to two causes. The first is an unwillingness or an inability to make clear statements regarding the kingdom of human ends, in short to make confident affirmations as to God. No amount of earnest ethical exhortation, no strenuous summons to the self can fill the gap left empty when the creed, or something equivalent to a creed, is dropped from a service of worship. Honesty may compel the excision of a particular creed, agnostic perplexity may prevent the introduction of a substitute creed. But if the worshiper is denied faith in any and all forms of external reality and access to such reality, his whole religious life is immeasureably impoverished.

The trouble with so many of our Protestant services is precisely this muted and uncertain note which they give out when they announce the theme of objective reality. You do not know what the church really believes or whether it believes anything. We might as well realize that ingenious cadenzas skillfully played to illustrate the graces of subjective religion, cannot make a symphony or a concerto, lacking the masculine objective themes which make the initial and final pronouncement upon God as an end in himself, quite apart from his usefulness for us. It is here that our subjective Protestantism suffers in comparison with the sciences, which do attempt, each in its own sphere, just such objectivity. No self-conscious earnestness and no zealous self-culture can ever quite disguise or conceal the lack of this note in the average Protestant service. The cleverness and ingenuity in which we excel cannot do duty in public worship for conviction

as to God. One cannot overestimate the difficulty, given the modern mind, of making true and adequate affirmations about God as the great objective reality. But until we address ourselves to that task the problem of our public worship will go unsolved. This is the scientific cause of the weakness of Protestant worship.

The other cause is artistic. It springs from a mistaken preference for liturgical material cast in the subjective mold, and a failure to grasp the objective method of the greatest art. Yet we have only to consult our daily experiences to realize how right the artists are. I happen to be writing these words on a trans-continental train, climbing into the snow-covered Sierra Nevada range on a winter's day. The landscape is unutterably bleak and yet strangely fascinating. Man has been able to do little or nothing with this desert. Only sage brush will grow here. Without irrigation there is no agriculture. Cattle can hardly live. Here and there a stray struggling mining camp defends the gospel of utilitarianism. But in the main this Nevada desert and the mountains bounding it are unconquered, unredeemed, absolutely useless. Not being a means to anything else, the desert and the mountains are thrown back upon the native and primeval necessity of simply being ends in themselves. In precisely that fact lies their strange fascination. They are simply "significant form," patterns conceived in the mind of an Eternal Designer. They, therefore, make a difference in the mind of the traveler which the wheat fields and the cities of men across the country have failed to make.

That must be why we read the stories and look at the pictures brought back to us by men who go to the Arctic and the Antarctic, who penetrate jungles and cross Saharas and climb Himalayas. For all our reduction of reality to the terms of self-consciousness and the needs of self-culture, there is something in all of us that answers to any form of objective reality, which being patently useless is forced to become in its relation to us an end in itself. That is what the artists know, and it is for that conviction as to the secret of our noblest experiences that art stands. The artists give us significant form, knowing full well that the subjective reaction will follow, and will care for itself in the direction and conduct of the practical life.

To suppose that Protestant worship can ever become as wholly objective as the Catholic Mass, as a Byzantine mosaic, or as astronomy, is sheer folly. The Protestant in church will always be conscious of himself as worshiper. But Protestant worship would be vastly improved if all Protestant ministers addressed themselves to the task of making such unequivocal pronouncement about God as Christian faith and knowledge suggest, and then choosing as the vehicles for this pronouncement, artistic forms in which the truth is stated objectively rather than subjectively.

We need not despair of this task, either as an intellectual adventure or an occasion for the exercise of art. We have only to cease talking about ourselves when we go to church and to begin talking about God,

talking to God, to get on the right road again. In the willingness of the worshiper to forget himself, to throw himself overboard, in the determination of the minister not to obtrude his hands and feet, in these rigorous moods lies the secret of effective public worship.

Protestantism can be trusted to preserve its characteristic subjectivity. The correction which it needs at present is in the opposite direction. On both the highest and the lowest grounds, those of duty and strategy, we shall be well advised if we set about censoring and deleting a whole body of subjective material which has crept into our services, restoring some of the elder objective material that was genuinely artistic, and fashioning new significant forms to express such creative spirit as we may possess.

I can only suggest certain simple changes which any minister may make in his service as it now stands, without any revision of its order.

The first thing to go will be the subjective hymns with which Protestantism is cursed. Once you become conscious that there is a difference between objective and subjective worship the average Protestant hymnal is a thing to be used with discretion. Parts of it are weak and ineffectual.

Canon Liddon once wrote to Scott Holland, "In choosing hymns . . . . choose objective not subjective hymns . . . . The subjective hymn is an ode to itself, or an assertion of self disguised in religious language." A characteristic hymn cast in this too Protestant mold is Goethe's poem,

Purer yet and purer,
I would be in mind,
Dearer yet and dearer,
Ev'ry duty find.

It runs its familiar course through, "Calmer yet and calmer . . . Surer yet and surer . . . Higher yet and higher . . . Nearer yet and nearer" to its last stanza,

Swifter yet and swifter,
Ever onward run,
Firmer yet and firmer
Step as I go on;
Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast,
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.

The last four lines are the perfect anti-climax for the purposes of hymnology. We do not question the beauty of the words or the sincerity of the intention. We do question the poem as a work of real art and as a vehicle for the worship of God. Put over against it, "O God, our help in ages past" and its effeminacy is only too plain.

The second thing to go will be the subjective anthem, "Oh for the wings of a dove" and its ilk. The subjective raptures alleged by the soprano do not belong in a church service. If she really feels that way, she should say so in her studio. All things considered the *Te Deum* is perhaps the best anthem readily available for common church use. Its abso-

lute objectivity never fails to get the intent and alert subjective response. I have seen it succeed again and again where the soprano soloist failed miserably. When you stop to think twice about it you will realize that the strength of the Prayer Book service lies not so much in the reliable and formal beauty of the language as in its objectivity as a real work of art. The Prayer Book was compiled before the tide of subjectivity had begun to run. That is its real strength and there is the secret of its success as a vehicle for worship. But you do not need a Prayer Book to get an objective service. You have only to know the principle which underlies these things.

I have found myself preaching on two recent occasions in one of the justly distinguished churches of the liberal way. On both these occasions the choirmaster selected as the anthem for the day a setting for the last stanza of Holmes's *Chambered Nautilus.*

> Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
> As the swift seasons roll!
> Leave thy low vaulted past!
> Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
> Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
> Till thou at length art free,
> Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

Modern poetry cannot present a finer witness to subjective religion. And yet, for the purposes of a church service the anthem was quite ineffectual. Both the words and the music lacked authority, the convicting and energizing power of a religious idea.

How much better, for the purposes of public worship, the *Benedicite* is.

"O all ye works of the Lord: bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him forever."

Heavens, Waters, Sun and Moon, Stars, Showers and Dews, Winds of God, Fire and Heat, Winter and Summer, Dews and Frosts, Fowls of the Air, Beasts and Cattle, Children of Men praise and magnify Him forever. Although these words have no particular moral purpose, and make no subjective appeal, they are ethically invigorating. You certainly feel morally cleaner, probably you are morally stronger for having heard or sung that song, whereas the rather self-conscious lines of the *Chambered Nautilus* succeed only in developing a candid emotional distaste for the more stately mansions and a perverse affection for the low vaulted past.

The third thing to go will be the subjective scripture lesson. Such passages from the Bible belong to the closet, not the service of public worship. We ministers have, so often, a private predilection for autobiographical passages from the prophets, and introspective passages from the epistles, which we like to think tell our tale also. But these are peculiarly inappropriate passages for public worship. Scripture lessons should be chosen from the "masculine, objective" parts of the Bible; Genesis, Exodus, Deuteronomy, the Books of Samuel and Kings, The Gospels and the Acts, and the lyrical or ethical passages in the Epistles. Most of us have absolutely no suspicion of the real power of a great story, finely read in something like its entirety—the death of Absalom, the shipwreck of Paul. We may trust the story to become for the hearers a parable of life. Meanwhile it is a

supreme work of art. Objective scripture lessons, then.

And finally, a pastoral prayer, which really gets its feet out of the slough of interminable self-analysis, and stands upon solid ground. How easy it is, in the free prayer, to wallow in the states of our own soul. How plain it is that in the pastoral prayer, we are voicing the needs of all sorts and conditions of men, as they seek to relate themselves to the Kingdom of God.

May I be forgiven a personal word in conclusion. As a parish minister I naturally have read whatever came to my notice on the subject of worship. Most of this literature has been singularly unfruitful. I found much that was historically interesting, much that was ingenious, but little that was really illuminating. Professor Pratt's chapter, however, was the exception. After I had read it I had occasion to revise my habitual method of selecting scripture lessons, hymns, and sermon subjects. I am convinced now as I was at the time, that without making a single alteration in the order of the service I was then using, the service was vastly improved and strengthened. The experience confirmed me in my conviction that to make random experimental changes in an order of worship is no guarantee of a better service. Any and every form of service is capable of substantial improvement, without omitting, adding, or rearranging particular items, if only a more scrupulous attention is paid to the material which is to be used. Alterations in the plan of service are superficial remedies for ills which usually are more deep-seated.

There is no one ideal order, intrinsically better than all other orders. The quest for it is vain and unprofitable. We shall do far better for the cause of public worship in the typical American church if we try to be more scrupulous and discriminating in our selection of material. What is the use of changing the place which a hymn has in a service, if the hymn still remains weak and ineffectual? Better a good hymn in the place where the hymn now stands, than a bad hymn in a more "psychological" place. Most suggested revisions of order leave the initial problem unnoticed. The first question is, What type of material is best suited for public worship? And the answer is, Material in which Christian truth is objectively presented.

CHAPTER XIV

THE ORDER OF SERVICE

Here is a technical subject of interest and importance. A church service must have a "beginning, middle, and ending." No formal exercise can escape from that necessity. During its course of an hour or an hour and a half the order of worship should compass praise, penitence and the assurance of forgiveness, thanksgiving, petition, intercession, edification, inspiration, consecration, benediction. These various concerns will be expressed through prayers, responses, hymns, anthems, chants, lections, and sermons or homilies.

The possible permutations and combinations of these several items are theoretically many. As a matter of actual fact, however, there is a more or less traditional procedure and movement of the service. This order, even in the freer non-liturgical churches, harks back to the Mass of the Catechumens in the Roman service, and through that to the synagogue usage. The Protestant sermon, for example, still stands where the Catholic homily has stood for centuries, after the gospel and towards the end of the pre-Mass.

The final form of the Mass represents, as has been indicated, perhaps seven hundred years of experiment

at Christian worship, and back of Christian worship are three or four centuries of synagogue tradition. Behind the more or less conventional order—praise, penitence and forgiveness, psalter and lesson, pastoral prayer, sermon, with hymns and anthems appropriately interspersed—there lie a thousand years of the process of "trial and error." The early church seems to have had no liturgical theory. It worshiped as it was moved by the Spirit, and a felt fitness finally assigned to each item its best and most appropriate place in the service. We may safely say that the quest of novelty for novelty's sake in the revision of orders of worship offers little hope of better services. It is with a service of worship as with poetry or music, the artist displays supreme skill within the convention not in rebellion against it. We need have little interest in bizarre orders of worship. The solution of our problem must be found within rather restricted limits, since the themes available and the ends which these themes must serve are more or less clearly defined. The problem is, how shall this idea-stuff be selected and arranged.

It seems reasonably clear that one underlying principle may be discerned in all stable forms of worship, and that effective public worship usually conforms to that principle. Evelyn Underhill says that the Mass is the drama of the adventure of the soul. Reverting to the account of religion as love, given in an earlier chapter, we may say that a service of worship is a poem written by the lover of God, a song sung by the lover of God, and that the pattern of the

poem or the song is prescribed in advance by the nature of the experience.

If this is a valid account of the formal pattern to be followed in all orders of worship we have at once an answer to the first question which always arises in connection with worship. Shall a service confine itself to a single idea, all its parts contributing to that one idea, or shall it have a number of more or less independent ideas which supplement one another?

In defence of the former theory of worship it may be said that a service ought not to be at loose ends: it should be an artistic and literary whole, cast in a single mood and leaving at its conclusion one clear and strong impression. In criticism of this theory it must be said that if a service be conceived in a single mood and confined to a single idea, congregational attention and interest flag and the worshipers cease to follow the service. The power of close attention to one idea is very limited, and only the supreme artist dares to strain that power to the breaking point. The Greek tragedians, who were supreme artists, taxed human nature as few artists have ever taxed it. *The Trojan Women* is an unrelieved tale of woe. *Œdipus Rex* is a tragedy which never remits its pitiless indictment of hero and spectator. Synge has done something of the same sort in his much shorter *Riders to the Sea,* which echoes Euripides in its terrible severity. But in all these cases the spectator, though his emotions may have been purged as Aristotle would have them purged by the drama, is left tired and spent. The strain is very great, and one feels in such cases

as one always feels in the presence of restricted, relentless realism in art, that though this is the truth it is not all the truth. Emotional exhaustion is matched by intellectual dissent, as soon as the immediate impression has given way to critical reflection.

Over against this rigid and restricted dramatic pattern we may put the tragedies of Shakespeare. Their most tense moments are habitually relieved by the wild buffoonery, the high spirits, the romanticism, "the unconquerable mind of man." They are more faithful transcripts of life in its entirety. What is technically more important, the constant introduction of contrast sustains attention and interest without exhausting them. If you go out from a Greek tragedy weary and over-wrought you leave a Shakesperean tragedy quite as deeply impressed with the sombre realities of human life, but with a certain exhilaration and persuaded of a profound element or energy or reconciliation in the world. This is partly due to a wider rather than a more restricted realism on the part of the later writer, but it is also due to the technical construction of the drama.

The conventional structure of an orchestral symphony reveals a similar technique. Symphonies habitually begin with affirmative, objective, allegro movements. They then lapse into middle movements which are meditative and perhaps minor, in largo or andante tempo. A final more rapid movement works out some reconciliation of the objective and subjective themes. The symphony has a consistent history, it follows a psychologically inevitable course, and yields

a total satisfaction as a formal pattern of life or of the emotions of life in its entirety. That is what Lanier meant when he said of Beethoven,

> I know not how, I care not why,
> Thy music sets my world at ease,
> And melts my passion's mortal cry
> In satisfying symphonies.

Now a service of worship ought to have the same unity and yield the same total satisfaction that we get from the great play and the great symphony. Both the material and the pattern for it are there in religion, provided in advance, provided universally and inevitably by the cycle of the soul's love of God. That experience of love is one thing, always a spiritual unity. But it is not a matter of a single level, a single mood, a single idea. It involves the contrast which is felt between God and man, and the attempt to reconcile this riddle of likeness and unlikeness.

We may safely say, then, that a service of worship conceived in a single mood and confined to a single idea will be monotonous, will prove an exacting strain upon the worshiper, and save in the hand of a truly great artist at the summit of his powers, will be a failure. Those of us who are accustomed to the non-liturgical funeral service realize unconsciously the time limit of such a service. Unless the temper of high seriousness and spiritual overcoming of the world is candidly relaxed either for some intimate word about the dead or for a ministry of direct consolation, the service cannot be sustained through scripture lesson, hymn, and prayer over fifteen or twenty minutes.

The same thing is true of the regular service of worship on a Sunday morning. Emotions are more tranquil there, the mind is less taut. But even so, how often has one known a service cast in one key and confined to one theme, to break and to fail of its purpose after, perhaps, half an hour. We cannot attempt the psychologically impossible in the conduct of worship, and we ought not to send the worshiper away, as he is sometimes sent away from church, tired out by the strain of a single idea intensely and intensively treated.

The option, however, is not a service of two or more uncorrelated and independent ideas. The option is the service which accepts the formal pattern of the experience of man's love of God, and within this pattern states the thesis, the inevitable antithesis, and then the resolution of these correlative ideas and emotions.

The call of the prophet in Isaiah vi furnishes, as has been said, perhaps the simplest brief account of man's love of God, told as an autobiographical poem. Four simple ideas give us the pattern of this passage, —A vision and adoration of God, a confession of creaturehood, a perception of redeeming and reconciling energy, a reaffirmation of God's glory and a rededication of the self. The first idea we may call the thesis, the second idea the antithesis, the third and fourth ideas make a final synthesis. The pattern of the passage may be indicated in some such way as this,

Th. The Lord, high and lifted up, vv. 1-4.

Ant. Woe is me . . . a man of unclean lips, vs. 5.

Syn. a, The live coal from the altar,
b, Here am I; send me. vv. 6-8.

The significance of this simple, inevitable pattern becomes apparent when we test by it the more familiar lyrical and autobiographical passages in the Bible. Precisely those portions with which we are most familiar, and to which we turn most naturally, when we are seeking the aid of the Bible in the practice of the presence of God have this common form. We may see how constant the pattern is by citing a few classical examples. One cannot suppose that the various writers were deliberately forcing their ideas into a conventional mold. One must suppose that the reliable logic and sequence of religious experience, as it rises to the level of the love of God, determines the pattern inevitably. This is not an arbitrary type of literary construction, it is simply the formal transcript of the spiritual life. Thus:

Psalm xlii.

Th. The hart panteth after the water brooks,
So my soul after thee, O God. vv. 1, 2.

Ant. My tears. . . . Where is thy God?
Why art thou cast down? vv. 3-7.

Syn. a, The Lord will command his lovingkindness,
vv. 8, 9.

(*Ant.*) (Where is thy God? vs. 10)

Syn. b, Hope thou in God. I shall yet praise him.
vs. 11.

Psalm xc.

Th. Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place,
From everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. vv. 1, 2.

Ant. Thou turnest man to destruction,
A tale that is told. vv. 3-11.

Syn. a, So teach us to number our days,
Return, O Lord, how long? vv. 12-17a.

b, The work of our hands establish thou it. vs. 17b.

Psalm cxxxix.

Th. O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me,
Such knowledge is too wonderful for me. vv. 1-6.

Ant. Whither shall I go . . . heaven . . . hell . . . The wings of the morning . . . the uttermost parts of the sea . . . the darkness? vv. 7-12.

Syn. a, Thou hast possessed my reins,
When I awake I am still with thee. vv. 13-18.

(*Ant.*) (The wicked. vv. 19-22)

Syn. b, Search me, O God . . . and lead me
in the way everlasting. vv. 23-24.

John i. 1-14.

Th. In the beginning was the Word, vv. 1-5a.

Ant. The darkness comprehended it not,
His own received him not. vv. 5b-11.

Syn. a, As many as received him,
born . . . of the will of God. vv. 12-13.

b, The word was made flesh,
we beheld his glory. vs. 14.

I Cor. xiii.

Th. Charity. vs. 1.

Ant. Prophecy-mysteries-knowledge-
faith-my goods- my body. vv. 2, 3.

Th. Charity suffereth long . . .
never faileth. vv. 4-8a.

Ant. Prophecies fail . . . tongues cease . . .
knowledge vanishes away. vv. 8b-9.

Syn. a, When that which is perfect is come . . .
know even as also I am known. vv. 10-12.

b, Now abideth . . . charity. vs. 13.

II Cor. iv. 6-18.

Th. The light of the knowledge of the
glory of God. vs. 6.

Ant. Treasure in earthen vessels. vs. 7.

Syn. a, Troubled—not distressed,
Perplexed—not in despair . . .
The dying of . . . Jesus. vv. 8-17.

b, The things that are unseen—eternal. vs. 18.

Rev. vii. 9-17.

Th. A great multitude which no man could number . . .
Amen: Blessing and glory . . . Amen. vv. 9-12.

Ant. What are these?
They which came out of great tribulation. vv. 13-14.

Syn. b, Before the throne of God, they hunger no more, neither thirst any more.
a, The Lamb shall feed them,
God shall wipe away all tears. vv. 16.17.

Turn from the Bible to the hymnal. Apart from the Bible a hymn book is the best and simplest witness we have to Christian experience. An analysis of the literary structure of many familiar hymns discovers precisely this formal pattern which has been employed in these passages from scripture. Hymns of simple praise, such as the morning hymns, and hymns of service and action are usually straightforward. But the characteristic hymn of devotion is a richer and more complex work, with more than one idea. These hymns are essentially lyric poems of the Christian life. They have no didactic content and no dogmatic purpose. They simply voice the feelings of the Christian in the presence of God. Hymns written to defend theological systems are always bad hymns, because they are so often cast in the language of abstract rather than concrete thought, allowing no opportunity

for true emotion. The best hymn is that which is like the psalm, an undogmatic song of life itself.

Consider a hymn which is sung the world around, "O God, our help in ages past." It begins with a noble celebration of God's eternity. This thought occupies the first three stanzas. The fourth and fifth stanzas turn, by contrast, to the brevity of human life. The closing stanza returns to the words of the opening affirmation and concludes with the confidence that in God we have our guard while life shall last and our eternal home. The hymn is patently patterned on the ninetieth Psalm, is entirely worthy of that original, and is a perfect model for all hymn writing.

A hymn of Bishop Bickersteth's, in general use today, discovers the same pattern. The element of very real satisfaction which is found in singing the hymn clearly has its source in the structural simplicity of the four stanzas as they stand.

Th. O God, the Rock of Ages...
The everlasting Thou. vs. 1.

Ant. Our years are like the shadows...
Of things that soon are old. vs. 2.

Syn. a, O Thou, who canst not slumber....
The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

b, Lord, crown our faith's endeavour . . .
An ocean without shore. vv. 3, 4.

The hymn swings in these stanzas, like a perfectly conceived symphonic poem, the cycle of ideas involved in the contrast between the Creator and the creature, and attempts a final reconciliation of the riddle of likeness and unlikeness. The unhappy habit of omit-

ting a stanza because time is short would hopelessly mangle a hymn such as this. If time does not permit the use of these four stanzas of eight lines each, we should do better to choose another and shorter hymn, rather than to mar the structural beauty of this hymn by omitting a stanza. The omission of stanzas implies one of two things, haste or theological dissent. The artist will never allow himself to be hurried, or if he is hurried he will never betray his haste. And the omission of stanzas in the interest of theological correctness introduces into hymn singing a critical temper which, if recognized, at once puts us entirely out of sorts with the affirmative creative mood of hymn singing. Only the direst extremity can justify the bad habit of singing hymns in part only. We shall do well to choose and to announce only those hymns which can be sung as they stand in the hymnal.

One of the most beautiful hymns in the hymnal is Thomas Binney's "Eternal Light." This hymn grapples with the moral problem. It thinks of the clarity of the spiritual world. Without affectation or any sense of moral unreality it contemplates the darkness which surrounds our human life, and the dimness of our vision. It then finds in the immanent Spirit of God our means of reconciliation and the pledge that yet we may dwell in God.

Th. Eternal Light, Eternal Light,
How pure the soul must be,
When placed within thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but with calm delight
Can live and look on thee.

Ant. The spirits that surround thy throne
May bear the burning bliss,
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never never known
A fallen world like this,

O how shall I whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
The uncreated beam.

Syn. a, There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode,
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An advocate with God.

These, these prepare us for the sight
Of holiness above.

b, The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the eternal Light
Through the eternal Love.

Most of the best hymns which are found in the central body of every hymnal under the general headings of "Love, Gratitude, Faith, Consecration," follow this pattern uniformly. They are easily identified and their common structural uniformity is very striking. So:

Th. O Love divine that stooped to share, vs. 1.

Ant. Though long the weary way we tread, vs. 2.

When drooping pleasures turn to grief, vs. 3.

Syn. a, b, On Thee we fling our burdening woe . . . Living and dying, Thou art near. vs. 4.

Th. Oh, for a closer walk with God, vs. 1.

Ant. Where is the blessedness I knew? What peaceful hours I once enjoyed, vv. 2, 3.

Syn. a, b, Return, O Holy Dove, return, vs. 4. And worship only Thee. vs. 5

Th. Father, in Thy mysterious presence kneeling, vs. 1.

Ant. Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow, vs. 2.

Syn. Now, Father, now in Thy dear presence kneeling, vs. 3.

In many hymns the cycle is compassed within a single stanza, usually of eight lines. So, "Come unto me, ye weary;" "Christian dost thou see them;" "When the weary seeking rest." These are interesting variations of the pattern. The idea does not advance through the hymn as a whole. Each stanza is sufficient to itself, and the on-going hymn gains its weight by the reiteration of the preceding stanza in slightly varied terms, rather than by progress from stanza to stanza. It is interesting to note in this connection the names of the composers of such hymns. They are not

journeymen. They are the indubitable artists. The three hymns analyzed above were selected solely because they follow this pattern, but the names after them are significant; Oliver Wendell Holmes, William Cowper, Samuel Johnson.

Mention might be made in this connection of two types of hymns which are always peculiarly effective, the evening hymns and the hymns of heaven.

The evening hymns habitually swing a full circle. There is this passing day—there is the coming night—there is a fairer morning. All of us feel the charm and beauty of such a hymn, a charm and beauty too often wanting in the morning hymn. The reason is perfectly plain. The morning hymn is a once-born hymn of a single mood and a single idea. The evening hymn is a twice-born hymn of more than one idea and of contrasted emotions. It is truer to the whole of life than the morning hymn. Hence our liking for it.

Th. The radiant morn hath pass'd away
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

Ant. Our life is but a fading dawn,
Its glorious noon how quickly past!

Syn. a, Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
Safe home at last.

Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,

b, Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light
Art Lord of all.

Could anything be more beautiful, more entirely satisfying than this simple account of Christian faith and hope and love? By contrast one feels a certain poverty of experience, and immaturity in the morning hymns, which do not swing this wider circle.

So also of the hymns of heaven as against hymns of the social gospel and the earthly Utopia. The social gospel is particularly wanting in good hymns. This is partly due to the fact that that gospel is usually abstractly conceived and wants symbolism and the lyric temper. In one ultra-modernist hymnal "Onward Christian Soldiers" reappears as "Onward Cosmic Urge!" The Cosmic Urge is a vague biological category, not a vivid poetic image. You cannot sing it. Here and there a poem by Ebenezer Elliot, G. K. Chesterton, Dr. Gladden, Frank Mason North lends itself to these uses. But in the main the hymns of the social gospel have not solved the problem of giving the Utopian interest lyric voice.

There is, however, a deeper reason for the felt thinness and poverty of most of these hymns. They do not compass, indeed they cannot compass the whole truth of human experience. They make no reckoning with death which will still cast its shadow upon every Utopian order on this earth, and they leave the last enemy unchallenged. The imagery of the hymns of heaven is often forbidding and perplexing to the modern mind. But once it is accepted as the metaphorical language of all poetry it ceases to be offensive and becomes serviceable. A hymn like, "O Paradise, O Paradise," swings the full cycle. It concedes the world-weariness which still remains after all reforma-

tions of human society, and brings us finally to its King of Paradise. Needful as good hymns for the social gospel are, they will never be as perfect poems as the traditional hymns of heaven because of the necessarily restricted idea which they express.

We must leave this fascinating task of literary analysis. If the case has not been made, no further illustrations will strengthen the argument. The proposition is this; when religion seeks formal expression through fixed forms and orders of worship, its normal progress involves a contrast of ideas and emotions and the attempted reconciliation of this conflict. There is the approach to God, Christ, eternal life, goodness, beauty, truth. There is our own weak humanity, a thing of sin, ignorance, brevity, darkness, and uncertainty. There is that which bids us take heart again, the grace of God, the life of Jesus, the witness of the Spirit, the communion of saints, and we are set once more in the presence of our object, reassured, more deeply confirmed in our initial aspiration.

Why should not a religious service definitely follow this order? What other order can it follow? Why have we not here the one important principle which must determine the selection and sequence of the several items of public worship? There is no other available or possible principle as clear and as satisfactory. This is the pattern of the religious lyric wherever we find it at its best. Those devotional passages of the Bible to which we instinctively turn in the quest for God and ourselves in God, those hymns which we most habitually sing inevitably follow this sequence. Con-

scious or unconscious fidelity to this principle must have provided the pattern for all orders of Christian worship which have stood the test of years and still serve the worshiper of to-day.

The historic orders of Christian worship actually yield to this interpretation. The Roman Missal and the Anglican Prayer Book both reveal this pattern as present. The services in these books as they now stand, are the result of a long historical growth. In the Mass, in particular, the pattern is more than once repeated, and in the High Mass, where there is more than one celebrant, each celebrant as he enters the service is given opportunity to recapitulate briefly the total idea.

But if one will take the trouble to go through the first half of the Mass its major movement is apparent. It begins with the initial prayer of the worshiper for a clean heart, and then passes at once to its first major pronouncement, "I will go in unto the altar of God," a verse from Psalm xliii thrice repeated. This is a magnificent announcement of the whole theme of Christian worship. The Confession and Absolution follow, at some length, then comes the cry, "Lord have mercy, Christ have mercy." The Gloria, the Epistle, and the Gospel follow. Then the Nicene Creed, the incensing of the altar, the dedication of the bread and wine, and the final cry, "Lift up your hearts!"

This cycle is more or less broadly repeated in the second or Eucharistic half of the service. We may identify the general movement of the Mass by our pattern, even though it is highly elaborated.

Pre. Asperges me, Domine.

Th. Introibo ad altare Dei.
Ad Deum qui laetificat juventutem meam.

Ant. Confiteor Deo . . . quia peccavi . . .
mea culpa, mea maxima culpa . . .
Misereatur vestri omnipotens Deus . . .
remissionem peccatorum nostrorum,
tribuat nobis omnipotens et misericors
Dominus.

Syn. a, Kyrie eleison . . . Christe eleison!
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

b, (Epistle, Psalm, Gospel.)
Credo in unum Deum.
Sursum Corda . . . Gratias agamus.

The Prayer Book service follows much the same cycle. Psychologically it is possibly open to one criticism. The penitential mood comes rather too abruptly into the service at its very outset. In the mere matter of time not enough opportunity is given to the initial pronouncement upon the glory of God and to the initial address of the worshiper to God. The Prayer Book lacks at this point the breadth and serenity of the opening moments of the Mass with its majestic "Introibo ad altare Dei," and its reaffirmation of this purpose during the first considerable portion of the service. To remedy this deficiency, the American Prayer Book has introduced certain prefatory sentences in the affirmative mood, which are wanting in the English original. But even so the façade, the

portico of the service, is of rather meagre dimensions when compared with the whole fabric. On the other hand the General Confession and the Absolution in the Prayer Book service have a conciseness and a succinct simplicity which the similar part of the Mass lacks, it being somewhat diffuse at that point. The canticles of praise, the Psalter, the lessons follow naturally. Petition and intercession are appropriately reserved for the conclusion of the service, which ends with one of the most beautiful examples of religious literature and of Christian devotion, the prayer of St. Chrysostom. Then the benediction.

Now one does not suggest that the "typical American church" of the more informal and non-liturgical tradition would do well to revert to the Mass or the Prayer Book, historic as these orders are, and significant as they are as source-books. As a matter of fact the non-liturgical orders of worship in England and America were derived from Calvin's usage at Geneva and not from the Prayer Book. But the average "nonconformist" minister would certainly do well to review his own order of service to see whether he can discern in it any operative principle which determines the logical sequence of ideas and interests, making of his service a religious and artistic unity, as these classical orders are.

Nor can one speak with greater enthusiasm and confidence of the predatory raids which such ministers are apt to make upon these treasure houses of liturgical material. The objection to such excursions rests not on the assumption that this material is the private and peculiar monopoly of particular societies, since

most of what is best has its origin in the undivided church of pre-Reformation times and is the heritage of the church universal. The objection lies in the use which is made of these liturgical spoils. A living organism is dismembered to yield a prayer here, a set of short responses there, and then these mutilated fragments are laid bone to bone, in the hope that they may come alive. This they usually fail to do! Most of our "enriched and beautified" services are lifeless mosaics, betraying a mechanical ingenuity on the part of an editor and compiler, but no originality and no immediate inspiration. Editorial work, however erudite and clever, will never create a good order of worship. Not that a prayer here and there from the treasuries of liturgy may not serve fitly and well the occasional moment in the free service, but that an entire service deliberately reconstructed out of liturgical material from many ancient sources will lack spiritual immediacy and will inevitably betray that lack in a certain lifelessness.

The present chaotic condition of worship in the non-liturgical churches holds out little hope of any solution of the problem, save by the merest random accident of the laws of chance. The average minister, beyond picking a scripture lesson and hymn to anticipate his sermon and another hymn to follow the sermon, probably does not give five minutes thought a week to the rest of the service, and has no definite theory as to what is supposed to be happening, and what he is theoretically doing, in conducting public worship. Any potpourri from the Bible and the hymnal will satisfy the requirements of "the opening

exercises." We may well be reluctant to dignify this indifference by the names of either religion or art.

For any given man in a given church the solution of the problem lies in his personal effort to discover a single guiding principle which will sustain him through a whole service, and then in a serious attempt to make that principle operative in the particular order of worship which he happens to have at hand. We may trust the Catholic and Episcopal churches to conserve the elements of worth and beauty in their particular services. But unless the age of inspiration has entirely ceased and the gift of the Spirit is finally withheld, there is occasion and opportunity for the man who cares about this matter deeply, to readdress himself to a better ordering of the freer services with which we are familiar. If, instead of pilfering prayers and the like from pious anthologies and historic source books, the minister of the non-liturgical church would take a hand at the authentic task of creative endeavor, we might get somewhere with this matter. But what is necessary is the discovery and acceptance of a general guiding principle. So far as the average American congregation is concerned we may safely say that a conscientious though amateur artist can provide a better vehicle of worship for the rank and file of the people than the ablest editor and manipulator of liturgical sources. Vitality is essential, and the service must be grown, not assembled.

If the general theory which has been laid down in this chapter is sound, any man, anywhere, with any order of service, has a working principle which will

guide him in the conception and conduct of the service as a whole.

Such a man will see, at once, that the contrasted theses and antitheses in our love of God are not confined to the single idea of God's holiness and man's sinfulness, though these are the most familiar forms of that contrast. The moral contrast is only one among many. Another is the idea of eternity and time, the ageless and deathless nature of God and the brevity and transiency of human life. Beauty on the one hand, and squalor and ugliness on the other hand, are apparent. There is the peace of God and the want of peace in the human heart and in the world order. Strength and weakness are correlatives; wisdom and ignorance keep company in this connection. There are many ways in which this basic experience of the love of God may be explicated. It will be enough for any one service of worship if it gives voice to a single set of these paired, opposed ideas and attempts their resolution. The thesis, in each case, is a celebration of some one of the divine attributes. The antithesis, in whatever terms it is cast, will be the human foil to that divine attribute and will be in its specific form the voice of the generic "sense of sin."

There are, then, three main parts of a service of worship. There is, first, a direct call to worship and the celebration of some one of the attributes of God. This opening part of the service should be broad, simple, familiar, and more or less conventionally dogmatic. Its mood should be precisely that of the "Introibo." It is not a time for anything esoteric, involved, or even reflective. The sentences and hymns

used here are the "once-born" statements of Christian truth. The moment does not question, it affirms. If prayers occur here, they will be prayers of adoration, aspiration, praise.

After the initial truth has been adequately and unequivocally announced and the worshiper has been brought into the presence of God there will follow naturally a statement of precisely those aspects of human nature and character which are suggested by contrast. This antithesis presents to-day one of the most difficult problems which we have in public worship, simply because the sense of sin is with most persons so vague and weak. We shall do well not to confess sins in general, but to make specific acknowledgment of whatever is implied by our creaturehood as it stands in contrast to the particular attribute of God which has been present in the mind just previously. If our appeal has been to God's strength, then this reflective recoil will be a confession of our weakness and of its sources. If our appeal has been to the stability of God, we shall acknowledge our human vacillation and instability. Change and decay in the human world will be set against the unchangeableness of God. If our service is to celebrate the beauty of the Lord, our self-examination and self-discipline will search out the unloveliness and disorder of so much of our life. In short, what is called the "sense of sin" and its formal expression in public worship need both a greater concreteness and a wider comprehensiveness, if they are to voice with conviction the consciousness of our actual unlikeness to God.

Once the service has dealt adequately with this antithesis and has received an assurance of forgiveness, it will pass on into its central devotional period of rededication. The "pastoral prayer" of the free service clearly will not return to the penitential theme. There is always an infelicity in the common tendency of the pastoral prayer to revert to confession already made by the people or in their behalf. The pastoral prayer will confine itself to petition and intercession, supplication for ourselves and for others. A hymn coming at this period in the service will plainly be a hymn of the two levels not of one level of life, and it will leave us, as Whittier leaves us, hearing "The still small voice of calm." The formal service of worship really concludes here.

Much is gained in the ordering of a service on this basis if there are two lessons, or if the one reading is taken from two different sources, presumably the Old and the New Testaments. The minister who uses the Bible in worship with this principle in mind will find that more often than otherwise an Old Testament passage will give him an antithetical statement of the initial ideas of the service, while a complementary New Testament passage will yield a spiritual principle of reconciliation.

The sermon will probably be a recapitulation and exposition of the love of God, with its antitheses, which the service has in mind. If it is a good sermon it will clarify, interpret and communicate the religious experience as a whole in some one or another of its typical statements and sequences. The sermon ought to be followed by a hymn, and this hymn will be,

normally, one of service and action. It marks the moment of the worshiper's return to his practical life in the world. There is a current heresy that a service is more effectively ended with a prayer and the benediction immediately after the sermon. This is a grave lack of generosity on the part of the preacher, and a psychological mistake. If the sermon is dull and inadequate all the more reason for giving the people the last word. If the sermon is really effective there is still greater reason for providing at least this final opportunity for the people to express themselves. Suppression is bad. Emotions and purposes denied an outlet are a liability.

William James says that the real objection to the theatre is not the moral objection, but the psychological objection. The more powerful a play is, the greater the shock of coming out into the noisy street at eleven o'clock at night, and the more difficult the readjustment of the enhanced inner life to the old, drab, outer world. In the same way the really effective service of worship and sermon create a psychological problem for the worshiper. The closing hymn is a recognition of this problem, and at least a tentative solution of the problem. The minister who insists upon concluding his sermon at once with a prayer and benediction overestimates his importance as a preacher and is lacking in charity.

These tentative suggestions are offered for what they may be worth in developing the general principle which should underlie the order of public worship. More has not been attempted, because for the moment more is not necessary. Any free and simple order of

worship, so construed, may become what every religious service should be, the formal statement and practice of our love of God.[1]

[1] Readers of Von Ogden Vogt's *Art and Religion* will have noticed that in this chapter I have followed the general line of argument as to the order of worship which he has used in his book. To defend myself from the charge of rank plagiarism, let me say that the substance of this chapter was used in a lecture at the Union Seminary Summer School in 1922, before I had read Mr. Vogt's book. I had fastened on Isaiah vi as a pass key to the whole problem, and had developed the lecture along the lines which I have followed here. I took Mr. Vogt's book with me on the train to New York, for that Summer School, and was naturally a good deal interested to discover that both of us, each independent of the other, had come to the same conclusion about the basic principle of an order of worship.

CHAPTER XV

PROPHET, PRIEST, AND PEOPLE

In the prophecy of Ezekiel there is a significant "woe" pronounced against the religious leaders of the time, "Woe be to the shepherds of Israel that do feed themselves! Should not the shepherds feed the flocks?" If we translate these words into the vernacular we probably must infer that the persons contemplated had been guilty of turning a profession into a trade. As they stand, however, the words are capable of another interpretation, and so interpreted they are a comment upon the dangers of precisely that individualism in religion, which is so characteristic of the teaching of this prophecy. They warn the religious leader against the use of his office as primarily an occasion and opportunity for spiritual self-culture. In some form or other this warning ought to appear in every ordination, installation, and induction charge, particularly when the whole cultural environment and ecclesiastical tradition make in the direction of an excessive individualism. The average American minister is the heir of such a tradition and lives in such an environment.

A European observer of American affairs has said that one of the greatest weaknesses of our culture is our unwillingness to let the office dignify the man.

We deprecate in the public man all aloofness and impersonality. We encourage in him those traits which prove that he is a person of like interests and like dimensions with ourselves. By making him increasingly liable to the second thoughts of his constituency and to a recall to the ranks we attempt to safeguard not so much the idea of representation as the ideal of equality which tends with us to be the core of democracy. We have thus preserved in public life some remnants of Jeffersonian simplicity, but in refusing to concede to the public man the full measure of strength which comes from the formal fact of office, we greatly increase the burdens which we ask him as plain man to bear.

The typical American church is a church in which the minister is made conscious of these habits of the common mind. His people are interested in him as an individual and devoted to him personally. He incarnates all that the institution means to them. He is morally sustained by the knowledge that his people trust him. This constant conviction is one of his surest safeguards and inspirations. All this is right and wholesome. But the more successful a pastorate becomes, the greater the minister's difficulty in diverting the loyalty of a congregation from himself to the church and in providing for the bequest of that loyalty to his successors. The fortunes of most of our stronger churches are the fortunes of their pulpiteers, and the history of too many of our churches tends to become not a record of organic life, but a collection of uncorrelated episodes in religious individualism.

Protestantism, with its emphasis upon the office of the prophet and its chronic distaste for the priesthood, has given to the average American church a formal vindication of its native predilection for personalities. The prophet is a vivid individual, first-hand, interesting, immediate. There is about the conception of the priesthood a touch of impersonality, of self-effacement, even of vicariousness. America prefers the prophet to the priest. Theoretically Protestantism meets the need of a priesthood by affirming the priesthood of all believers. Practically this has meant the gradual disappearance of the priestly idea and function from the life of this average American church. What has actually happened is quite clear, the Protestant laity seldom claim and exercise the prerogatives of the priest, while the Protestant minister is discouraged from the exercise of priestly offices and is thrown back for a definition of his profession upon the pattern of the prophet.

We cannot say that this drift of affairs has laid upon the Protestant minister a burden too heavy to be borne, for many men have carried this burden with resilient strength and with success, but it has vastly complicated the conduct of public worship in the "free churches." To restate the axioms in the case; a priest is a man who goes to God in behalf of the people, a prophet is a man who comes to the people from God. The same man may effectively combine both offices, yet the direction in which his whole nature moves as priest is quite distinct from the direction he takes as prophet.

Worship is man's address and approach to God. It

is, therefore, a priestly act. What follows, by way of a clearer vision of truth and spiritual fortification may be a prophetic experience. This is, however, a corollary and consequence of the act of worship, and not its first intention and direction. As prophet the minister of religion preaches a sermon. As prophet, possibly, he reads from the Bible. But aside from these two duties there is nothing else in the service of worship which he does as prophet. Throughout the rest of the service he is technically the priest, the voice of the people going out to God. Most of the more serious infelicities of our free worship arise from the failure of the minister to realize that in the conduct of the formal service he fills two offices, not one.

Not long since a minister from Australia crossed America by motor. On his way across the country he went each Sunday to the church hard by the place where the day found him. When he had finished his trip some one asked him what was his most vivid impression of American churches. He answered instantly, "The badness of your prayers." This is a significant and a serious indictment of American Christianity. It means that a sympathetic visitor has failed to find in the average American church full opportunity for public worship.

Bad pastoral prayers may spring from a basic skepticism as to the reality and efficacy of prayer. But this badness may have quite another origin. It may reflect the concentration of the minister upon his prophetic office, to the neglect of his priestly office. Free prayer tends, unless rigidly censored, to take on an informational nature or to become an exercise in

self-analysis. This technical badness, consisting of announcement of fact and of introspection, may be put down as a debit entry charged against a purely prophetic conception of the Christian ministry. Not that the prophet does not pray, but that when he prays he has turned priest for the moment. We cannot suppose that any ordinarily intelligent minister seriously thinks that God needs the information which cumbers so many free prayers. We cannot suppose that this same minister defends the element of information in prayer on the ground that it is an indirect address to his congregation. His theory of prayer is probably quite correct. But his public practice is imperfect because he so constantly conceives of himself as a man sent from God to the people and so seldom conceives of himself as a man going to God for the people. The priestly office requires quite as much discipline as the prophetic office, and a minister who spends ten or twelve hours a week on his sermons, but never gives five consecutive moments' thought to his pastoral prayers, cannot expect that his praying will be as formally correct as his preaching.

As for the strain of introspection and self-analysis, an increasing inwardness in the Protestant practice of religion makes in the direction of self-consciousness if not self-exploitation in the ministry. As we discover the fallibility of all seats of external authority the burden thrown upon the solitary soul becomes heavier. The modern Protestant minister tends to become self-centered, if he takes his ministry seriously. He is no longer an echo, an advocate, a counsel. He is a wit-

ness. There is about his public work a strong autobiographical strain. Disguise it as he may, universalize it as he may, this subjective element colors his whole ministry.

This may be gain rather than loss for the cause of religion. There is no such thing as an absolute altruism apart from a valid self-love. You cannot answer for others questions which have not been forced home upon you. The best ministers to-day, like the best prophets and reformers of all yesterdays, are driven into a religious life by the initial necessity of finding for themselves a way of living that enables them to overcome the world. The man who goes into the ministry because religion will not let him alone is in the end the most effective altruist. By taking religion seriously himself, he communicates its high seriousness to others: by finding a way of life for himself, he opens and leads the way for others. In this respect the modern ministry stands foursquare with the history of the elder prophets. Jeremiah did not become a prophet for altruistic reasons. He became a prophet reluctantly, against his will, and after much evasion, because religion gave him no peace on any other basis. Probably the initial and inner history of the Christian ministry at its best will always reveal some such struggle and compulsion.

Once in the ministry, a man is under moral bonds to be sincere. In the best free churches there is no longer any rigid demand for fidelity to the letter of whatever body of doctrine those churches may profess. But there is a demand for sincerity, and there is a sharpened perception of the subtle difference be-

tween sincerity and insincerity. People in the pews know when a minister is saying merely what is expected of him and when he is saying what he believes because he believes it, and it is the latter quality of utterance rather than the former that they wish from their minister.

In the confused condition of modern religious faith and practice this expectation throws an almost crushing responsibility upon the individual minister. He may not cite as the authority for his work papal pronunciamentos or conciliar decrees or church creeds or a verse from the Bible. He may not be the echo of the past, remotely busied with its ancient offices of worship. Nothing but his own travail of soul can set an *imprimatur* upon his words and deeds. This means that the practice of the profession is an intensive rather than an extensive discipline, and that at any given moment the minister's presentation of religious truth is determined by the limits of his own experience.

The meagreness of the dimensions of truth which this necessity imposes is more than atoned for by the deeper truthfulness of what is said. Religion contemplates ultimately all truth, but for the purposes of its immediate communication it is best served by the contagion of some one truth which has been mastered and felt as truth. This whole modern conception of the minister as one who is a witness rather than an advocate, has undoubtedly added to the general theological confusion and does little to bring order out of doctrinal chaos, but it has lifted the mean level of truthfulness of thought and word and deed in the churches. At least it has the merit of proceeding on

the assumption that those who do the will may expect in due time to know the doctrine.

We have then in the Protestant ministry to-day a number of causes, some of them reflections of the American scene and temperament, others of them corollaries of the drift of Protestantism, which incline the minister not only to self-culture but to self-assertion. The men of duller religious perceptions exploit the popular predilection for personalities, if not in their own interest then in the interest of their parishes. The men of subtler perceptions unconsciously tend to force the experience of a people into the molds of their own experience simply because they feel so deeply upon matters which lie nearest the heart of them.

This fact creates for the offices of a public worship a real dilemma. The principle of individuality carried to its logical conclusion, not only in the sect but in the single parish, does not tend in the direction of a truly corporate act. The difficulty with most non-liturgical worship is that which Chekov pilloried in his letters, the author's "hands and feet" are too much in evidence. Only a real artist can save the free service from those idiosyncrasies and infelicities which tend forever to reduce it to a public display of private devotion.

Whatever else may be said of a liturgical service, this must be said, it safeguards the ministry and the congregation against the awkward intrusion of "hands and feet." Liturgical services have history on their side, they have catholicity on their side, but far more to the point they embody what is necessary to every

office of worship, a strong priestly element. The non-liturgical service conducted by a minister who is something of a saint and an artist may be and often is quite as effective an act of public worship as a liturgical service. Probably we should say that such a service is worship at its best. But without impugning the saintliness of free church ministers we may take occasional exception to their artistry. Theoretically there is no slightest reason why Christians should not fashion to-day forms of worship as beautiful and as universally expressive as any forms which we now possess. But just as it would take a genius to strike off a sonnet as perfect as Milton's on his blindness, so it takes something of an artist to offer at the conclusion of a service a prayer as adequate and satisfying as that of St. Chrysostom, which we often use at that moment.

There are at present no indications that the great bulk of non-liturgical churches in America are likely to develop liturgies in the near future. The tradition of the freer service is very strong, and the American temperament requires occasion for informality and initiative. There is probably a principle at stake here, which may not be too easily relinquished. But the present fact is that the original truth of the free service has become in practice a rather uninspired and uninspiring platitude.

The broad issue between the liturgical and the non-liturgical service is not that between a service which is confined to a liturgy and a service which has no liturgy. The issue is really that between more liturgy and less, good liturgy and bad. The old-fash-

ioned Friends meeting is the only truly free service left in Protestantism, yet in the whole wealth of ceremonial usage in the Christian church there is no act so supremely and significantly formal as the striking hands which brings a Friends meeting to its close. For the rest, the question is how much or how little liturgy and ceremony, how good or how bad. Every minister who has conducted free worship for a period of years has unconsciously developed and in the end has consciously adopted certain forms of speech and action which have become habitual with him. Simply because his prayers have not been printed in a book or his usages dignified by rubrics, he is not necessarily a "non-liturgical" minister. I remember a deacon who used to offer prayer at the mid-week meeting in the church of my childhood. Every Thursday evening he voiced the same petitions. In particular he interceded for certain persons whom he designated as the "hewers of wood and drawers of water." Who these persons were I was, as a boy, never quite clear. But obviously they deserve a place in some world of "significant form" together with "all sorts and conditions of men" who are identified by the punctuality of their weekly reappearance in liturgical usage. The truth is that worship compasses a restricted number of familiar interests and that a service which forsakes this circle for the open country of unidentified concerns ceases to be worship. We shall do well if we make our peace with the proposition that in practice the question is how far the liturgical principle is to be carried, and how we are to discriminate between its various forms.

One of the major proponents of the free service has criticized liturgical worship, particularly liturgical prayer, as being an admission of defeat at precisely the point where the spiritual battle is most worth winning. Every minister knows what is meant. There is a mood of spiritual slackness and indifference in which recourse to vehicles of worship that have cost us nothing is a candid admission of weakness or failure. On the other hand this criticism may itself be criticized in turn. It implies that a service of worship is the drill field on which the minister makes public display of his own exercises of religious self-culture, and precisely the suspicion that this very process is going on makes of so many of our free services what St. Paul calls a "theatron," an edifying spectacle but not a corporate act.

Every minister must win the battle of a first-hand spiritual life. That is perfectly plain. But he ought to win that battle in private, not in public. He ought to bring to the service of public worship the fruits of victory; he ought not to make of the service itself the uncertain field on which he strives for victory. I remember vividly the pastoral prayers of a truly noble soul who had lived for forty years of his ministry very near to God. Hearing those prayers was like overhearing a saint at his private devotions. One was touched and humbled and stirred by the onward moving, fervent meditation. But it is doubtful how far those prayers voiced the needs and aspirations and petitions of the people in the pews. His pastoral prayers bore the mark of a very vivid individuality. They were not priestly.

The simplest method of making the service of worship a truly corporate act is to increase the opportunities for participation by the congregation. "Why do you call this service 'Public Worship,' as your church calendar claims?" a friend of mine once asked me. "It is nothing but a duet and dialogue between yourself and the quartet. There isn't anything 'public' about it." Very well. Hereafter there shall be a much longer responsive reading and an extra hymn shall be added, even at the cost of three or four minutes to the sermon and the long prayer. Our service shall be public at all costs.

This is the most familiar and ordinary solution of the problem. We have all tried it. But this plausible reformation does not touch the heart of the matter. The immediate result of such changes is too often a service which is merely fussy and inconsequential. "Much speaking" in church on the part of the congregation does not mean public worship necessarily. The problem is a deeper one than that. It is the question as to whether or not the actual vehicles of worship, spoken or acted, are recognized by the worshiper as including and expressing him. His desire to worship and the substance of his worship may receive a vicarious satisfaction in words spoken by another to which he gives only silent but none the less whole-hearted consent. He comes to church to have said truly and beautifully what he wishes to say but does not quite know how to say. His part in the service is always a subtler and deeper thing than any mere vocal share in its transactions. He may be glad at moments to hear his own voice confirming the sub-

stance of the service. Probably a sound psychology will require these occasions for his consent. But a good service of worship does not always require the constant, audible participation of the people.

In many classical orders of worship the part of the people is very slight, consisting only of a brief reaffirmation of the transactions of the order, as who should say, "Amen," from time to time. This is true of the Mass. The Catholic "hears Mass." The temptation to solve this problem by merely giving the people more to do or say in an insidious one and shirks the real spiritual issue. The challenge to the minister is not so much to make still larger place for the oral share of the worshiper as to make a larger place for the worshiper in the substance and form of the ideas and emotions which comprise the service.

Again, we shall learn something by appealing to the world of art. Persons who go to a concert do not find it necessary to beat time with their feet or whistle the air that is being played or sung in order to enjoy the music. That is the device of the vaudeville. I personally have taken some homely private pleasure in fingering out certain familiar classical themes on a lonely plaintive flute. But in order to enjoy a symphony I do not have to take the flute score with me and pipe frantically along through its measures while I sit in the stalls. It is enough for me that the orchestra, flutes included, says beautifully and truly what I have said so painfully and uncertainly before my own music rack. Silence is the most perfect consent and the sign of the profoundest satisfaction with the trained concert-goer.

All art has this strong strain of vicariousness in it, and the consent which we give to the perfectly vicarious work of art may be given in silence. But the personal satisfaction is none the less real. Is the art of worship otherwise? We may resort to music hall devices and say that the result is a public act. But what we really need is a ministry which regards the conduct of public worship as the final test of a profound unselfishness of life, and which brings to that office a perception of the significant and inevitable form in which the universal human experience haunts particular words and deeds.

These considerations are not advanced as an apologia for a perpetual duet between minister and choir. They are advanced, however, as a warning against too simple solutions of the difficulty with which we are now confronted. To give the congregation more to do and say is by all means wise if what they do and say has the expressive quality of real art, but only on that condition. This condition holds of the whole service, both of what the people themselves say and do, and of what the minister as priest says and does in their behalf.

Three or four suggestions, then, as to the development of the priestly temper in its best and truest manifestations.

Any intrusion of angular individuality on the minister's part in the conduct of the service of worship is not only a breach of good taste, it is a frustration of the act of worship. We are inclined to think that intimacy and individuality on the minister's part give reality to the offices of worship. On the contrary,

they subtly and surely destroy that reality. What gives reality to worship is a quality which at first we tend to define as impersonality on the part of the one who officiates. The minister who "leads in prayer" is not an individual praying for himself, he is the voice of a people. In so far as prayer in church requires forms and words, the forms and words used should be as transparent as a good clean window. A good window simply lets you see out and lets the light in. Transparently simple ideas and feelings are necessary for an effectual order of worship, and to the fashioning of such ideas and feelings the minister of religion must give himself if he is to be the leader of public worship. One might compare the actual vehicles of public worship to the long plate glass windows on the southern side of so many modern homes. A plate glass window has no individuality. It is finely impersonal, but in that very impersonality lies its meaning and value for the many different individuals who look through it to the light. A service of worship is such a plate glass window on the southern exposure of the common mind and heart of man, that side of man's nature which is turned towards the light. As an individual the minister's tendency is to get in the way of the corporate act of worship; as a priest his task is to get out of the way.

What we call impersonality, then, is not the repudiation of personal life so much as the compassing of many different individual lives. Huxley once spoke of the "passionless impersonality of the unknown and the unknowable." This quality which we all feel in the universe is not incompatible with belief in a "per-

sonal God," if only we are careful to say that we do not mean a God who is simply one more individual added to many. Of the two words, individuality and personality, the latter is the more comprehensive. But unfortunately our terminology is inaccurate and when we say "impersonality" what we really mean is a suggestion of something which ignores and transcends the sharp angular distinctions between individuals.

This quality, for example, ran through all of Lincoln's later utterances. There is about the Gettysburg Address and the Second Inaugural Address precisely this "passionless impersonality." For that very reason the first expresses the patriotism of a hundred million individual Americans and the latter deserves the ascription which it has received of being the greatest state paper of the nineteenth century in this or any other country. What Lincoln did for the people of America in those addresses, a minister ought to do for his people as the leader of public worship. Here, where individuality is least apparent, personality in the fullest sense of the word is achieved.

The meaning and office of this impersonality become apparent on what we may call our "great occasions," great either because of their interest and concern, or great because of the number of individuals who participate. A baptism, a wedding, a funeral are all "great" occasions. They demand precisely the quality which we are discussing. They concern the individual not as an individual alone, but as a member of the church, the state, the race. Here the particulars of a human life are haunted by the universal realities. No language which is casual, informal, and intimate

can compass the meaning of the occasion, and any attempt to introduce the note of informal familiarity into the occasion instantly destroys its meaning and worth.

So also of the dimensions of the group. As numbers increase the impersonality of what is said and done also increases. The same man cannot speak to a thousand persons as he speaks to ten persons. There may be a man who, by virtue of the sheer overbearing weight of his own individuality, can speak to twenty-five hundred persons as another man speaks to twenty-five persons. There are very few men who can speak to ten thousand persons as others would speak to ten men, and they are only flashing meteors in the firmament of public address, they are not its steady lights. A service in a country meeting house where fifty neighbors are gathered may be more colored by the individuality of the minister than a service in a great city church or a cathedral, where strangers to the minister, to the church, and to each other are met for public worship. In such case only the impersonal vehicles of worship which are surely classic, in that they reliably express what is common to all men, may be used fitly and safely. The minister must sense what he cannot define, the ratio which should exist between a particular congregation and the degrees of individuality and impersonality required to express accurately the spirit of worship in that congregation.

The justification of vestments is to be found here. The minister who puts on a Geneva gown is not dressing up his individuality, he is dressing it down! Once

a congregation is accustomed to the black gown or one and another of the variations of vestments, it will never be happy when confronted by the sartorial vagaries of the individual minister. In putting on any uniform the individual admits and accepts certain corporate implications and duties. That is the intimation and warrant of all uniforms.

So with the habitual act done in the habitual way. A friend says that he has the reputation of being a very "high-church" practitioner in a free church tradition, but that as a matter of fact all he does is to be scrupulously careful in getting through certain things which all ministers must do when they conduct public worship. The result is that in the conduct of the service of worship he has effaced himself as an individual, and has finally achieved an order of worship in and through which his congregation seem to express themselves under his leadership.

If as ministers we were to concede what is a doubtful proposition at the best, that the sermon is the most important constituent element of a Sunday service and that what precedes it is merely an "opening exercise," we might still plead for impersonality during these exercises, for the sake of the moment when the preacher begins his sermon and quite naturally and inevitably becomes "personal." The formality of the first part of the service would give freshness and interest to the informality of the moment when the sermon begins, the impersonal priest having been succeeded by the individual prophet. For it goes without saying that the modern "prophet" always has individuality.

Under present conditions, however, the priestly office need not end before the sermon. The best modern preaching is less didactic than the preaching of the past. Perhaps the sermon should never cease to be a vehicle for teaching. Possibly its greatest strength has lain in this function. There is, however, a great deal of very effective preaching being done to-day, which has a distinctly priestly quality about it. Such preaching does not always tell the people some fresh truth, but it does say for the people what they would like to say about religion and says it in an original way. Sermons cast in this mold are probably not works of conscious artistry. They spring from the inductive, empirical habit of the general mind. They are more nearly scientific than artistic. In their delivery we find our own minds working out by inner dialogue and dialectic their own conclusions and expression. Such sermons are clearly not prophetic utterances in the traditional sense of the word. But given the conditions of religious thought to-day and the method of the general mind they serve a very useful purpose. They carry into the pulpit an echo of the priestly office and give a certain continuity to the service as a whole. A "priestly sermon" may be a contradiction in terms. But in some of our historic American pulpits there are honest men thinking out loud the thoughts of the pews, and that preaching is for the moment the most effective preaching that is being done. Whether we call the result a sermon does not matter. The task of the church is being fulfilled under those conditions. Worship, in the broadest sense of the word, is going on and the sermon is a part

of a service of worship, not something appended to the service as a prolonged after-thought.

To return, for a moment, to "the badness of our prayers." Every minister of the non-liturgical tradition knows that the pastoral prayer is the most exacting part of the service, far more difficult than the sermon, and his consciousness of his infelicities as a leader in prayer increases as the years go on. He shrinks from frank resort to conventional and familiar liturgies. He is reluctant to make literal preparation for his own free prayers. The prayer comes in his life as the test and measure of his own sincerity and simplicity as a Christian minister. Were he to put all personal considerations to one side, he knows that the tradition of free prayer is so deeply rooted in the average American church that the introduction of fixed liturgical forms, no matter what their origin and association, would serve no immediately useful purpose.

His task is to habituate himself to the spirit of prayer and then to discipline himself in the best forms of prayer. The first half of this duty concerns his whole manner of life. The second is a technical duty in which definite study is profitable. The minister of the non-liturgical tradition will do well to steep himself in the whole body of Christian liturgy, Catholic and Protestant, ancient and modern alike.

We cannot ever quite pluck the heart out of the mystery of the great classic prayers of Christendom. In the process of critical analysis the spirit is destroyed, leaving only a few simple elemental words. Two or three observations, however, may be made

upon them as they stand which will serve some purpose in pointing out errors which they have escaped.

The first characteristic of these prayers is their brevity. Even when two or three short prayers succeed each other in a service their combined length is hardly that of the usual pastoral prayer. The litany is perhaps the one familiar exception to this rule. Prayer as the reflective mood may be indefinitely prolonged, but prayer as the intent formal statement of that whole side of life cannot be thus prolonged. We must not forget that when asked for the name of a certain man, the austere and saintly Edwards Park of Andover said, "I cannot remember it now, but I shall think of it during the long prayer next Sunday morning!"

Furthermore, if we accept the canon which says that good literary style is dependent first upon clear thinking and secondly upon actual movement of the thought, we can understand why the style of pastoral prayers is often so bad. Their ideas are random and they are very apt to mark time. The moment thought ceases to move attention wanders and interest flags. All liturgical prayer has about it that suggestion of rapid movement which Newman discerns in the Mass. This quality of urgency which may be noted in liturgical prayer is very different from a brooding intentness which we associate with devotional literature. Francis Thompson says,

> From stones and poets you may know,
> Nothing so active is as that which least seems so.

His heart's a drop-well of tranquillity;
His mind more still is than the limbs of fear,
And yet its unperturbed velocity
The spirit of the simoom mocks.
He round the solemn centre of his soul
Wheels like a dervish.

That is a state of mind quite characteristic of the saintly life, but it is not the state of mind appropriate for one who is leading a congregation of worshipers in prayer. We may not confuse the "devotional mood" with the priestly office.

More specifically the literary strength of liturgical prayer lies in two facts, the relative absence of the adjective and the prominence of the verb. The Lord's Prayer is the pattern for all Christian prayer, and in giving ourselves to a study of its content we should not entirely ignore its form. Here in the Matthew text are sixty-five words. Leaving out of account the possessive forms "thy, thine, our," there is only one descriptive adjective in the prayer, "daily." In the arrangement of the clauses and sentences the verb is prominent. "Hallow, give, forgive, lead, deliver;" these words give to the prayer its vitality and urgency.

In his *Art of Public Worship* Percy Dearmer has an interesting chapter on the conventional pattern of the short prayer, known as a collect. What he says is familiar to most students of liturgical material, that every such prayer is cast in a formal mold. "O God, who art . . . ., do thus . . . ., for this end . . . ., and in the name." In its structure the collect is not unlike the Lord's Prayer. In particular it discovers the same leanness of style and ur-

gency of spirit. Such prayers represent a discipline and training of the mind. They fulfill the duty which a modern critic would impose upon all prose, to "sweat off its fat." They have laid aside the weight of adornment which so easily besets our writing and speaking.

Almighty God, unto whom *all* hearts are open, *all* desires known, and from whom *no* secrets are hid; cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy *holy* name; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Gregorian Sacrementary, A.D. 590.

Grant us, O Lord, to pass this day in gladness and peace, without stumbling and without stain; that, reaching the eventide *victorious* over *all* temptation, we may praise thee, the *eternal* God, who art blessed, and dost govern *all* things, world without end. *Amen.*

Mozarabic, before A.D. 700.

O God of strength, passing *all* understanding, who mercifully givest to thy people mercy and judgment; grant to us, we beseech thee, faithfully to love thee, and to walk in the way of righteousness. *Amen.*

Sarum, A.D. 1085.

> O Lord, shield of our help, who wilt not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able; help us, we entreat thee, in *all* our straits and wrestlings, to lift up our eyes unto thee and to stay our hearts on thee. *Amen.*
>
> Christina G. Rossetti, 1830-1894.

These prayers, taken from widely different sources, suggest the common quality of all proved liturgical material. Save for an occasional predicate, the adjective is almost wanting. The verb and the noun give to the ideas clarity and movement.

A cursory glance at fourteen prayers in the Prayer Book discovers these facts; the fourteen prayers have 1159 words; of these 83 are adjectives, just over 7%. One adjective is very common, "all." Of the 83 adjectives noted, the single word, "all," accounts for 27. If we omit the characteristic "all," the percentage of adjectival forms is reduced to less than 5. Of this 5% by far the greater number are used in ascriptions, "almighty, holy, merciful, heavenly." These account for another 2%, leaving the descriptive and predicate adjectives which are used in thanksgiving, confession, petition, and intercession at about 3% of the total words employed.

Lyric poetry is supposed to be largely metaphorical. Its appeal is to images. The descriptive adjective is not essential to it. Yet a reading of a half dozen lyric poems in current magazines discovers 82 adjectives in six poems which total 850 words, or nearly 10%. In ordinary descriptive prose writing the percentage is still higher.

The adjective always retards thought and, when multiplied, adjectives arrest the thought altogether. Moreover the adjective works like a knife, every time it affirms it also denies. The stroke of the adjective, like that of a chisel, in sharpening the outline of the noun it defines also cuts away irrelevant material. The strong predilection of liturgical prayer for the adjective "all," which is used three or four times for every other adjective employed, indicates the resolute purpose of prayer to be the expression of a spirit which is inclusive rather than exclusive. The analytical frame of mind cannot dispense with the adjective. This is its means of definition. But where the critical temper of the scientist would draw a circle that shuts some person or interest out of the realm of prayer, liturgical prayer, as an expression of the out-witting genius of religion, omits the adjective or uses "all" and draws a circle that takes them in.

So far as the verb and noun are concerned, the verb tends in each clause to stand first and the noun last. The rhythm of liturgical prayer throws the weight of stress and time quite naturally upon the verb and noun. The prayer marches, Verb-noun, verb-noun.

In the briefer prayers offered in the free service as invocation, offertory, and at the end of the sermon we shall do well to avail ourselves of the form into which such prayers naturally fall. It is doubtful whether the long, pastoral prayer can be made to conform closely to the pattern of these shorter and more urgent prayers. But the minister would do well to ask some one in the congregation to make a stenographic report of his pastoral prayer and then to

study the transcript put into his hands. He will discover the trail of the adjective which must be scotched, and he will see ways in which he might greatly strengthen the prayer by a bolder arrangement of verb and noun. For the rest, perhaps growing familiarity with the Psalms, the hymnal, and the liturgies will increase our sensitiveness to "significant form" in public prayer, and will develop a better mastery of its means.

One further word as to the actual technique of prayer. I remember two periods of prayer during church services which were very impressive and effectual.

On the first of these occasions an American minister was in the pulpit of Free St. George's, Edinborough. His pastoral prayer took the form of a long, free litany in which he prayed in brief petitions for our plain needs, and then in brief intercessions for various groups of men, women, and children; for rulers, governors, ministers, missionaries, lawmakers, teachers, doctors, nurses, students, farmers, miners, shepherds, sailors, workers in mills and offices, for the sick, the aged, the tempted, the sorrowful. Only a single petition for each, but as the procession passed in review one knew St. George's as the Lady Meed in the Fair Field Full of Folk. The responses which in the formal litanies are given to the people, formed the conclusion of his prayers in behalf of each group. After twenty years I still remember that prayer as being what a pastoral prayer should be. Not a little of the satisfaction which it gave and the strong impression which it has left were due to the urgent and

rapidly moving thought-forms suggested by the litany.

The other occasion was a morning service at St. Martin's in the Field in Trafalgar Square, at which, toward the close of service, the vicar "bid" the prayers of the people, by enumerating in advance the specific objects for which prayer was to be offered that morning: The peace of Ireland, the needs of the unemployed, the shortage of homes for the people, the deliberations of Parliament, a congress on church unity. Each theme was "bid" with the words, "Let us pray for . . . " and the several themes were then committed to three or four appropriate collects, offered in connection with all. Those prayers were real and urgent. We might do much worse than "bid" pastoral prayer in this way.

I shrink from the intimation of these suggestions, that a wooden manipulation of words within a formal pattern can ever result in beautiful and adequate prayers. In this high matter pedantic precision in words will kill; only the spirit can give life. The right spirit is the surest determiner of appropriate form. In the form of true prayer as in the fact there is an element of mystery which escapes us. Meanwhile we are under moral bonds to provide in the non-liturgical service a medium for the prayers of a people as transparent and inclusive as those of the fixed orders of worship, and unless all inquiry into forms of prayer is impious and irrelevant we may learn much from careful reflection upon the forms of prayer which have characterized from the first the public offices of the church.

The "badness of our prayers" is probably not the

result of utter indifference to pastoral prayer, but rather to the habitual methods of our thinking. The contemplative and reflective life with the modern minister, is very largely spent with reading and study which are scientific in their interest and method—theology, philosophy, psychology, political economy, sociology, history, and the like. Such reading develops the critical and analytical habits of mind. Called upon once or twice a week to lead a people in prayer, the minister finds it difficult, if not impossible, to recast his thinking and speaking in another mold. He overhears himself analyzing his own spiritual condition or that of his people. He catches himself slipping into theological definition. He cannot command at short notice the appropriate vehicle for prayer.

His difficulty, in this respect, suggests the wisdom of his making a constant place in his own intellectual history for works of the imagination. For the priest must have imagination if he is to discharge his office effectively. Every great work of the imagination is in spirit a venture in unselfishness at precisely the point where unselfishness is most costly, namely in the willingness and ability to forget oneself in the fortunes of others. Moreover this work of the imagination naturally employs the language of creation rather than criticism.

At the risk of seeming to waste his time, the minister must keep his imagination alive by more or less constant reading of fiction, poetry, and drama. It is a mistaken conception of the deeply human task of the ministry which sacrifices this whole type of literature to scientific and critical reading, which so often

seems to him his major obligation because it deals with religious subjects. There is such a thing in this world as a religious spirit quite apart from theological themes. The religious spirit inhabits works of the imagination more often than works of criticism. In short the man who would be a priest must be an artist, and must understand how the imagination creates forms which express all sorts and conditions of men and which see into reality. Lack of imagination is simply a sign of spiritual selfishness.

The minister of religion is probably not liable to the cruder forms of selfishness. Had he been a selfish man, he never would have chosen the ministry in the first instance. But he is liable to this subtler selfishness, the unwillingness to make the effort to put himself in the place of another, the consequent inability to speak for that other, and so to the frustration of his priesthood. Both in the spirit and the letter of his public ministry he must accept that discipline in unselfishness, which is the price of his priesthood.

CHAPTER XVI

THE SOCIAL VALUE OF WORSHIP

In his *Scrambles Amongst the Alps,* Edward Whymper says that, "Professor Tyndall was the first to turn the summit of the Matterhorn into a pass. He went up the Breuil side and came down upon Zermatt." The account of that climb from Italy over into Switzerland might serve as a parable interpreting a noble verse in the prophecy of Isaiah, "I will make all my mountains a way."

These pages have defended a single thesis; the act of public worship addresses itself to a kingdom of ends in human experience and celebrates the realities there discovered. It is an office which stands in its own right and which can be justified without reference to any other uses. This is its sole initial intention. But this is not its only effect. The worship of God is a mountain pass between man and man, and it is a pass which deliberately goes over the summit, rather than through some narrow defile.

The paradox of life is this, that our most useless experiences usually turn out in the end to be the most useful. But the use is discovered only as the result of a single-minded devotion to that which at first seems useless and which is, therefore, for the time being only an end in itself. A thorough-going utilitarianism would incline us to a life devoted primarily

to the useless aspects of reality. A utilitarianism which sets out with a less arduous and single-minded scheme of life is apt to prove its own undoing. Useful schemes have a way of falling to pieces in our hands when we try to put them into operation and of leading into blind alleys when we try to follow them to their conclusions. They refuse to think through. "And then?—And then?" we say to the preacher of utilitarianism. His logic finally comes to a standstill in some *cul de sac* of human activities, or peters out in the trackless deserts of futurity. The act of worship enjoys this distinction among its fellow human acts; if anything in this world can be followed through to a satisfactory conclusion, worship can be followed through. For this reason men lift their eyes to the hills from whence comes their help. For this reason they undertake the aspiring ascent which worship implies.

But the Christian religion has never seriously proposed that having reached the summit men should tabernacle there for the balance of their three score years and ten. Those who make such proposals do not know what they say. If the two stories placed in juxtaposition in the gospels, that of the transfiguration and that of the healing of the epileptic boy, were not so true both to the facts of life and to the genius of Christianity, we might expect literary artifice in the close connection between them. The final effect of worship is the discovery of a better approach and access to the lives of other men. It may be an open question whether worship has a social purpose, but it certainly has a social consequence.

A noble parable from the records of mountaineering may indicate this truth. In the summer of 1921 the Royal Geographical Society of England sent a company of scientists and climbers into Tibet to make a reconnaissance of the northern slopes of Mount Everest and to discover, if possible, a way to the top. Sir Francis Younghusband stated the premises of this expedition and of those which followed in 1922 and 1924.

> Mount Everest for its size is a singularly shy and retiring mountain. It hides itself away behind other mountains. On the north side, in Tibet, it does indeed stand up proudly and alone, a true monarch among mountains. But it stands in a very sparsely inhabited part of Tibet, and very few people ever go to Tibet. From the Indian side only its tip appears among a mighty array of peaks which being nearer look higher.
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> How it was eventually discovered to be the highest is a story that is worth recording. In the year that Hooker was botanising in the Sikkim Himalaya (1849) the officers of the Great Trigonometrical Survey were making observations from the plains of India to the peaks in Nepal which could be seen from there. When they could find a native name for a peak they called it by that name. But in most cases no native name was forthcoming, and in those cases a Roman number was affixed to the peak. Among these unnamed peaks to which observations to determine the altitude and position were taken from

the stations in the plains was Peak XV. The observations were recorded, but the resulting height was not computed till three years later, and then one day the Bengali Chief Computer rushed into the room of the Surveyor-General, Sir Andrew Waugh, breathlessly exclaiming, "Sir! I have discovered the highest mountain in the world." The mean result of all observations taken from the six stations from which Peak XV had been observed came to 29,002 feet, and this Peak XV is what is now known as Mount Everest.

The sky line of our human scene is like the sky line of the Himalayas, seen from the plains of India. In the near distance the prospects of power, success, fame lift themselves above the level of the commonplace. Resolute men continually attain them. In the middle distance are the higher loyalties of class, country, race and vocation. These heights are also accessible. In the far distance are the final and absolute loyalties, that of science to truth, that of art to pure form, that of ethics to duty and the good. Hidden away among these ultimate ideals is the highest idea which the mind of man has ever conceived, the idea of God. This idea is "singularly shy and retiring," and other ideas often seem higher simply because they are nearer. It is only after wide experience of life and long reflection upon that experience that a man stands and says, "I have discovered the highest idea in the world, the idea of God."

During the winter of 1922-23 one of the Everest party, Leigh Mallory, master at Charter House and

leader of the climbing parties on each of the three expeditions thus far made, talked to us in America about the venture. His preface ran something as follows, "The first question which you will ask and which I must try to answer is this, 'What is the use of climbing Mount Everest?' and my answer at once must be, 'It is no use.' There is not the slightest prospect of any gain whatsoever. Oh, we may learn a little about the behavior of the human body at high altitudes, where there is only a third of an atmosphere, and possibly medical men may turn our observations to some account for the purposes of aviation. But otherwise nothing will come of it. We shall not bring back a single bit of gold or silver, not a gem, nor any coal or iron. We shall not find a foot of earth that can be planted with crops to raise food. It's no use. So, if you cannot understand that there is something in man which responds to the challenge of this mountain and goes out to meet it, that the struggle is the struggle of life itself upward and forever upward, then you won't see why we go. What we get from this adventure is just sheer joy. And joy is, after all, the end of life. We do not live to eat and make money. We eat and make money to be able to enjoy life. That is what life means and what life is for."

One day in the late spring of 1924 an observer on the East Rongbuk Glacier at the foot of Everest, staring up at the summit of the mountain through a telescope, saw the morning mists part around the summit, and saw there two black figures climbing steadily upwards. One of them was an Oxford undergraduate, the other was Mallory. They were, at that moment,

at a height of 28,400 feet, higher than any man has ever climbed before and only six hundred feet below the top. Then the clouds closed in again. That is all we know about them. Whether or not they reached the summit of the mountain is the still unanswered riddle of the third expedition. They lost their lives just under the summit, either from a mountaineering accident or from failure of oxygen. And no man knoweth their sepulchre unto this day.

As this world goes, there was no use in Mallory's giving the last three years of his life to this adventure and in finally dying there just beneath the highest spot on earth. But somehow the whole Everest story is always crossing the border line between sport and science on the one hand and religion on the other hand. The volumes which tell the story have no slightest theological interest, yet they are touched by a religious spirit from first to last. If one were looking for a parable or symbol of religion it may be found more clearly here than in most happenings which bear the conventional tag. Mallory's three attacks on the mountain and finally his death, I take to be one man's dramatic way of asking and answering that old question, "What is the chief end of man?" "The chief end of man is to glorify God and to enjoy him forever."

Unless religion can stand in its own right, in precisely the same way, unless religion has the courage to say "God is not used," the real nature and the ultimate uses of religion will never be discovered. We need less of the mood of the tradesman and the moral

bargain hunter in contemporary religion and more of the spirit of the mountain climber.

There was, however, one curious and unexpected corollary of these Everest expeditions, which may appropriately bring our reflections upon worship to their end. The Everest parties have started from Darjeeling on the northernmost boundary of India. The mountain lies a hundred and twenty-five miles away to the northwest. But you cannot go straight from Darjeeling to Everest. Between the northern boundary of India and the top of the Himalayan range lies the principality of Nepal. Nepal is closed against all foreigners and the roads crossing its boundary from India are all heavily garrisoned and guarded. To reach Everest you must go around three sides of a square, northeast through Sikkim, west along the Tibetan plateau, and then south towards the mountain.

The members of the expedition have told us that again and again, in the course of their wandering they have come out upon the tops of passes, leading down from Tibet into Nepal, and that on the northern boundary Nepal is unguarded, open, and accessible. If the day comes, as it will come, when some mountain climber stands for an hour after sunrise on the summit of Everest, and the clouds have blown away, he will see spread out below him all of that closed principality of Nepal, and will discover, what no man can find on the plains of India, a dozen passes leading down into that land. That is the paradox of the geography of Central Asia. If you wish to get into Nepal you have to travel along three sides of a square. The

method of indirection achieves what the method of direct approach fails to achieve. The implications of this parable are plain.

Of the cultural problems which religion faces to-day the most stubborn single problem is that of the basis of a stable world-order. Tolstoi once said, "The most important thing in life is for man to unite with man, and the worst thing in life is for men to go apart from each other." One does not need a theology, indeed one needs no religion, to consent to that statement. All one needs is a fair and honest experience of life at the level of the day's interests. To gain a friend is, as this world goes, to get that which is without price. To lose a friend is to suffer the most grievous loss to which we are liable.

But the difficulty with the technique of friendship is simply this; friendship is not a matter of a single dimension, it is a thing of two and three dimensions. Friendship cannot be established on the basis of a straight line drawn between two individuals on the level. Friendship involves a perpetual experimental triangulation of interests, and is always established not on the level, but at some apex where our interest intersects the interest of another at a common point. Friendship is the base line of a triangle, the base of a pyramid, subtended by an angle above.

The weather, the best seller, the headlines of the paper—these are the triangulations of the day's ephemeral interests which make the social life of man easy and natural. The higher loyalties to colleges, to professions and trades, to parties, and to country, make the tougher friendships of the years. The higher

the idea or ideal, the greater the number of persons gathered at its base.

The difficulty with the effort to carry the fact of friendship to its conclusion as a matter of direct relationship in a single dimension is simply this, our knowledge of the other man finally breaks down, and even imagination flags and falls in its effort to reach him by the straight line. How can I feel intensely and continually the suffering of the victim of the war, say in Poland, or the hunger of the starving Chinese coolie when the rice crop fails? I accept this as an indubitable fact, and yet it has not come alive for me as felt reality. Humanly speaking I cannot get from my life directly at those other lives.

Science soberly assures us that there is no end, save with the limits of the race itself, to the influence of the single individual life, or to its implications. But this scientific truth continually fails of compelling demonstration, because the life of man involves so many imponderables which cannot be discovered. The cultural effort to reach the other man in a straight line is natural and commendable. But it must always break down at the place where man reaches the limit of his knowledge and sympathy, and where the border land of the other man's life is closed to him by his own ignorance or the other man's fear and hate.

It is here that religion comes to the aid of the man who is concerned to draw near to other men. "Blessed is he," said Augustine, "who loves Thee, and his friend in Thee, and his enemy for Thee. For he alone loses no one dear to him, to whom all are dear in Him who never can be lost." Augustine wrote these words

after the death of a friend. They deal with the problem of the gulf between man and man in its final and ultimate terms of the rift between the worlds. Curious and adventurous spirits never cease to pace that borderland in the hope that some furtive message in code may come across and open up an unguarded way into the beyond. But religion will never be found pacing that border to the neglect of its own characteristic method of indirection. Religion proposes to us that we reach our dead and keep our love alive by way of God.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

And so beside the Silent Sea,
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee!

That ultimate statement of the case for the solidarity and eternal worth of the social life of man may serve all temporal needs as well. For trade and commerce nothing more is needed than a storming of the garrisons that guard the level road. But too much

enlightened self-interest in the attack and the defence of these roads of possible communication tends to make these endeavors a perpetually drawn battle. Religion is not primarily concerned to lend its pious sanctions and its chaplaincy to the campaigns of enlightened selfishness. Religion is concerned to find a way not for profit but for peace. And its way is the long way round into a sympathetic understanding of the lives of other men over the thought of God and the worship of God.

We worship God in the first instance because that act stands in its own right and is of such supreme and sufficient worth that it needs no other justification. But when men address themselves simply and sincerely to God they always discover new ways into the lives of other men. We are all conscious that as we try to follow the social implications of life to their conclusion by a direct logic which moves on the level the venture finally breaks down. If our conduct, as Christians, is to reckon with the other man he must be something more than a remote fringe of the web of life. He must come alive for us as a fellow human being of like passions and circumstance with ourselves. His life and lot must be felt as our own lives are felt.

Charles Dudley Warner used to say that every man will fight for his hearthstone, but few men are willing to fight for a hole in the floor from the furnace! A fireplace is actualized reality, an iron register is an abstraction. The social gospel forever tends to resolve itself into abstractions; it concerns itself with "capital and labor," with "Japan or Germany." It

tends toward self-defeat because it does not supplement its scientific account of the cultural problem with the insight of the artist. Shaw's Bishop of Beauvais understands the tragedy of history.

> De Stogumber. Well, you see, I did a very cruel thing once because I did not know what cruelty was like. I had not seen it, you know. That is the great thing: you must see it. And then you are redeemed and saved.
>
> Cauchon. Were not the sufferings of our Lord Christ enough for you?
>
> De Stogumber. No. Oh no: not at all. I had seen them in pictures, and read them in books, and been greatly moved by them, as I thought. But it was no use: it was not our Lord that redeemed me, but a young woman whom I actually saw burned to death. It was dreadful: oh, most dreadful. But it saved me. I have been a different man ever since, though a little astray in my wits sometimes.
>
> Cauchon. Must then a Christ perish in torment in every age to save those that have no imagination?

A wise observer of human affairs once said that "the broken link between classes in the modern world is a fundamental defect in the imagination." This is not only the link broken between those who are in close constant contact. It is the link that has never been forged between those who are far apart. The

artists may not always be as accurate as the scientists, but they are proverbially and deservedly recognized as more humane. And yet a Christian art which moves on the level will always break down, since imagination has its limits.

Worship proposes to further the ends of the social gospel, or succeeds in furthering those ends, by bringing the other man really alive for us in the presence of God. If we think true thoughts about God, we shall think truer and more moving thoughts of other men. The uncertain peace of the world needs, certainly, all the hard and accurate thinking and sober prevision of history which men can place at its service. But what it needs, above all else, is a greater sympathy, a nobler compassion. Those words mean the same thing, the power to experience life with another. That power is matured by religion. Let a man say whole-heartedly, "Our Father who art in heaven," and other men come alive for him as they never will apart from the thought and the worship of God.

There is, therefore, for the cultural ends immediately served by religion, an ultimate wisdom in the characteristic method of indirection implied by worship. By all means let us pace back and forth along the low and level boundary of the world's peace, seeking whatever direct access we may find to a better way of ordering the total social life of man. But let us never forget to "go in to the altar of God," to "go up to the mountain of the Lord." For the secret of the peaceable Kingdom of Heaven on earth is in the keeping of those who "glorify God and enjoy him forever."

If the Christian church must give a cultural account of worship at the bar of utilitarianism, it will point to Tyndall who made the top of the Matterhorn a pass from Italy to Switzerland, to Leigh Mallory laying down his life in the loftiest, loneliest sepulcher on earth, and then it will repeat the word of the Lord to the prophet, "I will make all my mountains a way."

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